

# Chatelaine

JUNE, 1948  
FIFTEEN CENTS

*The Canadian Woman's Magazine*



## "I Renounced Communism"

Communist Editor's Wife  
Tells Her Own Story



## A dream of loveliness !

THE MARBOLEUM floor is so much a part of the decorating magic that has created this lovely room. Its warm, glowing colours and distinctive inlaid motif match and enhance the charm of the whole interior. And a Marboleum floor has such restful resilience, is so quiet and comfortable to walk on. Its beauty is long lasting, too; can be kept always looking its best with very little care.

Upstairs, downstairs, in my lady's chamber . . . the many attractive plain colours of Dominion Battleship Linoleum, the lovely marbled effects of Marboleum, offer a fascinating variety of possibilities for floors of distinctive individuality in every room in the house. Linoleum is still scarce, but ask your linoleum dealer for ideas and colour suggestions. He will be glad to help you plan.

*In the floor above, Marboleum M/93, a rich, new shade, is used for the ground with inset of Plain Linoleum, ivory.*

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Company, Limited **MONTREAL**

*Marboleum*  
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**BEAUTIFUL, RESILIENT FLOORS**



# EDITORIAL

## Fight for Margarine

**T**HIS EDITORIAL was written in April. You are reading it in June.

Back in April, the newspapers were, as you may recall, carrying stories of brilliant debates in both the Senate and the Commons, on bills to permit the sale of margarine in Canada. Ordinarily, an editor would not risk writing about a subject for June publication, which was up for possible decision in April.

Now I feel perfectly safe. There is, according to the experts, not a chance in the world that a bill permitting the sale of margarine in Canada will be passed.

It will, apparently, be "shelved."

Yet Canadians, as a whole, want margarine. Women, in particular, demand it.

The Gallup Poll has shown a steadily rising demand for it, running up from only 25%, five years ago, to nearly 60% this spring.

Consumer Councilors voted for it 80% strong. A striking factor in this poll was the fact that farm women as well as urban saw the need for it. Some dairy farmers' wives said: "We think poor families should have an opportunity to buy it. They cannot afford butter at today's prices."

THE GOVERNMENT, so we like to think, is concerned with the will of the people.

Yet we are watching in this case, a situation in which the scientifically expressed will of the people is completely ignored. Apparently the Government is not influenced by what the people want, but by a very small and very powerful lobby. An essential of life is arbitrarily being denied to Canadians, in order to please a minority. Fats and oils are a necessity of life. Thousands upon thousands of families cannot afford to buy the butter they need at 65c to 73c a pound.

WHAT'S GOING to happen now?

The general public is too lackadaisical to do much about it.

But what about the intelligently concerned rural and urban women who have shown themselves so overwhelmingly in favor of permitting its sale?

They could do something. I have worked in Ottawa. I know from experience that public opinion does count—when the Government believes it is really active.

Petitions are no good. Thousands of signatures are no good. Resolutions are no good.

What is needed is, first, a real conviction on the part of a majority that the sale of margarine should be permitted. Following that conviction, definite, positive action throughout the country.

Is there any chance that women could unite in regard to their convictions about margarine?

THEIR COURSE would be an orderly one.

First to get the public aroused. The ban on margarine could be debated at every women's club meeting next September. That would mean nearly 20,000 audiences, with an attendance at each of from 25 to 1,000 women.

Second: A Federal election is coming up. Every candidate could be asked by the women's groups if he, or she, would take a definite stand on the matter.

Third: As voting day draws near, women could be reminded that they have over 50% of the voting power of the country. They might put principles before party. Women are more inclined to do this than men.

Fourth: Electing the men and women who are pledged to repeal the ban against margarine would be only a beginning. Next session would need a reiterated reminder from the women of Canada on their attitude. That is simple enough to do.

Simple enough. But will it be done?

*Byrna Hys Sanders*



The chimney goes here. Amanda and "Bobo" Crider seem to be rushing things slightly. But not "model" mother Frances when she teaches her children to guard their priceless smiles—through the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gum massage.

## Model Mother tries not to be glamorous

Not easy for Powers Girl with dazzling smile

**M**RS. FRANCES NALLE CRIDER is one model who doesn't try to look glamorous.

Because New York's modeling circles know her as the ideal "Young Mother" type. And she is: she has two adorable youngsters of her own. And she has the brilliant smile that's so important to any kind of modeling job.

"Model" Mother that she is, Mrs. Crider has already taught her 5-year-old Amanda and 3-year-old "Bobo" to

safeguard their smiles by following her own prized dental routine: Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, followed by a little extra Ipana massaged into the gums.

Smile-conscious as Frances (and every successful model) is, she relies on Ipana and gum massage. This modern treatment recommended by thousands of dentists, goes a long way in keeping gums firm and healthy... teeth cleaner, brighter... smiles more radiant.



Table for two. Amanda and "Bobo", like most children, are fondest of the soft foods that rob gums of exercise. So Mrs. Crider sees to it that her family uses Ipana—specially designed, with gentle massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.



Two sparkling smiles coming up! Knowing the importance of a dazzling smile, Frances has taught her children the importance of regular gum massage. They know: Ipana and gum massage helps keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling.



For Firmer Gums—Brighter Teeth  
**Ipana and Massage**

It's Listerine  
for You, Chum  
... but **QUICK!**



The "Bottle Bacillus"  
(Pityrosporum ovale)

**T**HOSE innocent-looking flakes and scales you see on scalp, hair or dress-shoulder are a warning. They may be symptoms of dandruff... and that is a distressing, unsightly condition that no woman wants to risk.

This is no time to fool around with smelly lotions or sticky salves that cannot kill germs. You need antiseptic action... and you need it quick! It's Listerine Antiseptic for you, followed with several minutes of vigorous fingertip massage.

#### Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives your scalp and hair a wonderfully cool and refreshing antiseptic bath... kills millions of germs on the scalp, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale).

You will be delighted to find how cool and clean your scalp feels... how

wonderfully fresh your hair looks... and how quickly those distressing flakes and scales that rob the hair of its magic, begin to disappear.

In clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of the dandruff patients.

#### When you wash your hair

If you're smart you will not wait for symptoms; you will make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of your regular hair-washing as countless fastidious men and women do. It's a healthful, cleanly habit and may spare you a nasty siege of trouble.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than sixty years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada) Ltd.  
Toronto, Ontario

### LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for DANDRUFF

P.S. Have you tasted that eye-opening MINT flavor of the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste?

MADE IN CANADA

## OUR COVER GIRL



by Evelyn Kelly

**NATURALLY** our laughing, carefree cover girl is having a wonderful time. She's young enough to love a merry-go-round and everything that goes with it—hot dogs and potato chips—ginger ale and cokes.

Most important, she knows just how smart and pretty she looks in Chatelaine's exclusive dress design (Simplicity Pattern No. 2286), a summer washable number planned specially for glamour-teens.

There's that nice all-dressed-up feeling too, in the hat and bag set (Simplicity Pattern No. 2173). And in the stark white fabric gloves.

This is a very young gay-hearted style... a pattern easily followed, quickly made... that a fashion-minded teen-ager will wear all through the summer on her most important dates. It has all the so-necessary newest features—little double collars, turned-back matching cuffs... a neatly fitted and buttoned bodice... a full skirt with just the right amount of swirl.

For our cover picture, we used a Dutch blue fabric, a linen and rayon weave washable and crease-resistant. The kind that stays so fresh and crisp, launders and irons up like a dream. The double collar and cuffs are charming as shown in white, completing the cool summer effect. Fun too, working out all kinds of color get-togethers if you

choose a two-toned fabric, using matching shades in plain material for the collars and cuffs.

**IMAGINE**, for instance, your dress in bright brown linen or cotton, cuffs and large collar in lime, small collar in canary yellow. Red and white striped seersucker with red cuffs, large collar in white, small collar in red. Or pink and grey candy stripe chambray (high style this summer), collars and cuffs in pink and grey. For a little something completely delectable, how about a pale pink cotton done up in frilly eyelet. By cutting the skirt a little longer, this style would make a simple but perfect summer dancing dress... in one of the pastel plaided or checked rayon tafetas... again picking up the fabric shades in your collars and cuffs.

We used large white buttons to tune in with our white touches... if you follow another color plan you would match up your buttons accordingly.

The little beret and pouch shoulder strap bag (adjustable) are so quickly and easily made you'll want two or three sets. We used inexpensive red felting, but any fabric with good body would do.

And here's a crafty thought: whether you're heading for a merry-go-round or a gay-colored chair... you'll always try to pick the spot that makes a nice background for you and your dress. Notice our horse?

To order Simplicity Pattern No. 2286 and No. 2173—price 25 cents each—consult your local dealer or write to Chatelaine Pattern Department, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2. No. 2286 sizes 10 to 16—size 12 requires 4½ yards of 35-inch material or 2¾ yards of 54-inch, ½ yard of 35-inch material for collars and cuffs. No. 2173 requires felt or fabric 27 inches by 45 inches.



# Results like this



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"WHEN you use the new P.K. Family Knitting Book, your easy knitting directions are safe," says Frances Gordon, stylist for Maitland Spinning Mills, Limited. "Each of the 32 smart garments is tested! You'll enjoy the P.K. Knitting Book when you knit for any member of the family! It's packed with photographs and easy to follow charts of the actual garments. The price is only 35c.

Ask for P.K. Yarns, too! Dyes are colour-fast. P.K. Baby Wools are treated for shrink resistance, and P.K. mothproof yarns give permanent protection against moths! Ask your favourite dealer for the new tested P.K. Knitting Book. If he is out of stock, use the handy coupon below.

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STREET .....

CITY ..... PROV. ....

# Making Money at Home

350 Chatelaine Councilors tell you how they developed a talent and turned it into cold cash for themselves

by Mary Jukes

MAKING MONEY at home is something every woman wishes she could do.

Some women, starting in a small way, have built a talent into a successful business venture, but a good many housewives often lose sight of the fact that when they garden, sew or create in any way at home, they are making money, even though their profits, like many taxes, are concealed.

Some Chatelaine councilors have been successful, not only in saving money in the home through some special talent, but in creating a small personal income. This came to light through a special ballot which went out to 350 Chatelaine councilors. This ballot was a follow-up to a question concerning budgets in a previous ballot.

## KNITTING



In going over these budget questionnaires it was evident that making money in the home had nothing to do with the size of family, income or locality. Some councilors with several children found time to earn extra money at home, while others, with no children at all, asked where they would get the time.

"Time" is a subject good for an argument any day. There are women, of course, with large families and no help from any quarter, who slave from sunup to sundown, but on the other hand there are others less hard-pressed for time who do nothing but dream about the talent they are going to develop "some day." Granted good health, there are many who, with nothing but a changed mental attitude, could find precious pools of time to develop the talent they have always yearned toward.

A study of these 350 Chatelaine bal-

I want to

know...

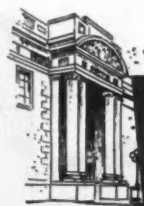


do you find saving easy?

Whenever a Mutual Life of Canada representative asks that question, he gets a rueful 'no'. And if you're like most of us, your answer will be 'no' too. Yet we all realize that saving money is unfortunately necessary.

Life insurance offers a sure way of saving for old age, sickness, or other emergencies. In addition it protects your family against your untimely death. Mutual Life of Canada offers life insurance that combines savings with protection at low-cost.

Take advantage of your local representative's special training in adapting Mutual Life insurance to fit the individual needs and circumstances of people of all ages and incomes. He will consider it a privilege to help you.



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**MUTUAL LIFE**  
OF CANADA

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Breeze through bathtub cleaning



Fine, white Bon Ami cleans tubs and sinks without grit!  
No scratches to catch and hold dirt! No red, rough hands!

Speedy for your  
kitchen sinks, too!

Say "good-bye" to dulling scratches that hold onto dirt—and slow down cleaning. Bon Ami lifts off grease and grime without harmful, scratchy grit. No hard scrubbing. No red, rough hands. And this cleanser polishes as it cleans. Imparts a bright "new" sparkle to bathtubs and sinks. And they stay bright longer. Try Bon Ami today. Keep it handy in kitchen and bathroom. You'll be amazed at the time you save—and the shining results—when you use the cleanser that's fast and safe!

Choose the one you like best: Bon Ami Powder in convenient sifter-top can, or handy, long-lasting Bon Ami Cake.

**Bon Ami**

"hasn't scratched yet!"



lots reveals that women don't suddenly decide, "I want to make money at home, what shall I do?" The earning angle usually grows out of something they enjoy doing and have learned to do well. One councilor says that when she was first married she and her husband decided to develop hobbies which would be real money savers. As she was clever with her needle and he with his tools they decided to develop these particular talents. Today their home has been made more distinctive with furniture made by him and upholstered and covered by her.

Perhaps one of the most inspiring stories of a yearning toward a goal is that of a Saskatchewan councilor who had to wait until she was 30 for her first piano lesson. She worked at home until she got her ATCM from the Toronto Conservatory of Music and today has a fine investment in a piano and a class of eager pupils. She is not only helping to develop talent in a small community but has brought to fulfillment an unsatisfied desire of her own.

## COOKING



Another western councilor has always had an appreciation for tasty full-bodied bread. "In many European countries," she says, "bread making is an art. The breads have variety of flavor and texture and make a worth-while contribution to any meal." By making her own bread at home she has cut the price of that particular food item in half, to say nothing of the superior ingredients and flavor she is giving to an appreciative family. Recently she moved into the selling market and confesses, "It gives you a wonderful sense of riding the crest when you start building a small bank account of your own."

Also in the cooking field, councilors are catering for teas and receptions; decorating cakes for weddings and supplying certain lists of friends with cakes, regularly. One woman's chocolate cake is so superior she has a constant market at the corner store soda fountain.

Another councilor was so horrified at the rising price of hard candy, she is turning out a delicious rum and butter toffee at a cost of less than 20c a lb. to herself.

The advice of one councilor is "make a specialty of some dish." Her specialty is baked beans. Every Saturday she bakes a large pan of beans for a steady week-end market, and could sell three times as much as she can bake.

Canning also comes under the cooking head. A British Columbia councilor tells us that "if you have your own fruit trees and berry bushes, you are well on your way to making a good profit out of jams, jellies, marmalade and canned fruit."

A surprising number of Chatelaine councilors are successful at home

The story of

**Mrs. Wixon**  
and the washer that



wouldn't wear out!

1. Locomotive washers can claim many satisfied customers, but none better satisfied than Mrs. W. G. Wixon of Toronto, Canada. Way back in 1924 Mrs. Wixon bought one of the first models produced by our factory... and even in those days it was the most economically priced machine on the market.



in all that time, and it's been in continuous use.

3. When Mrs. Wixon wants a new more modern washer, you can bet that she wouldn't take anything but a LOCOMOTIVE! Experience has taught her that Locomotive means quality and reliability.



4. The Locomotive costs less than other electric washers... to buy and to own. It's simple in construction, built from the finest of materials. For economy, quality and years of satisfaction... buy Locomotive.



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ELECTRIC WASHERS

BRANTFORD WASHING MACHINES LIMITED  
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### Sew Easy

Stretchable shirring, smocking or ruffling is easy with Hiawatha Elastic Sewing Thread. Just wind on bobbin of your machine and sew in usual way. Permanently elastic — not affected by washing, ironing or dry cleaning. Each tube has 12-page illustrated booklet packed with style and decorating ideas. Seven colours.

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THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

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## Kirby Beard Specialities

...those unobtrusive essentials to the well-dressed woman's ensemble. Made in England by Kirby Beard & Co. Ltd., Birmingham, 12, and obtainable everywhere



BOB PINS · HAIRPINS · SAFETY PINS  
PING & NEEDLES

weaving. Luncheon mats, table runners, scarves, handbags are all quickly snapped up. Some of these councilors operate small homemade hand-loom. Others have invested in the more streamlined variety. A councilor in Truro says there is a good market in Nova Scotia in the tourist season for all kinds of handcraft, weaving in particular.

Councilors with a smaller initial investment have made and sold men's diamond socks and matching sleeveless sweaters. Sleeveless sweaters being quite vogueish in place of a vest for informal attire.

Knitted quilts, afghans, hooked rugs, also find a good market, says an Ontario councilor.

An Orillia councilor, after being discouraged by the prices and quality of ready-made clothes, took a sewing course and now makes all her own clothes at what she considers "an exciting saving."

One family living on a farm in Saskatchewan says, "We have saved money by keeping costs down. For years

## SEWING



we have been performing tasks that are usually done by tradespeople. We paper and paint the interior and exterior of our house. We often paint some of our smaller farm buildings as well. I re-cover and upholster furniture myself. We have made drapes, bedspreads, quilts, and some of them are hand-woven on our own loom. Although all these tasks started out to be nothing but hobbies, we now sell some of our weaving."

Several councilors say there always seems to be a demand for children's and baby clothing. A Quebec housewife, who taught school before her marriage, says she can easily pick up conveniently timed jobs of tutoring in the community, the demand at present exceeding the supply.

Among miscellaneous ways of making money at home are: giving home permanents; hair cutting; making cards for Christmas, birthdays, and illnesses; bookkeeping for small local firms; renting spare rooms; doing fine laundering; typing manuscripts and mending for bachelors. Another councilor "sends out bills at home for a water-works company." A New Brunswick woman "gives hypos at 50c per."

But whatever they do, from the most exacting work of weaving down to the less specialized labor of mending for bachelors, these Chatelaine councilors give the impression of having found a happy outlet for a desire that seems to smolder in the breast of every housewife — the development of a buried talent and the making of a little money of their own. And whether she just cuts down on home expenditures because of her industry, or makes actual cash to swell her bank account, she has a sense of satisfaction and achievement.



## GENERAL ELECTRIC

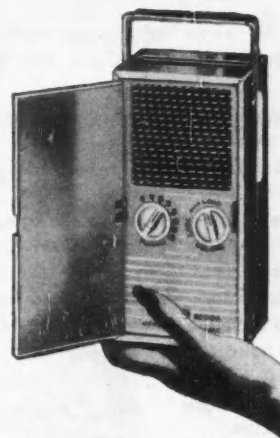
### Portable Radios

*Light...Compact...Play Anywhere*

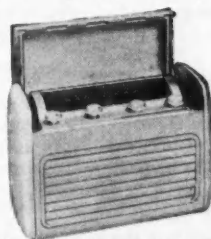
● Have more fun on picnics this summer. Carry your entertainment along with you — wherever you go. The new-styled G-E Portables are compact, lightweight radios with a host of new developments that together add up to new peaks of radio performance, new ease and convenience, and definitely more value for your money.

An exclusive General Electric development is the self-charging portable with its own airplane-type, leak-proof storage battery.

Here are two new G-E models that are setting the pace in this season's Portables.



**Model C140** — Three-way personal portable plays on AC (25 or 60 cycle) or DC or with economical batteries. Metal camera-type cabinet in gray or blue-green. Automatic ON-OFF switch — just by opening or closing door. 4 G-E Electronic tubes plus rectifier. Overall size: H-8 1/2", W-4 1/2", D-3 1/2". **\$75.** (with battery)



**Model C250** — Self-charging portable with airplane-type storage battery. Recharges when plugged in on AC house current — either silently or as you listen to your favourite program. Size: H-10 7/8", W-14 1/2", D-5 13/16". **\$155.** (with battery)

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DEALER  
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**YES!** If you have a round, oval or heart-shaped face. **NO!** If your face is oblong, diamond or triangle-shaped. A page boy's contoured roundness will soften a pointed chin, counteract square boxiness and make a round face appear longer. **SEND NOW FOR THRILLING FREE BOOKLET! "HAIR STYLES THAT GLORIFY THE SHAPE OF YOUR FACE."**

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Best for every hair-do—the exclusive "Goody" Roller Lock Curler with Vinyl Ball.

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## Eight Most-Asked Questions

Here are "what'll-I-do" queries which crop up most often in our Chatelaine mailbag. Perhaps your pet problem is among those present?

**By Adele White,**  
Health and Beauty Editor

**What is the easiest and quickest routine for nighttime care of skin and hair?**

Young complexions really need only cleansing and protection against weather extremes. Start off with a thorough soap and water lathering before bedtime, then, if skin feels dry and taut smooth on a light fluffy face cream . . . massage gently from forehead, around nose and chin, up to temples . . . then from base of the neck to underchin. Blot with face tissue. If your skin tends to oiliness, skip the cream and use, instead, an astringent skin tonic or witch hazel. Apply it with a pad of absorbent cotton. Fifty strokes with a brush each night will give your scalp a first-rate workout. That, plus a weekly washing with either liquid shampoo or castile soap shaved thin and dissolved into a jelly, should keep tresses healthy and lustrous.

**How can you cope with a bumpy skin . . . get rid of blackheads?**

First of all, check up on your eating habits. Play down rich, gooey, soda fountain specials . . . play up vitamin-packed vegetables and fresh fruits. For external care, use medicated salve on pimples and eruptions . . . and *leave them be!* No squeezing, prodding or pricking or you may end up with a painful spot on your face. The best antidote for blackheads is a nightly steaming with cloths wrung out in hot water. Continue for three or four minutes—then the blackheads, which are ready to pop, can be pressed out easily. Dab each spot with alcohol to keep germ free. A really serious case of skin eruptions should have a doctor's advice on treatment.

**What can you do when cheeks are dry, but nose and chin shine like beacons?**

This seems to be a common dual complexion problem because the centre area of the face has more oil glands than the outer area. Try using a good rich face cream on your cheeks—but skip nose and chin. Instead, bathe them copiously with skin tonic. If oiliness is really excessive, you can buy a no-shine lotion which will dim down those high lights and make powder cling longer.

**How much make-up should a high school girl use? It seems impossible to please both mom and dad and still be in the groove with the crowd.**

It's nearly always a tussle with your folks when you first start experimenting with face-fixin' aids—and, strange as it may seem, it's usually papa who puts

forth the most vigorous protests. He winces away from the sight of his angel child all huzzied-up with paint 'n' powder. And perhaps with good reason; if you suddenly appear looking like the end man in a minstrel show with fire engine red lips and finger tips! It's a good idea to take it in slow stages—choose a light pink shade of lipstick and a natural shade of polish. That, plus vanishing cream as a foundation and a dusting of face powder, are all the assists you need for good looks. Leave such things as eye shadow and mascara to the older gals who haven't got your bloom of youth—and such stuff! Neaten the line of your brow—brush the hairs smooth and then, for party nights, use just a smitch of vaseline or pomade on your upper lashes—to make them appear more lush.

**What is the best reducing program for overweights?**

First of all—are you sure you're overweight? Better get your doctor's opinion on that point. If he agrees, he'll help plan a sensible diet for you—one that has all the necessary food for growing good strong bones. Then—rather than the more hothouse tactics of a daily dozen in your room—be a sport! Take up tennis, or badminton, swimming and bicycling in summer, and in winter months, cut a dash with your skates and skis—play basketball in the school gym. That'll roll off the excess poundage and keep you in shape.

**Does shaving make hair grow thicker on arms and legs?**

Scientists have never proved that shaving increases growth of hair, but

**Teen-Age  
Special**



it does leave a stubbly surface. You can safely use a razor on underarms—if you've a steady hand. But for legs, either depilatory wax or an abrasive mitt which you can buy at your drug-gist's will leave a smoother surface. If your forearms are a little on the fuzzy side, try bleaching with a mixture, one drop of ammonia water to five drops of hydrogen peroxide. Bleached hair is almost invisible. If that isn't good enough, go to work with the mitt . . . but gently!

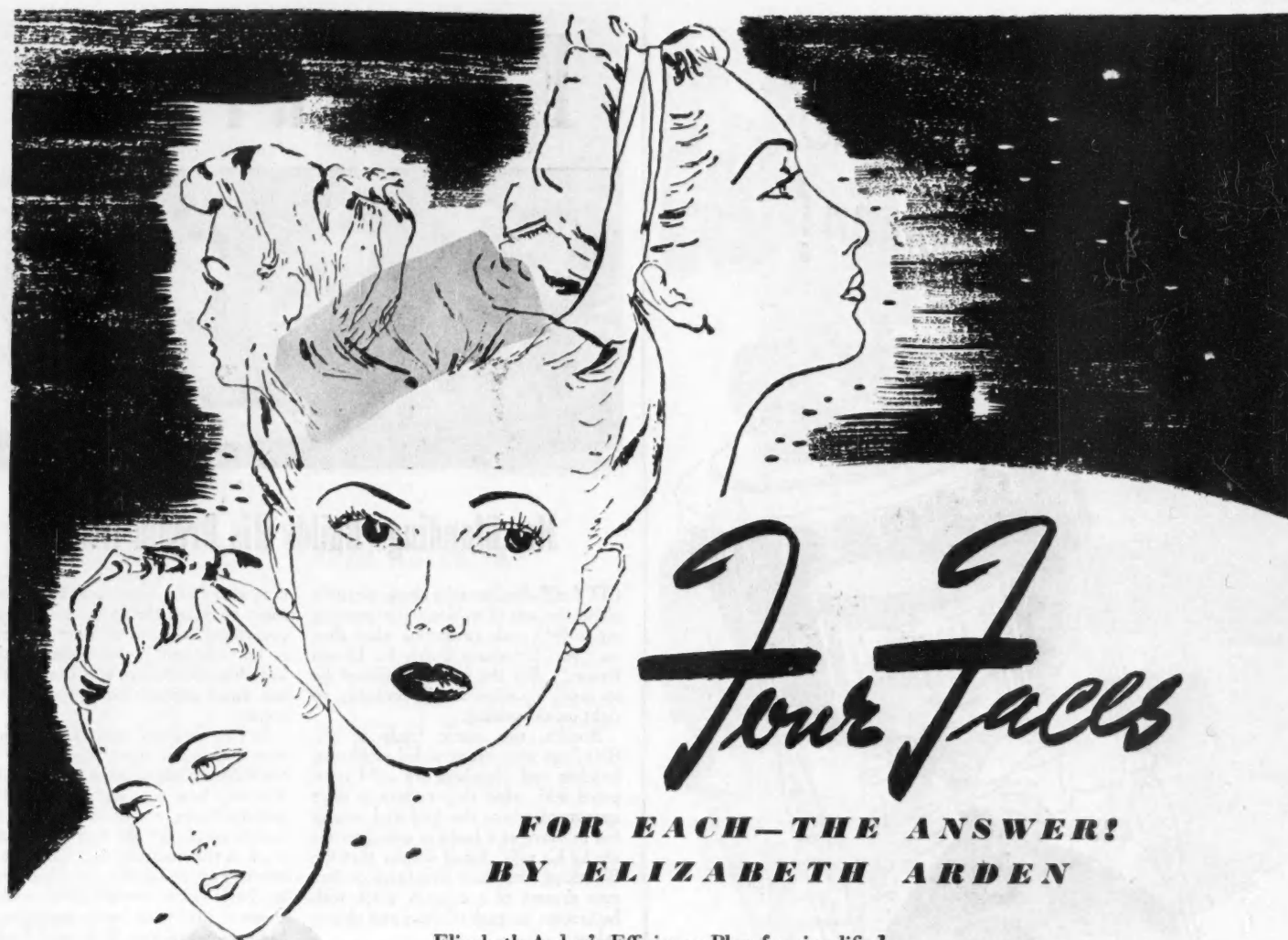
**How can you guard against "bad breath"?**

Unpleasant breath can be caused by diseased tonsils, by growth of adenoids, or by indigestion from eating rich foods. It can also be the result of onion- or garlic-flavored dishes—better give them the go-by on nights out. If your nose and throat are in healthy condition; if you watch your diet so you won't have tummy upsets, your best ally for sweet breath is a thorough workout with ye trusty toothbrush after every meal, if possible . . . and followed by a rinse with antiseptic mouthwash.

**What is the best type of deodorant?**

There are two kinds—antiperspirant (liquid) which actually stops perspiration in the area where it's applied—and deodorant (cream) which makes perspiration odorless. The cream deodorant is easy and pleasant to use and should be adequate unless you perspire very freely. In that case—use the liquid antiperspirant once or twice a week at night, and the cream deodorant each morning. ♦





# Four Faces

**FOR EACH—THE ANSWER!  
BY ELIZABETH ARDEN**

Elizabeth Arden's Efficiency Plan for simplified skin care is exactly right for your skin—normal, dry, oily or blemished.

Thoughtfully designed to do the most for the skin in the shortest measure of time. A few minutes a day spent in the care of your skin brings happy results.

## 1 For Normal Skin

Ardena Cleansing Cream  
Ardena Velva Cream  
Velva Cream Mask

Ardena Skin Tonic  
Orange Skin Cream  
Pat-A-Kake

## 2 For Dry Skin

Ardena Cleansing Cream  
Orange Skin Cream  
Feather-Light Foundation Cream

Ardena Skin Tonic  
Muscle Oil  
Perfection Cream

## 3 For Oily Skin

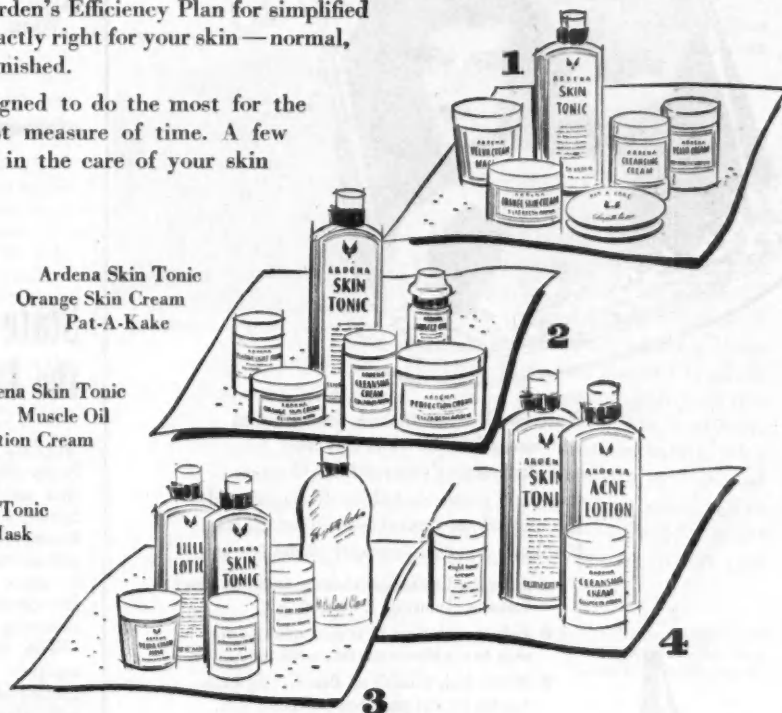
Milky Liquid Cleanser  
Astringent Cream  
Lille Lotion or All-Day Foundation Cream

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Ardena Cleansing Cream  
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# Elizabeth Arden

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Now you'll want to look delicate and delicious with the most flawless complexion you've ever had. Gone—slap-dash cosmetic habits. Rediscovered—the marvelous Luxuria-care that Harriet Hubbard Ayer so carefully plans for you.

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a beauty!

## Fan Fare...



### Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House

CITY cliff-dwellers who think wistfully about the joys of retiring to the country are in for a rude awakening when they see "Mr. Blandings Builds his Dream House." But the jolt is cushioned by so many chuckles they'll probably go right on air-castling.

Besides, the comic trials of the Blandings with strong-willed architects, builders and plumbers are mild compared with what they endure in their apartment where the lord and master has to shave at a basin in simultaneous use by his wife. Small wonder that the Blandings and their daughters project cosy dreams of a country place with bathrooms for each of them and closets galore.

When Jim decides to remodel a

dilapidated old farmhouse in Connecticut, they get their closets—the kind everything falls out of when the door is opened—and a lot more besides, including the embryo of a triangle that has Jim's city-minded lawyer in one corner.

In Eric Hodgins' book the Blandings were mainly and mirthfully trapped by the hidden costs of house building. On film they have common garden variety misadventures, not unlike those of the bucolic couple in "The Egg and I." But stock as the situations are, Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, and heckler Melvyn Douglas (back on the screen after a too-long absence) play them as though no one had ever before tangled with a flooded cellar or a stubborn shingle.

### State of the Union

ALONG with some audaciously funny digs at the current election scrimmage in the United States, "State of the Union" tosses still another hat into the presidential ring. It's not likely to affect the nominations, but it's certain to give you some diverting moments.

The screen's White House aspirant is Grant Matthews, an outspoken fellow on the subject of capital and labor until he gets bitten by the presidential bug, a common enough malady these days. Then he starts playing the unhygienic game of politics—to his wife's distaste and the gratification of some pretty shady interests. There's an ambitious (and somewhat amorous) lady publisher at hand to encourage him in these pursuits, but you can be sure of course that he



winds up on the side of the angels.

There's much to commend the picture: bright dialogue, timeliness, tidy performances of the Matthews by Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. Its needling of truant voters, while valuable, isn't, however, the final answer to the riddle of politics, and there's a woeful piece of miscasting of Angela Lansbury as the heavy. But taken all in all, it's a neat combination of domestic and political issues.





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## Anna Karenina

TOLSTOY'S tragic Anna has wept her way through several previous film incarnations, notably those presided over by Greta Garbo. As the latest Karenina, Vivien Leigh is easily as lachrymose as her predecessor. But unless you take to a hankie at the drop of a glycerine tear, Sir Alexander Korda's version may leave you unmoved, though not unawed.

Don't hold Miss Leigh guilty, though. True, compared with Garbo, she is a bit of a lightweight, but as the luckless lady who forfeited her place in society for love, she doesn't repel sympathy. Unfortunately, her woes are almost eclipsed by a giddy number of sets that prodigally display everything from the train stops between St. Petersburg and Moscow to the ouija board sessions of the Russian nobility in 1875.

The tragedy that pokes its head weakly through the fancy trappings concerns, you'll remember, the beautiful but neglected wife of a fusty middle-aged minister. Her passion for a dashing young officer is accepted by her fashionable circle of friends, even sanctioned, until she runs away with him and becomes a woman beyond the pale, tortured by her husband's refusal of divorce and her lover's imminent desertion. There is only one way out of her plight and Anna takes it.

Sir Ralph Richardson triumphs as the irritating, knuckle-cracking husband and makes Kieron Moore's interpretation of Vronsky even more pallid than it is. Alas! for a good Vronsky might have given the principals the edge they so badly needed over the scenery. Anyway, you'll get a sumptuous eyeful and a chance to welcome Vivien Leigh back to the screen.

Can you imagine a really great

## Love Story Without Words?

The moving account of two gallant Canadians, both unable to hear or speak since birth, who married and brought up a fine family under pioneer conditions.

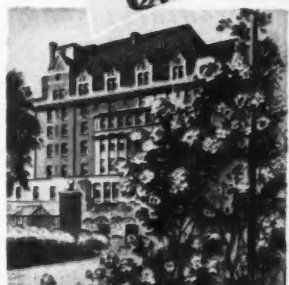
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FROM THE INSTITUTE

## COOK'S HOLIDAY

China-ware — Shelley,  
"Dainty Blue"; Silver-  
ware — King's Plate,  
"Mayflower"



Take it easy this summer.

Simple menus and prepared

foods help you out **by Jacqueline Roy**

### Any-Hour Breakfast

Half Grapefruit with Honey  
Dry Cereal with Fresh Fruit  
Scrambled Eggs and Mushrooms  
on Toast  
Coffee

Start the day with the wake-up tang of fresh grapefruit. Prepare it the night before, store in refrigerator. Chilled vegetable or fruit juices, poured straight from the can, are even more speedily prepared.

Dress up packaged cereal with berries or sliced fruits as they come in season.

Other quick breakfast suggestions:

Creamy scrambled eggs and mushrooms — add fried mushrooms to scrambled eggs as they cook or use diluted cream of mushroom soup in place of milk with the eggs.

Pancakes and waffles are favorites from 'way back. Prepared pancake mix is the starting point for both, the waffles just take a little less liquid. For variety, add chopped apple, mashed banana or ready-cooked bran to the batter. Serve with syrup, honey or jam, creamed chicken or ham. Save time by keeping several pints of medium white sauce stored in glass sealers in the refrigerator for quick dishes like these.

Hot muffins and tea biscuits à la

prepared mix go to the table in record time. And there'll be coffee, of course. For quick service to late comers use one of the instant coffees.

### Porch Lunch or Supper Menu

Cream of Asparagus Soup  
Grapefruit Juice  
Salad-filled Rolls  
Relishes  
Lemon Cupcakes  
Hot Chocolate

Capture every stray breeze on "scorching" summer days. Don't stay indoors even to eat. Mobilize your meals and take them to the porch or garden on trays or by tea wagon. One hot dish for every meal's the rule whether it's 80 in the shade—or 90! Just heat a can of condensed soup—it takes only a few minutes. Or, if you prefer, try one of the dehydrated soups that are so conveniently packaged. Fruit juices are refreshing to sip in between bits of the main course. Salad-stuffed rolls are quickly made and easily handled. Make a deep slit on top of wiener rolls from end to end, line with lettuce and stuff with salad. Combine diced canned meat or lobster, shrimp, tuna or chicken with one or more crispy chopped vegetable



# FRY'S recipes for LONG COOL DRINKS

Want to mix your own cool chocolate drinks this summer?

When there's a jar of Fry's famous chocolate syrup in the ice box, it's easy! And fun! Here's how to make the syrup:

## Chocolate Syrup

Mix DRY,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Fry's Cocoa,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup boiling water slowly, while stirring. Boil for 1 minute. Put in clean, dry jar—cover, cool and keep in ice box.

## Chocolate Milk

Simply add a dessertspoon of chocolate syrup to a glass of cold milk and stir.

## Chocolate Soda

In a tall glass, mix  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk with 2 tablespoons chocolate syrup until well blended. Add 2 tablespoons ice cream and fill with sparkling water.

## Chocolate Float

Mix 3 tablespoons chocolate syrup, 1 cup of milk and 2 tablespoons of ice cream. Beat with rotary egg beater or shake until well blended. Pour into glass, and add 1 more tablespoon of ice cream.

**FRY'S**

THE COCOA WITH THE RICHER CHOCOLATE FLAVOR



such as celery, cabbage, cucumber, onion.

Lemon cupcakes, use two prepared mixes. Bake cake mix in paper cups, hollow out top, fill with packaged lemon pie filling. Other minute-pretty desserts include pudding powders, rennet custard and jellies, garnished with fruit and whipped cream.

Use a tin of chocolate sauce to make your hot or iced chocolate.

## Dinner on the Double

Salmon Loaf, Egg Sauce  
Scalloped Lima Beans  
in Tomato Sauce  
Fresh Fruit Sundae  
Spice Cake  
Tea

For minimum effort on sultry days plan simple menus, aided and abetted by a pantry shelf well stocked with ready-cooked foods and prepared mixes. Hot salmon or beef loaf are easy-to-make main dishes. Egg sauce pairs with the fish loaf, canned gravy or vegetable soup with meat loaf.

More main-course meats:

Baked canned meat (bologna, ham, beef) looks luscious with canned pineapple rings and maraschino cherries arranged over the top.

Corned beef hash casserole—use a can of corned beef hash, cover with mashed potatoes and brown in oven.

Canned meat balls, fish cakes, stew or sausages heat up in a hurry.

Then there's spaghetti in tomato sauce. Dress it up with sausages or bacon curls.

Fresh fruit sundae draws high applause as a dessert—ice cream comes from the store or refrigerator tray, the fresh fruit from storage jar in refrigerator. For cake to go with it—spice, chocolate or plain—try one of the packaged mixes.

Serve tea, hot or iced, for a refreshing finish.

## Back-yard Barbecue

Skillet Stew  
on Toasted Bun  
Baked Beans  
Radishes Green Onions  
Carrot Sticks  
Fresh Fruit Bowl  
Minted Punch

There's more fun and adventure in cooking as well as eating outdoors. All the equipment you'll need is a portable grill, a skillet, a long-handled fork and spoon. Fry onions, celery and hamburger in the skillet until browned; stir in canned tomatoes, corn and peas and simmer a little longer. Serve over toasted buns. For extra "filler," bring on a big pot of baked beans. For contrast, add crisp, garden-fresh vegetables—radishes, green onions and carrots.

Other barbecue specials:

Fried chopped bacon with creamed-style corn added—all cooked in the one skillet. Brochettes—skewer bite-sized pieces of meat alternately with mushrooms and bacon, then broil.

Simple desserts are most satisfying after a substantial main course. Try a fruit juice sherbet, a bowl of fresh fruit or a cheese tray.

Finish with a frosty glass of fruit punch, minted and sugared. ♦

# EAGLE BRAND IS BACK!

Now you can enjoy this . . .



## DATE and NUT ROLL

CHILL AND SERVE—NO COOKING!

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup Eagle Brand Sweetened  
Condensed Milk  
2 cups ( $\frac{1}{2}$  pound) vanilla  
wafer crumbs

2 teaspoons lemon juice  
1 cup finely chopped dates  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped nut meats  
icing sugar

Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and lemon juice. Add vanilla wafer crumbs. Mix well. Sprinkle flat surface with icing sugar. Lightly roll or pat crumb mixture on sugar into 8 or 10-inch rectangle.

Mix dates and nut meats and spread on crumb mixture. Roll as for jelly roll. Wrap in waxed paper. Chill 6 to 8 hours. Slice and serve with hard sauce or whipped cream. Makes 8 servings.



MAKE IT THE DAY BEFORE—  
A MAGIC DESSERT MADE  
WITH **EAGLE BRAND!**

It's so quick and easy to make exciting desserts! And you know they'll always come out just right—when you use Eagle Brand, the original Sweetened Condensed Milk! A smooth ready-to-use blend of creamy-rich whole milk and sugar. Made to Borden's high standard of quality.

FREE! 70 foolproof recipes for luscious cookies, puddings, frostings, ice creams in the Book of Eagle Brand Magic Recipes. Send post card to The Borden Company, Limited, Grocery Products Div., Spadina Crescent, Toronto, Ont.



# Small Size Tin HITS the SPOT with Mothers and Babies

Mothers welcome this new 5-ounce tin of Heinz Junior Foods, with the attractive red label! You liked the handy small size in Heinz Baby Foods, blue label . . . now we're giving you Junior Foods in the same convenient 5-ounce tin. When baby is ready for coarser foods—ask for Heinz Junior Foods in this new smaller size! You'll like the new size tin because:



Baby will switch to Junior Foods easily—for the new tin provides the same size serving as his familiar Baby Food can.

Your baby gets one complete feeding from each tin of Junior Foods. No waste! No left-overs!

It's the same price as Heinz Baby Foods. You can buy both together, without confusion in figuring.

He'll have variety in his diet . . . for there's a splendid choice of 15 different Junior Foods.

Check-ups prove 4 out of 5 mothers prefer the new 5-ounce Heinz Junior Foods for variety, convenience, and economy.



## 25 Heinz Baby Foods

(BLUE LABEL)

Beef and Liver Soup; Tomato Soup; Vegetable Soup; Chicken, Vegetables and Farina; Vegetables with Bacon; Vegetables with Lamb; Asparagus; Carrots; Green Beans; Peas; Beets; Spinach; Peas and Carrots; Squash; Squash and Carrots; Applesauce; Peaches; Prunes; Pears with Farina; Plums with Farina; Apricots with Oatmeal; Custard Pudding; Orange Custard Dessert; Peach Custard Dessert; Prune Custard Dessert.

## 15 Heinz Junior Foods

(RED LABEL)

Chicken Soup; Lamb and Liver; Vegetable Beef Dinner; Vegetables with Fish; Macaroni with Tomato and Beef; Tomato and Rice; Creamed Diced Vegetables; Mixed Vegetables; Carrots; Spinach; Green Beans; Apple Sauce; Prune Pudding; Pineapple Rice Pudding; Apple, Fig and Date Dessert.



Look for the complete line of 40 Strained and Junior Food Varieties at the sign of the Heinz Baby when you are shopping.

**Heinz**  
Baby Foods



# Child Health Clinic



# Home Care of Injuries

By Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

## Cuts and Scrapes

Scrapes or "brush burns" on the skin should be washed out thoroughly but gently with soap and pure water. It is best to use a piece of sterile absorbent cotton for the washing. If you live in a city or large town your tap water will no doubt be pure, but if you are uncertain of its purity, you should use water that has been boiled. If the wound is a clean cut, made with a knife, for example, you don't need actually to wash it out, but you should wash around it, taking care to rub out from the wound, not toward it. Bleeding in moderation helps to clean out the wound. Severe bleeding of course must be controlled to prevent excessive loss of blood. Pressure on the wound with a sterile or clean pad will control most bleeding.

Tincture of iodine is a poor antiseptic to use for cuts and wounds for two reasons. It hurts and frightens the child and as a result he sometimes will not tell you about his injuries because he is afraid of your treatment. The second and more serious objection to iodine is that it burns and damages the wound and thus delays healing. Every time a bottle of iodine is opened, some of the alcohol in it evaporates and as a result it becomes stronger and more irritating. The evaporation is even more rapid if the stopper isn't absolutely tight. It is especially dangerous to put a big bandage over a wound that has been treated with iodine as this increases its burning effect. A small bandage held in place with narrow strips of adhesive

is safer, but you would be wiser to use some painless but effective antiseptic instead. Your doctor can tell you of them or we will send you a list on request.

Until the wound is healed, the bandage should be kept dry. If the cut is fairly extensive it may throb a little for the first day. This is of no consequence, but if the throbbing continues or becomes worse, take the bandage off and look at the wound. If it is red or swollen, it is likely infected and your doctor should see it at once. On the other hand if everything is going nicely you do not need to take the bandage off every day as you are likely to injure the wound in doing so and thus delay the healing. Try to unroll the bandage so that the cut is not pulled open. You may need to soak the wound in a little warm boiled water in order to remove the dressing easily.

Most of the germs that cause infections in wounds come from the nose and throat. The bandage is to save it from such contamination as well as to protect the injured tissues. Salves and adhesive are practically never sterile and should not be put directly on wounds. If the child is old enough to keep a superficial scrape clean it will heal up more quickly if no bandage at all is used. As scars on the face are disfiguring, you would be wise to have your doctor look after any serious cuts there. Also a deep wound in the hand may injure important tendons or nerves and here too you should get expert help. In fact, most cuts through the full thickness of the



# "Helen is so clumsy"



**JANET POWER**  
Practical psychologist and mother of three of the kind of children you'd like to know

"HELEN'S 11, and the clumsiest girl you ever saw," says Mrs. R. "She spills milk over clean tablecloths, and breaks so many dishes I've given up asking her to dry them. I know Helen can see all right, because recently the school

tested eyesight. Helen *should* set an example for her 2 younger sisters—but what can I do about her clumsiness?"

The reason for Helen's clumsiness, Mother, is her AGE! At 11—she is growing fast, and finds it hard to judge distance.

Your job, Mother, is to *encourage* Helen and *help* her. Remove everything she could damage accidentally. Use a plastic cover over tablecloths. If Helen spills anything at mealtimes, simply wash the plastic afterwards—with NO SCOLDING. Don't have her dry dishes—but *do* MAKE HER responsible for OTHER HOUSEHOLD TASKS such as bed-making, keeping her own room tidy. All this will give Helen confidence, and help her outgrow her awkward stage.

Next, clothes. Buy them with plenty of GROWING ROOM with extra skirt and sleeve length. When she's nicely dressed, she'll feel more at ease. Then, if possible, arrange for Helen to join a dancing class. A few hours' practising would give her valuable grace and rhythm.

Encourage Helen and compliment her. Never draw attention to her clumsiness before visitors, or ridicule her before her young sisters. In another few months, with a lot of PRAISE and UNDERSTANDING, you'll be surprised what a GRACEFUL daughter you really have!

## Short Tempers at Breakfast?

Children are apt to be fussy and short-tempered at breakfast. Often they refuse to eat because the cereal just doesn't tempt them. Make breakfast attractive—and serve a ready-to-eat cereal that *does* tempt them and is actually FUN to eat! Give your children Kellogg's Rice Krispies. They'll be amused and interested by the gay Snap-Crackle-Pop when you pour on milk or cream. They'll eat happily—and ask for more! "Rice Krispies" is a registered trade mark of the Kellogg Company of Canada Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice. Get some tomorrow.

*Janet Power*

## THE MOTHERS' FORUM

Kellogg's want to share with others the solutions you mothers have found for your own children's problems. Have you an interesting story? If so—write to Mothers' Forum, Box CH-35, London, Ontario. Kellogg's will pay \$5.00 for each letter used in this column.

**"My small daughter wouldn't leave the scissors alone"**

writes Mrs. H. E. R. Colyer

"Jacqueline was passionately fond of scissors, and I was in constant fear she would injure herself. Finally, I bought her a pair of blunt, round-end scissors, and made it clear they were entirely hers. Now she spends many happy hours harmlessly cutting out paper dolls, or scraps of cloth, and I can safely leave my scissors anywhere! I feel she is also learning to respect other people's property."

skin which cause the wound to gape open should have stitches put in them by a doctor. When this is done, they heal more quickly and are less apt to become infected.

You should keep a supply of sterile bandages and sterile gauze for dressings on hand. You can buy them already made up or you can make your own from an old clean sheet or shirt. Cut strips of the desired width (joining them if necessary), roll them as tightly as possible and wrap each separately in clean paper. Tie them with string and leave them in a slow oven (200-250 deg. F.) for 45 minutes to sterilize them. It is a good idea to wrap up some pieces of gauze and absorbent cotton in paper also and sterilize them as well.

## Puncture or Stab Wounds

Puncture or stab wounds demand special care, because the germs that cause tetanus or lockjaw can live and grow in such wounds whereas they cannot survive when exposed to the air in an open wound or cut. As you know lockjaw is a highly dangerous disease even when expertly treated. The germs that cause lockjaw are found normally in the intestines of horses and other animals, and therefore they are often present in roads, gardens, fields, farmyards, and so on. Therefore any serious skin injuries suffered in street accidents, or where soil is present, especially if they include puncture wounds, should be reported to your doctor. He may think it advisable to give your youngster an injection of tetanus antitoxin which will prevent this disease temporarily. However, it is much better to be prepared beforehand for such dangers. This can be done by having your child given tetanus toxoid. Usually three injections are given at three- or four-week intervals followed by a fourth, one year later. This immunizes your child against this disease for several years. Preparations containing diphtheria toxoid, whooping cough vaccine and tetanus toxoid together are now available, so that one series of injections immunizes your child against all three of these diseases.

If such a youngster suffers a stab wound or is injured in a street accident it is usual to give him another small booster dose of tetanus toxoid at the time. It is much safer for your children to have the protection of these tetanus toxoid injections, as this disease may follow very slight wounds that are hardly noticed and for which no medical care is sought. It is particularly important for allergic children to be protected in this way as it is often difficult to treat them with antitoxin if they do develop the disease. Allergic children can, on the other hand, be immunized against this disease quite satisfactorily.

## Splinters

Splinters should be removed as they become infected and sore if left in the skin. They can be taken out most easily with a sterilized needle. An easy way to prepare the needle is to thread it and drop it into a small amount of actively boiling water, leaving the thread hanging over the edge of the saucepan. After it has boiled for three minutes, pick it up by the thread, being careful not to touch the point on any object. The skin over the splinter should be sterilized with some efficient antiseptic before the needle is used. ♦

# ICE CONDITIONED



The luscious, full-bodied flavour of choice meats, succulent vegetables, delicate desserts and dairy products is yours to enjoy when kept *naturally* with Ice. Only ice refrigeration provides the 3 essentials for proper food protection—(1) natural moisture to prevent drying out and loss of nutritive juices, (2) a constant circulation of pure, vitalized air to guard against change of flavours, (3) safety-zone temperatures to keep foods at their best. With a modern Air-Conditioned Ice Refrigerator you have complete refrigeration—dependable, economical, trouble-free—a convenience and comfort every day of the year.



**ADDS GLAMOUR!** Real, crystal-clear ice in beverages and on your table makes a hit with guests. New folder "Glamour-Ice your Table Settings" shows many ways to add eye-appeal, appetite-appeal when you are entertaining.



**ICE CUBES IN 3 MINUTES!** No running short of cubes when you have an ice refrigerator. Ask your ice serviceman how to make all the cubes you want easily, quickly. Hard, clear, they do not give beverages an off-taste!



A modern Air-Conditioned Ice Refrigerator costs only one-fifth to one-quarter as much as other types. See the new models now available at your local ice dealer's showroom, or write for information to Canadian Ice Foundation, 137 Wellington St. W., Toronto, Canada.

## Love-quiz ... For Married Folks Only



### WHY DOES HE AVOID HER EMBRACE?

A. Because he is no longer happy in their marriage, constantly makes excuses to avoid the romantic intimacy of their honeymoon.

Q. What has she done? Is it really all her fault?

A. It is not so much what she has done as what she has neglected ... and that is proper feminine hygiene.

Q. Can neglect of proper feminine hygiene really spoil a happy marriage?

A. Yes, and the pity of it is, every wife can hold her lovable charm by simply using "Lysol" disinfectant as an effective douche.

Q. Can this purpose be accomplished by homemade douching solutions?

A. No ... salt, soda and similar makeshifts do not have the proved germicidal and antiseptic properties of "Lysol" which not only destroys odour but is effective in the presence of organic matter.

Q. Why does this husband not tell his wife why he avoids her?

A. Because he feels that a woman should know these important facts ... and use every means in her power to remain glamorous, dainty and lovely to love. He resents her neglect of such fundamentals as correct feminine hygiene which is achieved so easily by regular douching with "Lysol" brand disinfectant.

**DON'T TAKE CHANCES** with married happiness ... safeguard your complete daintiness ... use only "Lysol" in the douche ... it is not only effective, but kind to delicate tissues.

### Check these facts with your doctor



Many doctors recommend "Lysol" brand disinfectant for Feminine Hygiene. Non-caustic, "Lysol" is non-injurious to delicate membrane. Its clean, antiseptic odour quickly disappears. Highly concentrated "Lysol" is economical in solution. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution.

### WHY 4 OUT OF 5 PREFER "LYSOL"!

It's safe. For over 50 years "Lysol" has had the acceptance of the medical profession... and of mothers and housewives, too. It's the standard antiseptic in modern hospitals throughout the world. Its continued leadership is based upon the confidence of the most prominent doctors. No other general antiseptic and disinfectant enjoys such absolute trust or is so widely recommended.

For Feminine  
Hygiene use  
**"Lysol"**  
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Every time



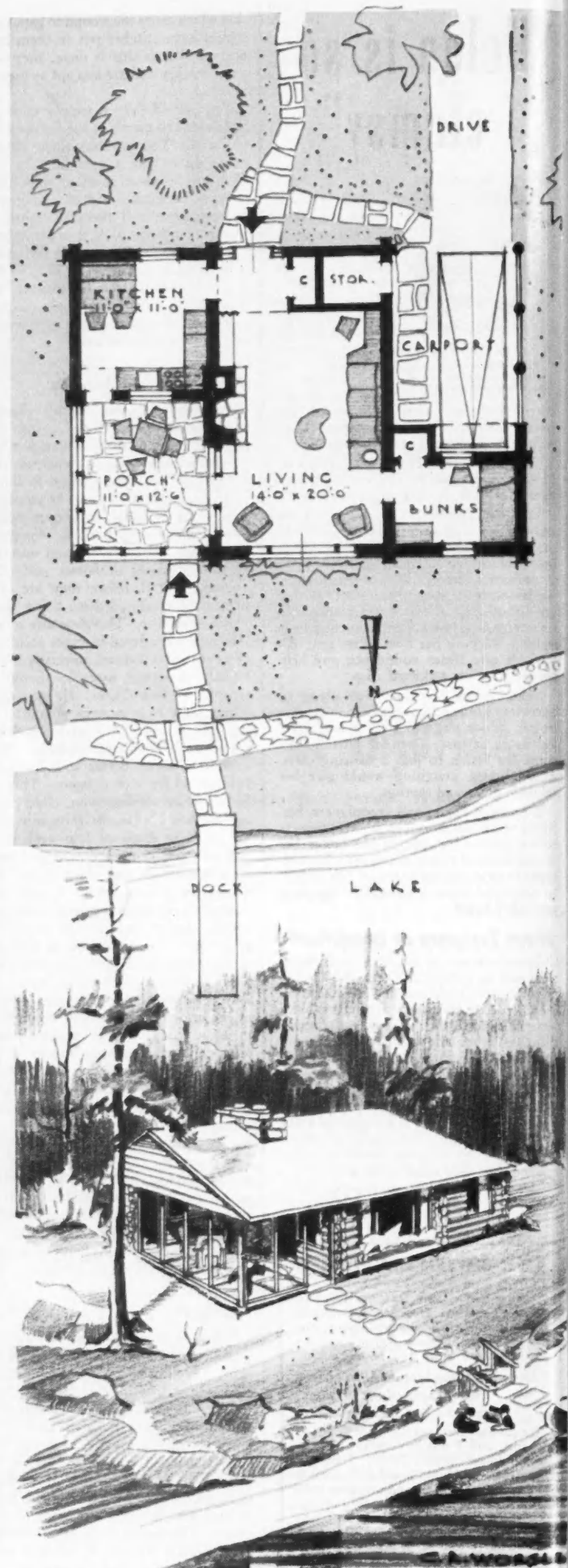
**FREE BOOKLET!** Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Dept. M. H. Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 37 Hanna Avenue, Toronto 3, Ontario, for frankly informing FREE booklet in plain envelope.

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# Cabin in the Country

by John Caulfield Smith  
Home Planning Editor

ONE OF THE fondest dreams of most Canadian families is to own a summer cottage—preferably a log cabin. Why we rate the log cabin so highly nobody seems to know—unless it's the strain of pioneer blood that runs (however thinned) through our veins.

Though it's occupied for only a few weeks or months during the year, construction of such a cabin demands careful planning and organization. Nothing contributes more to the success of the venture than selection of a suitable site. Some people like to be close to a stream or lake, others prefer the view from hills or mountains. But to save on transportation costs, don't settle too far from the source of supply of logs.

Unless the cabin is built on rock, its foundation must extend into the ground below the frost line. Wood posts resting on stone or concrete slabs may be used, but stone or concrete piers are better since they are more durable. Best of all, of course, are solid stone or concrete walls. They provide a permanent base, make for a warmer floor and keep out rodents and small animals. For sake of appearance, the foundation should be just high enough to keep the log walls from coming in contact with the ground.

## What Kind of Logs?

Most Canadian evergreens—notably the pines, cedars and spruces—are well adapted for log construction. They're usually cut in the winter and left to dry till at least late summer. While the bark has a rustic appearance, it's advisable to strip it because of the attraction it holds for insects.

The men who built the log cabins of early settlers were not carpenters in the conventional sense. They were a type of highly competent lumberjack, a man not merely a feller of trees, but one who was an artisan in his own right. There aren't many of these fine axemen today, and for this reason care should be taken in selecting the builder of your log cabin.

Surprisingly enough, factory-manufactured logs are now available. They're made to uniform size, are tongue-and-grooved so as to lock together, and may be speedily erected. The heart of each log is bored out to eliminate the pos-

sibility of rot and to permit equal seasoning. The hollow core also provides insulation and a space for electric wiring.

Logs used for exterior walls are usually from six to ten inches in diameter. If they are to form the interior finish as well, merely the top and bottom are smoothed. If the interior is to be faced, the top, bottom and inside surface are smoothed. The logs are graduated in size, the largest in diameter being laid at the bottom of the wall, the smallest at the top. Strands of oakum are forced between them. When it's reasonably certain that the wood has dried out, and all shrinkage has taken place, the joints are filled with a caulking compound, or a chinking mixture applied on thin strips of metal lath.

Much of the charm of a log cabin depends on the way its corners are fitted. There is a wide variety of joints, one of the most common being the "saddle and notch," which permits each log to rest on the one beneath it. Their projecting ends may be cut short or treated in an ornamental fashion if desired. In the case of a "butted" corner, every other log projects. "Mitred" corners are another alternative. The ends of the logs are cut at 45 degrees to provide a right-angled corner.

Log walls may be treated either with linseed oil, which preserves the full beauty of the wood, or with colored shingle stain. If the latter finish is decided upon it's necessary to wait a year or so. Proper penetration of the stain is impossible till the sap film breaks up under exposure to weather.

In designing a cabin, family needs will dictate the number and kind of rooms to be provided. As regards style, it should be remembered that the best architecture is generally simple and unostentatious. Introducing a picture window is a good idea if there's an attractive view. For other windows casements are recommended because they allow maximum ventilation. The windows need to be protected when the cabin is not in use, so the shutters should not be so large that they're awkward to handle. Among well-repaying investments is a screened porch. It's well worth the modest cost.

This attractive log cabin was designed especially for Chatelaine by architect C. R. Worsley. It acts as a "main house" since separate sleeping cabins are provided for children and guests. The logs are stained light brown, the roof is green and the gables are white. On the right: a new development: logs that have been milled in a factory. Their precise manufacture ensures exact fit and speedy erection. A hollow core provides insulation.



Bundle of charm! Richard James Balfour plants kiss on Woodbury-smooth cheek of his bride, Constance Cattanaach Paterson of Montreal. Wedding reception at New York's Delmonico Hotel.

## Joy for Two!

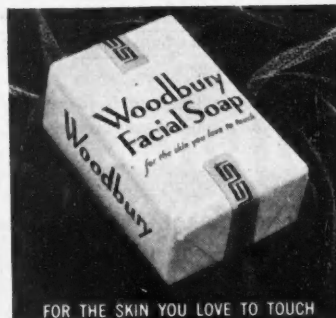
### WEDDING OF ANOTHER WOODBURY DEB



It was love—at Chalk River, where Connie did atomic research and met Dick! ... Br-r-cold! But Dick's temperature rose fast—warmed by Connie's Woodbury-sweet glow!



Yes, Cupid works fast—aided by Woodbury! "Adore my Facial Cocktail," says Connie. "Creamy-mild massage, warm 'n' cold rinses. Result, my skin is so-o soft." Kissably soft!



FOR THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH

Beauty-cream ingredient—only Woodbury has it! Actually, a skin-smoothing ingredient of rich face creams! Yes, extra-mild Woodbury is a beauty treatment in cake form. Try it!



Signing the license—and "Love forever" shines through! "And how!" affirms adoring Dick. Follow the debs' famous beauty care, girls—it's Woodbury for romantic skin beauty!

(Made in Canada)

"I dress for dancing...at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



1. "HERE'S HOW I manage desk-to-dancing dates," says this smart career girl. "I wear a basic dress to the office—with the simplest of simple accessories. And, of course, I rely on new Odorono Cream to keep my dress free of perspiration stains and odor." *One dab of Odorono in the A.M. keeps you dainty a full 24 hours.*

And wait till you see how creamy-smooth Odorono stays in the jar. Never gritty (even if you leave the cap off for weeks).



2. "WHEN DATE TIME COMES, I 'dress up' my basic dress with a circular organdy overskirt. Add jewelry for glitter, gloves and flowers for glamour. And I'm set for an evening of fun. I'm confident of my charm all evening too—thanks to new Odorono Cream." *Because the Halgene in Odorono gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.*

Yet stainless Odorono is so safe and gentle—you can use it even after shaving.



New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

## Chatelaine Roundabout

News notes of the men and women who write for Chatelaine . . . of the people they meet and the things they hear



"Almost impossible to get him to stand still long enough to take his picture," said the photographer who caught this purposeful, true-to-life glimpse of Dr. Karl S. Bernhardt. Strong clue to the success story of this well-known Canadian psychologist and writer, one of the keymen in his field. Dr. Bernhardt, Ph.D., leads a life of amazing activity . . . endlessly analyzing, studying what goes on in the human mind, behaviors, unhappiness . . . all to do with what makes human beings tick.

He has little time for recreation other than a bit of craftwork and stamp collecting. Prefers sitting under a tree to fishing . . . maintains that although he thinks he's quite handy at fixing light cords, et al., Mrs. B. says he doesn't do nearly enough odd jobs round the house. And, adds Dr. Bernhardt emphatically, in spite of this "I'm quite happily married in case that interests you."

You'll be seeing facsimiles of the pretty girl on Chatelaine's cover here and there in various shop windows and department stores across Canada. Along with copies of the actual dress and accessories. This to give you a close-up of what an actual cover dress looks like in case you want to make one for yourself . . . and it's fun having a dress same as a cover girl's.

Eavesdropping department: remark caught by Editor Byrne Sanders' quick ears in a New York restaurant: "Of course Marion *always* marries money," Evelyn Kelly, overhearing a gal discussing a radio-phonograph she won in a contest: "My husband wants me to sell it. He thinks it'll spoil the children. I said okay I'll sell it if you'll sell your Mother."



This busy little round-table group (above) comprises Chatelaine's editorial staff. These are the people who create Chatelaine, traveling about, studying, interviewing, investigating . . . watching straws in the wind . . . tossing ideas around, in and out. The continuous procedure of giving readers an all-Canadian magazine tuned in to the Canadian way of living. Identification, starting left round the table: Francis Crack, Lotta Dempsey, Jane Monteith, Mary Jukes, Jacqueline Roy, Editor Byrne Sanders, Marie Holmes, Almeda Glassey, John Caulfield Smith, Adele White and Evelyn Kelly.

Almeda Glassey in New York calling on Margaret Sangster, well-known writer of short stories and radio plays, still doesn't believe her own eyes. Seems the famous lady has quite a collection of cats enjoying luxurious living in her swank Park Avenue apartment. Five of them stalked in, one by one. Then along came royalty, wheeled in a large doll carriage . . . a big black alley cat which condescended

to favor the guests with a snooty green-eyed stare. And speaking of cats, a feline bereavement in art director Francis Crack's home left three motherless, very tiny, very hungry four-day-old kittens. Temporary pediatrician Marie Holmes worked out a formula . . . the kittens were fed from a doll baby bottle, and at five weeks they're thriving, mewing for more.



"A coat of shining armor  
for your floors...my lady"



**Lady:** That's what I need! The traffic's terrific in my kitchen.

**Knight:** Old English laughs at rough treatment, my lady. Dirt tracked in from out-of-doors...or trucked in by the small fry...can be whisked away in a jiffy.

**Lady:** Wonderful!...because I can't spend all my time polishing.

**Knight:** Brighter floors...lighter work...that's the beauty of Old English! It's a cinch to apply. Just spread it on and let it dry. No rubbing...no buffing. Famous for fifty years as the quality wax...Old English is now better than ever! You can't buy a finer floor wax!

Try Old English No Rubbing Wax in your home. See how the beauty of floors and linoleum is protected by this finer wax polish that lasts and lasts. It truly is "a coat of shining armor for your floors!"



**Old English**  
NO RUBBING WAX

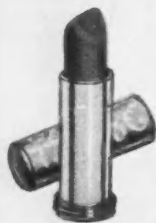


**Old English**

- No Rubbing Wax
- Paste Wax
- Cream Wax Polish
- Scratch Cover Polish
- Cleaning and Polishing Wax

**BEST BUY IN THE STORES...DOES MORE FOR YOUR FLOORS!**

Sold at leading stores throughout Canada  
Boyle-Midway (Canada) Limited, Toronto



BEAUTY PREPARATIONS BY **YARDLEY**  
OF LONDON

Skin Food - \$1.25, Dry Skin Cleansing Cream - \$1.25, Liquefying Cleansing Cream - \$1.25, Toning Lotion - \$1.00, Complexion Milk - \$1.25, English Complexion Cream - \$1.25, Foundation Cream - \$1.00, English Complexion Powder - \$1.00, Lipstick - \$1.25, Make-up Base - \$1.25.

*For beauty care  
that proclaims you  
a lovely lady  
there is perfection in  
the range of*



BY APPOINTMENT  
PERFUMERS TO  
H. M. QUEEN MARY  
YARDLEY, LONDON

# Fashion Shorts

## A preview of trends

**So captivating . . .** the floppy little Dutchboy cap on young heads all over town. White as a Dutch kitchen. Gay as a bed of tulips.

**Corded cotton** for a summer symphony. It makes sweet music of a suit that's free 'n' easy of skirt, snug 'n' short of jacket. You'll want to jump on the bandwagon.

**Ladybug, ladybug, fly away.** And who couldn't in a floating cotton skirt with petticoat edging? Such graceful manners your cottons have!

**Interplay of stripes.** Tucked bodice and self-pleated skirt go north and south. Hand-span cummerbund goes east and west. Like latitude and longitude.

**Oh, dem golden slippers . . .** Referring, of course, to gilt ballet flats to wear with slacks and shorts. Cottons too. You're Twinkletoes, all right.

**You'll cotton to mauve . . .** the engaging new shade of summer. In a blouse that dips in daytime decolletage. And a skirt 'neath whose scalloped border pique peeps. Both as poetic as lilac time.

**Band your tropic panama** with bright grosgrain or chiffon. Roll it off your face or shade it over your eyes. It's the delight of a print dress.

**Say it with flowers.** Cotton blossoms blooming on your hand-stitched gloves. One on each set of fingers.

**You'll be in a state of sundress** these next months. With a bare-topped pastel that outdoors follows the sun and indoors converts modestly into a suit. Cover-up is a breezy little swingback bolero.

**Good things come in threes.** Like a trim striped cotton suit crisped with a pique weskit. Whip out of the jacket and you're in a smart two-piece sun dress. Surprise! the weskit's backless.

**As numberless** as the sands on the beach the ways of the sunback. Comes now an interesting organdie redingote in foam-white to combine with a strapless air-conditioned chambray in seashell pink. Or choose your own sun shade.

**Once over lightly** on sunbacks. With a cape so brief it barely reaches cover. Or a romantic matching stole. This is a season for barebacks.

**Get it in checks . . . or white . . .** or pastels. It's the most useful item in your warm weather wardrobe. The cropped topper winging way out in back. Pairs up with anything morning, noon, and night.

**Four in hand.** Start with shorts and flaring play dress separates. That makes

two. Over a circular skirt it becomes a strapless sundress. Three. For a turn in town button into an affectionate jacket. And that's four. Such strategy!

**Pink taffeta** blushes under your embroidered organdie on starlit nights. Its tiny cap sleeves make you look like an angel on the wing. A flowing pink sash brings back the sweet girl graduate. Ice and serve.

**Tie your scarf** around your straw bowler and anchor it under your chin with a pin or scarf holder. You'll look more like '08 than '48 but he'll love it.

**Of course** your playsuit has a ballerina skirt . . . that's high-waisted, wide-sweeping, handsomely printed. And a fetching playmate for breezy navy shorts and deep-scooped top.

**Everything's convertible** these days, except your budget. Which will certainly cast loving glances at the tricky ruffled blouse you wear on or off your shoulders. Poet at home, peasant afield. The secret's in the elasticized neckline.

**Accessorize** your outfit with sunglasses. Framed in gay plaid plastic. Bet you thought they were only to keep the sun out of your eyes.

**Not just** one big flare but a whole skirtful. Pleated into a coachman's dress of softest shantung. With a half-belt at the back and a dashing row of double buttons beneath lavish lapels. Everyone wants to ride with the driver.

**For an informal evening** when the mercury goes skyward. A lacy sweater and a parasol skirt. Both in tissue wool, both in moon white. A narrow rim of gold around your waist . . . glitter at your throat and wrists. And the orchestra playing Viennese waltzes.

**Urbane-about-town** cottons on the current scene. Rich cocoa brown chambray, for one. With pique starchily at its collar and silver at its belt. Lights and shadows everywhere.

**Let us consider** plaid gingham. That ruffles at the yoke, at the cuffs, and at the stand-up collar of a dandyish blouse. And reappears delightfully at the ruffled hem of a flaring cotton skirt. The gingham girl gone glamorous.

**We don't mind** telling you that come fall skirts will be slim, slim, slim. But who wants to think about that? Summer's still ahead . . . let's abandon ourselves to the skirts that are full, full full.

**Rustle into June** with a taffeta suit-dress. Its navy yards-and-yards skirt teams elegantly with a sheer white shirtwaist. And many's the evening the pretty little peplum jacket will find its work in the world. ♦



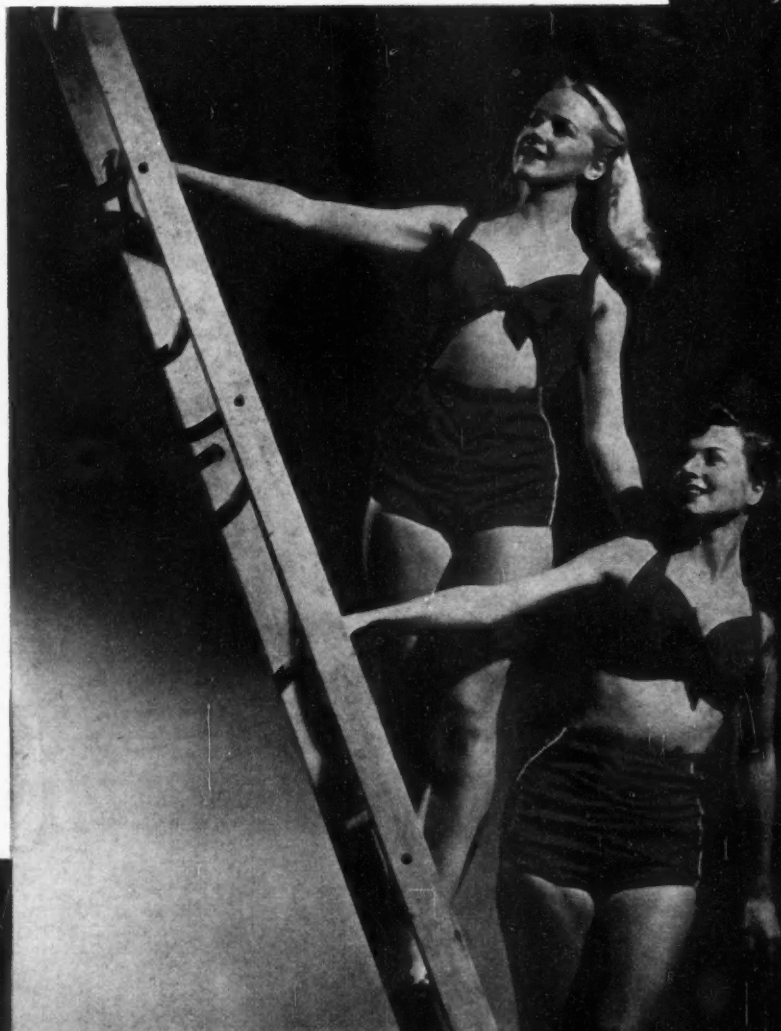
# Gordon Mackay



AND COMPANY LIMITED

**EXCLUSIVE** with Gordon Mackay, the swim suits shown here, and others not illustrated, will brighten bathing beaches this year. For styles fresh from the hands of top designers—for exclusive colours and fabrics—shop for a swim suit at stores where you see the Gordon Mackay name.

LINGERIE • HOSIERY  
BATHING SUITS • FABRICS  
PORTSWEAR • SWEATERS

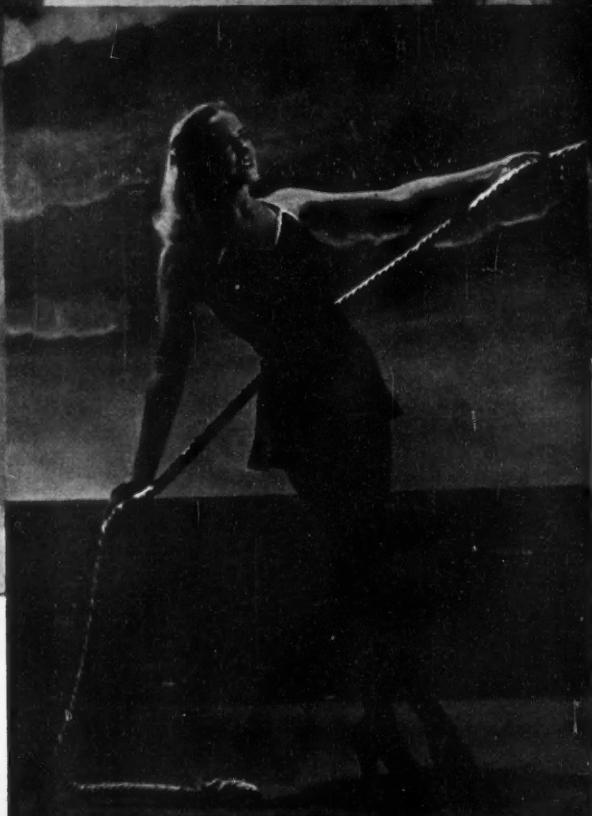


ABOVE — Smart is the word for the half-and-half swim suit on the left, with its flared skirt and screen printed bamboo top — \$5.95. Style-conscious bathers will like the elasticized back of the semi-midriff style on the right — screen printed bamboo — \$5.95.

LEFT — Higher on the ladder, high-style, semi-midriff, bengaline suit with elasticized back — in Gordon Mackay exclusive red and other favoured colours — \$4.95. The other suit in the same smart colours for those who prefer the 2 piece — elastic back and shirred front — \$4.95.



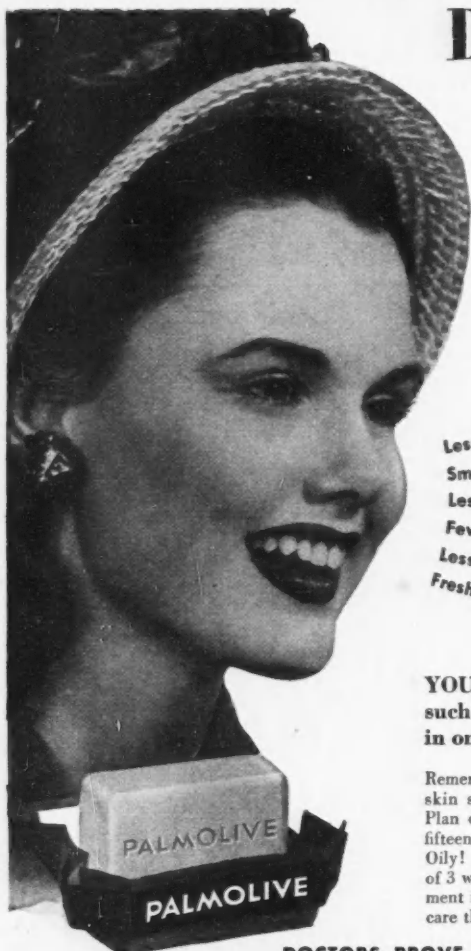
ABOVE — Classic style one-piece suit with half skirt and lastex satin back—front in poplin prints by Bates—choice of colour combinations — \$6.95.



LEFT — The Gordon Mackay interpretation of the Princess style in most-wanted colours, with white braid trim, seen at the Winter resorts — \$4.95. Comes also in the larger sizes (there is a Gordon Mackay dressmaker style, too) at \$6.95.



ABOVE — Gordon Mackay's two-piece Friller style in flocked-design bengaline—Autumn gold, Summer royal, Spring turquoise, white, black — \$4.95.



# Doctors Prove the Palmolive Plan brings 2 out of 3 women *Lovelier Skin in 14 days!*

Regardless of your Age . . .  
Regardless of your Type of Skin . . . Regardless  
of what Beauty Care you've used before!

Less Oily  
Smoother, Younger looking  
Less Coarse-looking  
Fewer Tiny Blemishes—  
Less Incipient Blackheads  
Fresher . . . Brighter, Clearer Color

**YOU, TOO, may look for  
such skin improvements  
in only 14 days!**

Remember! Thirty-six doctors—leading  
skin specialists—tested the Palmolive  
Plan on 1285 women of all ages—from  
fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry!  
Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out  
of 3 won noticeable complexion improve-  
ment in 14 days. No matter what beauty  
care they had used before.

**DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!**



For tub! For shower! Get the new, big, thrifty Bath Size  
Palmolive—enjoy Palmolive's soft, lovely lather all over!

# Help Wanted — Male!

**COME ON, NANCY —  
JOIN THE FUN! NO  
SENSE COMING TO A DANCE  
AND HIDING OUT ON  
EVERYBODY!**

**IT'S THE OTHER WAY  
'ROUND, RUTH! EVERY  
MAN AT THIS SO-CALLED  
FROLIC IS WORKING  
HARD TO  
AVOID ME!**

**SOMETHING'S REALLY  
WRONG, RUTH! BUT I  
CAN'T THINK WHAT  
IT IS!**

**NANCY, I THINK YOUR  
DENTIST COULD HELP.  
BECAUSE I HAVE A HUNCH  
YOUR WHOLE TROUBLE IS —  
—IS BAD BREATH,  
HONEY!**

**POWDER ROOM**

**NANCY SEES HER DENTIST!**

**TO COMBAT BAD BREATH,  
I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL  
CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS  
PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF  
10 CASES, COLGATE'S  
INSTANTLY STOPS  
BAD BREATH THAT  
ORIGINATES IN THE  
MOUTH!**

**HERE'S WHY: COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS AN  
ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM THAT GETS INTO THE  
HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH — HELPS CLEAN  
OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES — STOP STAGNANT  
SALIVA ODORS — REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD  
BREATH. AND COLGATE'S SOFT POLISHING AGENT  
CLEANS ENAMEL THOROUGHLY, GENTLY, SAFELY!**

**LATER — THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM**

**THAT TIP ON COLGATE'S SELDOM FAILS!  
NOW NANCY HAS A FLOCK OF MALES!**

**It cleans  
your breath while  
it cleans your  
teeth!**

**COLGATE  
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM**

*Always use  
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM  
after you eat  
and before every date!*





# The Practical Thing to do

by Frances Emerson

**K**AY WAS practical about such a variety of impractical things. The one really practical thing she meant to be practical about was getting married.

Once, when she was tired enough to weep, she'd gone on a talking jag and explained the way she felt to Dr. Kent Savant. She was nursing one of his patients, and they'd dropped into the lunch room for a cup of coffee after an all-night vigil.

"I'm glad we saved 'em both."

She stirred too much cream into her coffee. Stirred and stirred. "It's a cute baby. Fat."

"And noisy." Savant grinned wryly.

"My father died six months before I was born, and my mother six minutes after."

Kent Savant was never trite and there was no other way of answering Kay's bald statement, so he kept silent.

"My inheritance consisted of 35 cents, a handmade layette, and red hair." She set the coffee cup back into the saucer without tasting the steaming brew. "The layette was lovely."

Savant pushed the plate with the rolls toward her. "The hair isn't too bad."

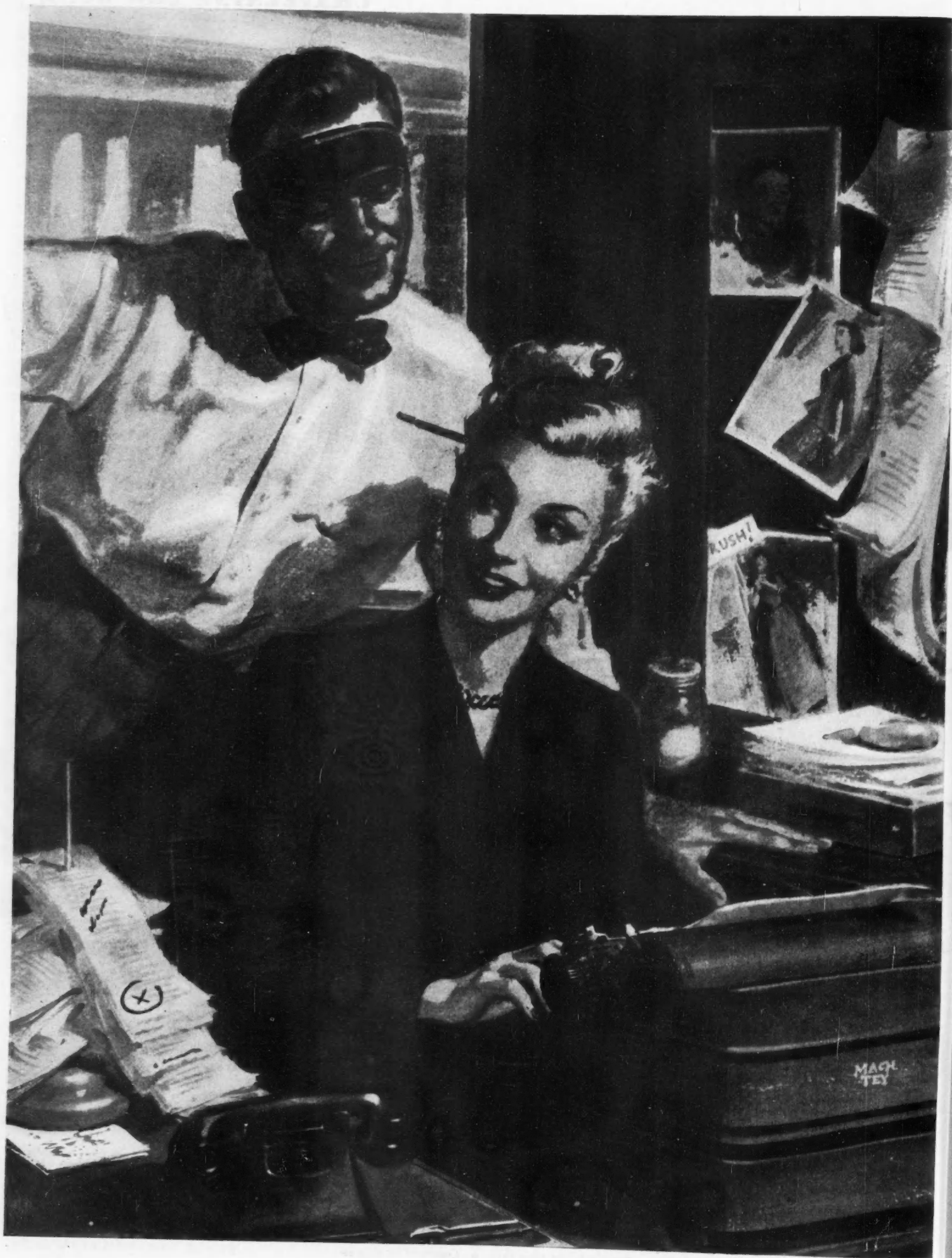
As if she hadn't heard him she went on. "I decided to marry a millionaire when I was four years old so that my children would always have plenty of butter. I was so specific about the butter because I was standing with my face in the corner of the orphanage dining room, being punished for the crime of using two pats of the stuff for my bread."

She finally drank her coffee in one torrid gulp, then laughed shortly. "Tomorrow night we have East Lynn!"

THE NEXT DAY, meeting him and remembering, she had been embarrassed until he looked at her so vaguely it was plain that ♦ Continued on page 84

Illustrated by Rex Woods.

*The argument about the flowers was an old one. "My patients never lose a flower, and I never lose a patient," she smiled at the doctor.*



Illustrated by Machtey



# I The Very Important Job

If you ever had to choose between a glamorous career and the man you love . . . then, surely, this is your story

By Laura Owen Miller

WHEN WORD leaked out that Kitty Reeves had resigned as women's editor, an almost unparalleled hubbub swelled in the Clarion city room. Resignation theories were advanced by the dozen, gnawed to the bone and rejected as new ones made their succulent appearance. Was she crazy? Sick? How dared she do such a thing, and so suddenly? Why, she'd starve—

The climax was reached when Ike, the copy boy, reported having burst in the boss' office with editorial proofs during the resignation and hearing Kitty reply: "Pick violets—" to Mr. Norman's bewildered question: "But what are you going to do?" At this choice morsel the city staff boomed: "Violets, Ike?" "What did she mean, pick violets?" "What else did she say?" "What did he say then?" but Ike's moment of limelight guttered with the bleak admission that the boss had sent him scuttling. Heads were thereupon shaken, eyes rolled heavenward, clues traced to no avail. Something monstrous, something mysterious had befallen Kitty, no doubt of it! Something unusual!

But it hadn't actually been an unusual day (the very usualness was the final horror) except for Charles Watson; only Thelma, the grateful, silent assistant whom Kitty recommended for her job, knew of Charles' existence and no one at all at the Clarion knew of Kitty's nest egg.

Now three thousand dollars is all things to all people: a small-to-middling ball, a respectable square-cut diamond, a college education, an annual family budget, a fresh start in life. But until the day she impulsively quit her "important" job for another, of even greater importance, Kitty's three thousand had been none of these things but a figure in a bankbook stamped: Katharine Reeves, Her Savings—a tangible tepid reminder of her late mother, whose worldly goods it had been. Privately, she referred to the money as my "When I Grow Too Old To Dream Fund" and, though advised by the bank to invest, she'd been leery of stock—look at Dad back in '29 — and had opened the account where it sat, neither thinning nor fattening with the years.

"Benjy!" She gave him a slightly disenchanted smile. "I didn't hear you come in. And you know I hate to have people read over my shoulder!"

Therefore, on the morning of that controversial Tuesday on which Kitty was to resign, she woke from no dreams of fortune but from a nightmare—not big-league and interesting but a fuzzy business in which she had once more, frighteningly, lost her way. Eyes closed but awake, she could still hear the dream voices jeering: "You're 30 . . . 30 . . . 30 . . ." and the silent word rang out like a woodchopper's axe. One could stand growing older, she reflected dully, if life went forward! But lost and middle-aged! She had been for months—the dream voices knew it, hounding her unmercifully.

At that she snorted a little, being of humorous bent, and opened her storm-grey eyes. Not middle-aged yet! Or was she? . . . a child dying at 12 had been middle-aged at six, said her inner argumentative imp. But enough of this! Slithering from bed, Kitty blindly made for the kitchen to start coffee, groped for Delishies ("The Breakfast Of Winners"), returned to her bed alcove and half-heartedly flung open the closet door. Dress selection had come to an uninspired process for whatever she decided to wear was bound to be black! When you'd worked 10 years in a city room you stifled those yens for red, winter-white, pastels; you bought an occasional intemperate hat, marked-down, and called it a day—

HER THOUGHT processes still gummed with uneasy sleep, she dressed, bestowed on the living room a lick-and-promise cleaning—Benjy, who'd dropped in for a moment last night, had left a sea of ash—answered the call of the coffee, gulped it, hectically spooned Delishies but not in the manner of a "Winner," did her face, coiled her fair shimmering waist-long hair in a silky figure eight, dragged from the closet her Persian Paw coat, possible through Wiggam Bros. Put-A-Bit-Away Payment Plan and, arriving at the corner without observing the temper of the day—scudding clouds, vociferous trees, hint of spring lying bluey in the air—saw the waggish derriere of the seven-thirty bus disappear toward town.

Ten minutes later, clambering aboard its successor, she spotted a newly vacated seat thus far unpounded upon by the muttering, swaying, sleepy, cross-faced horde and sank down. She had barely collected herself when a welcoming voice at her right said, fantastically: "Hello, Pretty-Kitty! This is Tess-Wess!"

Kitty's face lighted in recognition as she picked up the ritual greeting that she and Tess McKenna, née Hazen, had thought uproarious at 10. "Hi, Tess-Wess," she returned, twinkling at the stocky, merry-

eyed woman who had the air of being tossed together like a salad. "How's Gorgeous-Georgus?"

"Hideous-Wideous!—and Porky-Worky?" This could go on forever. "Oh, Kitty, how simply swell to see you!" said Tess warmly. "Harry and I were talking about you only the other day and saying what a shame it is we never get together. Honestly, in a town this size and living only six blocks apart—"

Kitty interrupted quickly with: "I know, darling!" and changed the subject. "But what on earth are you doing on a bus at this outlandish hour? I always think of you as bedded down till noon."

"Me?" On a rising inflection came the reply. "Not with a house to look after and this to get off to school—" Tess indicated the sturdy little girl, whom Kitty noticed now for the first time, seated beside her. "Poor Janey fell and chipped a front tooth this morning. I called Dr. Rybolt and he said to meet him right away at his office. Harry has the car out of town, so . . ." She turned to the child. "Say hello to your Aunt Kitty, Janey."

The child regarded her mother sombrely. "Who," she enquired with gap-toothed innocence, "is my Aunt Kitty?"

A formidable pause, which Tess smoothed over with a flurry: "Of course, we don't see you often, Kitty—" followed this bombshell. "And—and—" she went on lamely, "well, the last time you were out must have been last summer when Janey was at camp or—or she'd gone to bed or—and they're not very good at remembering, you know—" Tess's bright eyes pleaded for understanding—"unless people are constantly underfoot!"

Kitty achieved her think-nothing-of-it smile and leaned forward in an excess of animation, murmuring: "How she's grown . . . how much she looks like Harry!" observations which Janey received coolly.

The moment safely past, Tess settled back and said: "Now tell me all about yourself, dear. What are you doing for fun? How's that attractive guy of yours?—the sports editor. And are you doing any writing?"

Ignoring the first two questions, Kitty replied silkily: "Only eight or 10 hours a day—" to the last. She loathed being reminded of erstwhile, unfulfilled fiction-writing ambitions and, being honest, secretly knew the resentment stemmed from frustration. "It keeps me out of the poolrooms," she added flippantly.

Tess looked remotely hurt. "Of course, I read your Kit-Chat column every night. It's darling. I only meant . . . but how is—Benjy's his name, isn't it?" she tried again, fumbling gallantly through the mire of years, the disparity + Continued on page 38

# You can Build Success from FAILURE

**N**O ONE can succeed all the time. Failures come to all of us. It is disturbing to fail in anything, but it can be a valuable experience. It all depends on how we take it and what we do about it.

Our society has put a high premium on success. Children are taught that the most important thing in life is to win, whether it is in arithmetic or hockey, manners or the size of the family car. Failure is a greater disgrace than sin. Success is the goal and failure is something to be ashamed of. Whether we agree with this or not (and many of us do not) it is a very prominent characteristic of the world in which we live. But failure is inevitable for many, since all cannot succeed. In many cases for one to win, a number must fail. And in some cases failure is even desirable—a valuable experience for the individual.

For many women there are three kinds of failure to be met—failure of their children, failure by their husband and their own failures. We'll take a look at each of these and try to find some practical suggestions that may help.

## When Your Child Fails

Most parents do one of two things when their children fail at anything. They either rush in to try to protect their offspring from the results of his failure, or else they jump on the child like a ton of bricks and blame him for his failure; making it clear to him that he is in disgrace, and that he has brought disgrace on the family. Rarely do parents help the child to deal intelligently with his failures. Let us look at some examples.

Here is a little toddler. He is trying to pile some blocks to make a house. He fails. Father, a little impatient, says, "Let me show you how." Then father proceeds to construct an elaborate house—a house that is obviously beyond the present ability of the child to build. So the child loses interest in blocks and building. He has been shown that he is a failure, but not how to use failure to learn. This same child is struggling with his shoe laces and mother takes over with "Let me do this for you." The child learns that this is another of those things he can't do very well, and he gives up for the time being. Thus in little things we teach the child to give up, to feel inadequate and to depend on others to do things for him.

And here's the child at school. He soon learns that the unpardonable sin of the school is failure. An artificial standard of success is set up and the child discovers that whether the standard is possible of achievement or not he must meet it or he is disgraced. For failure is a disgrace—something calling for blame

**By KARL S. BERNHARDT, Ph.D.**

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and punishment. To those who succeed go praise and acclaim, and sometimes bicycles and wrist watches. But to those who fail, nothing but disgrace and shame. It is no wonder then, that many children learn to hide at all costs any sign of failure and to cheat and deceive to avoid failing.

At this time of year many hundreds of school children will taste the bitterness of failure. And many parents will be puzzled and worried as to what to do about it. There are various kinds of academic failure. There is failure to be promoted to the next grade. And there is failure to come first in the class or obtain honors. But no matter what the failure, the important question for the parent is *what to do about it*.

What to do depends on the cause of the failure. For the only adequate method of dealing with failure is to know first what caused it and to deal with this cause. There are two main reasons why children fail in school. The first of these is that the work has been too difficult for the child—beyond his level of ability to accomplish. It is a well-known fact that children differ greatly in scholastic ability. To some children the school curriculum is easy, and success does not require much effort; while to others the curriculum is very difficult and in some cases quite impossible. But this fact is often forgotten or deliberately set aside and the child is blamed for failing in some course for which he does not possess the necessary level of ability. When the child's failure at school is the result of a kind of ability that is unsuited to the course, it is the part of wisdom for the parent to consider the possibilities in other kinds of courses. There are quite a few boys and girls struggling with a general academic curriculum at high school who are doomed to failure in it. These young people might be able to do very well in a technical or commercial course for which their abilities provide adequate equipment. Most modern schools have facilities for educational guidance based on reliable appraisal of the child's abilities and aptitudes. Parents would do well to make full use of such facilities.

The other main cause of failure in school is insufficient intelligent effort. And there are many reasons why children do not put forth sufficient effort. If the parent is to deal intelligently with the child's failure at school he must find out why the child does not work hard enough. It may be that he has lost interest in school and school work, and again we must look further to find the reason for this. The child may have

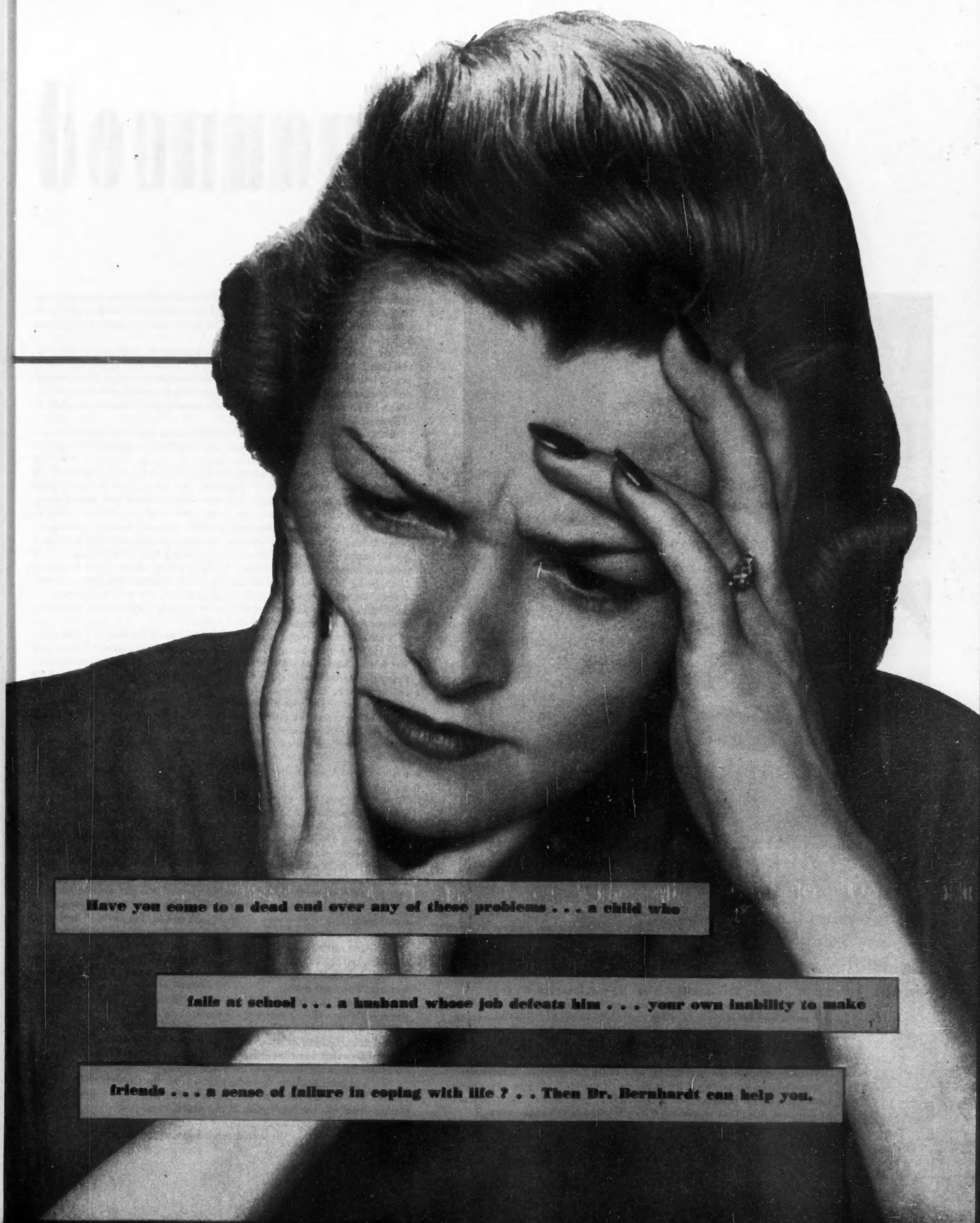
developed an active hate for school and the teacher. Many teachers provide plenty of reason for such an active dislike. But the important thing is that the child has acquired this dislike and now what can be done about it. Sometimes it is a matter of enlisting the co-operation of the teacher and developing a program which helps the child to find pleasure and security in the school. Sometimes the child's failure is the result of some disability in a "tool" subject such as reading or basic arithmetic. If so he needs help to overcome this disability. Or he may have failed to learn how to concentrate, or how to attack his work. These are merely examples of reasons for school failure, and there are many more. The point to keep in mind is that there is *always* a reason for failure and it is necessary to find that reason and deal with it if the child is to be helped.

When your child fails it isn't sympathy or punishment he needs, but understanding. It isn't a matter of softening the blow or emphasizing it, but rather accepting it as a challenge to discover how to improve and learn. The child needs help to face failure intelligently. His tendency will be to try to rationalize the failure—to blame it on someone else or shrug it off as trivial; or to develop a feeling of persecution, or of inadequacy and inferiority. But he can be helped if his parents deal with it unemotionally and intelligently and not as a major calamity and family disgrace.

## When Your Husband Fails

One of the most difficult but challenging and important situations for a wife to meet is that in which the man of the house fails in anything. He may fail in business or lose his job, or miss out on a promotion. It might be either a large or a small failure. He may not make a sale, or he may fail to complete a task on time. There are many kinds and degrees of failure. But when a man fails or thinks he has failed, and comes home beaten and discouraged, what is the wife's role? Will he meet biting words of reproach? Sympathy? Pity? Happy is the man who finds in his wife understanding and help, and neither blame nor pity. What kind of help does he need? Usually help to put the failure into perspective. He may feel that his failure is so great that life is hardly worth living. But what he needs to see is that *failure need never be final*—that it is only an incident and sometimes not a very important incident either. He needs help sometimes to see that there are dividends in failure—that there is much to be learned from it. A man should not be kicked when he's down; neither should he be picked up and comforted like a baby. He ♦ Continued on page 62



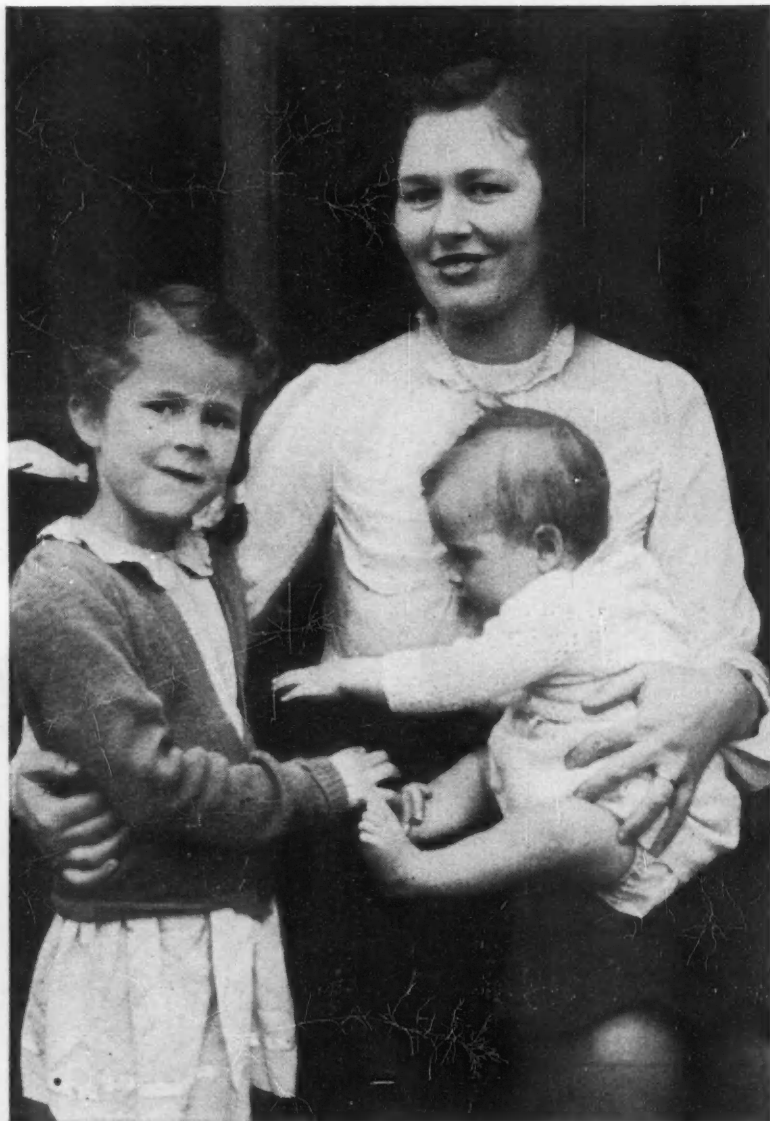


Have you come to a dead end over any of these problems . . . a child who

fails at school . . . a husband whose job defeats him . . . your own inability to make

friends . . . a sense of failure in coping with life ? . . Then Dr. Bernhardt can help you.

# I Renounced



**B**ECOMING a mother, even more than becoming a wife, changes the outlook and sometimes even the entire way of life of a woman. This is true of most women, but certainly so of Mrs. Douglas Hyde of Wimbledon, England. Because of her children, and entirely because of them, she turned from the precepts of Moscow back to the Christian faith and the democratic way of life. Although, in retrospect, it might almost be said that while her feet were hesitantly on the way to Moscow, she had never ceased to look over her shoulder toward a creed far different from that propounded by the pundits of the Kremlin.

The recent news of her husband's conversion from Communism to the Roman Catholic faith, hit headlines, radio, newsreels with a peculiar

significance at the time when it would be best understood and best appreciated—the Russians had taken over Czechoslovakia; the British Labor Government had taken steps to deal with the rising Communist menace at home.

Mr. Hyde's conversion made news because he held, until recently, the position of News Editor of Britain's Communist organ, the *Daily Worker*. He told reporters that "the movement for which I had fought and worked so long was destroying those very freedoms and decencies for which it claimed to be fighting . . . my growing disillusionment led me to seek some other answer. . . ."

But what of Mrs. Hyde? Her whole romance and marriage had taken place within the confines of the party to which both had been dedicated. She had met Douglas Hyde when they were young, earnest workers for the movement. They had married the year he became associated with the *London Daily Worker* as chief subeditor; and throughout the eight years of their marriage (and birth of their two children) both had been actively associated with the Communist newspaper—and the Party. She as secretary in the Feature Department while he held, latterly, the post of News Editor. Perhaps her story is the more unusual just because she is not an unusual person. She is such as you would meet in almost any of the ordinary homes of London today. She is a typical suburban housewife of 35, living on the outskirts of the city, in a low-rental, semibasement flat.

She knows the problems of keeping house, the weary queuing for daily rations, tribulations and joys of raising 5½-year-old daughter, Rowena, and nine-month-old son, Jocelyn.

Perhaps her conversion can be regarded as of far deeper significance than that of her husband. He has been a professional exponent of a creed. She is a woman in direct contact with life as it must be lived on its often weary day-to-day basis: she is permitted no flights of idealism without the counterbalance of reality.

She must change, as an honest woman, an earnest wife and mother, not only her creed and politics; but her own and her family's way of life, their friends, their business and social associations, their education, and, most deeply rooted of all elements in a woman's philosophy—their faith.

TEN YEARS ago, Carol Hyde told me, she encountered, almost by accident, a few stirring pamphlets and red-backed books; and was drawn by a lively youthful curiosity to meetings where she met long-haired young men and short-haired young women whose intellectual arrogance was far greater than their practical experience.

She, as a thinking young woman, was understandably attracted to certain aspects of the creed which they offered. The events of her time were hard to reconcile with traditional interpretations of life and society. Mass unemployment, and the paradox of starvation in the midst of plenty, could not leave a conscientious and naturally sympathetic girl unaffected.

The nature of paradox, however, was just the thing to provide her, some years later, with a very different and, to her, a much more satisfying answer, when she turned for guidance to that great master of paradox and valiant protagonist of faith, G. K. Chesterton. But for the moment she accepted the superficial analysis of life and the world's ills, provided by the book-club pamphleteers and street-corner orators preaching class war and universal hate.

It was not this latter element which appealed to Carol Hyde, for as she says she now clearly realizes, she was looking for something with a more positive content, and in particular, a creed founded upon love. This, indeed, is something in which she has never really ceased to believe, and she now sees that her conversion was only a question of formally rejecting doctrines which she had never truly accepted.

She had been brought up to believe in God, the Church and the King, but her new library lists and new friends denied all that, telling her that Communism was the "salvation of the world," and producing what were, to her, irrefutable arguments to prove it.

Carol thought that the world needed saving, so she joined the Party.



# Communism

"At first," she says, "I was quite an active member. By that I mean they gave me lots of little jobs to do—door-to-door canvassing, and selling the Daily Worker at street corners. I have never actually converted anybody myself. I don't think I'm the converting type."

In 1940 Carol was married. Her husband was an active Communist and took that year a senior position on "the people's paper," where Mrs. Hyde later worked as a secretary in the Feature Department.

The couple held Party meetings in their own home, and together they studied Communist literature.

But it was not long before Mrs. Hyde was faced with a reality instead of a set of arid abstractions; a reality in the form of her baby daughter, Rowena. "And it wasn't rhetoric Rowena needed," says Mrs. Hyde pithily.

ALTHOUGH SHE did not then admit it even to herself, this was when Mrs. Hyde first began to see the "salvation of the world" not as a question of mere belief in doctrine, but characteristically as a mother, a question of service and sacrifice.

"I realized then," she says, "that Communism is a power philosophy. Motherhood needs no philosophy, it is love and sacrifice. I was still calling myself a Communist, but I began to think seriously about the future of my child. As she grew up, I felt she was being denied part of her background—a religious background—and I wondered if I had been right."

By the time Rowena had started school at a local Communist-run kindergarten, Mrs. Hyde's doubts in Communism had grown so strong that she courageously decided to face her husband with them. It was a dramatic moment for them both to find that for similar reasons they had both been thinking along the same lines. Instead of the conflict she had secretly dreaded, Mrs. Hyde was now able to discuss with her husband the problem of "If not Communism—what?"

"Little by little," she says, "we arrived at the same answer. We admitted now that the god of the Communists was really Russia, and while that might be all right for the Russians—it wasn't England's cup of tea. We read a different kind of literature, Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, and developed a latent interest in all things medieval. Finally, a few months ago my husband, and I began to believe that the Church (in our case the Roman Catholic Church) was the only answer to our question, and indeed all questions."

The first definite step in their changed way of life took place in January when the two children were baptized. Other changes have followed since. Mr. and Mrs. Hyde are undergoing instruction and hope to be accepted into the Church. Mr. Hyde no longer goes to his desk at the Daily Worker office, he now types articles at home for the Catholic Herald. Rowena started a new school life at a nearby convent in April, and has enthusiastically accepted the idea of Christianity from the children's religious books her mother reads to her. Sundays the whole family attend church.

"As I saw Communism creeping over Europe toward England," Mrs. Hyde says, "the hypocrisy and utter futility of its specious and materialistic doctrine were brought home to me, I accepted with relief my role of wife and mother. I see also that the Christian faith provides a complete, competent and lasting answer to all problems, and I realize fully the relevance of the Chestertonian distributive theory—'We believe in private property for the people who haven't got any.'"

"There is one thing I must say, which perhaps will illustrate the complete contrast in my life—five years ago and today. These things cannot easily be put into words, but five years ago, even though I was nominally a Communist, I never felt particularly proud of the fact, and never eager to proclaim my so-called faith, but today I feel I have a real purpose and direction, even if it is as simple as going humbly to the church around the corner."

"I can take the children with me too, and after all they are the primary reason why I am there. Life has a new beauty and significance for me. I am a woman, wife and mother now—not a pseudo-masculine cog in a party machine." ♦

¶ **"Because of my children. Communism is a power philosophy. Motherhood needs no philosophy. It is love and sacrifice."**

¶ **"Because of my need for faith. I wanted my family to have a religious background. That was impossible while I was a Communist."**

¶ **"Because I am a woman, wife and mother—not a pseudo-masculine cog in a party machine."**

**What does it mean to a woman to be a Communist? To have the creed of the Kremlin permeate home, school, every family relationship?**

**Chatelaine believes this personal story of Mrs. Douglas Hyde, wife of the former Editor of Britain's Communist newspaper, to be vitally important reading for every woman in Canada—a weapon in the war of ideas that threatens our civilization.**

**As told to Jodi Hyland**

# For Richer, Too

BY ELSIE TAYE

ABBY FACED a dateless week end with courage. She was getting old and must not crave the giddy pastimes of her youth. Once she had had more dates than there was time for, but that was when she was younger, before her brain had begun to show.

She found a reasonably safe place in the shade of the boathouse and threw her cushion on the rickety dock. Lying flat, her head on the cushion, she planned to consider what kind of a job she would look for in the fall.

It was June and two weeks ago she had graduated *cum laude*—a point when applying for a job but otherwise a mistake, perhaps.

The early heat was oppressive and there was a soothing smell of old wet wood from the boathouse. Abby's senses melted and swam together in a delicious stupor.

Someone kissed her square on the mouth. That would be Cyril. Cyril Hapgood could afford a girl with brains. He could afford anything. They had been kissing friends for over a year and there were no others at the moment.

"You look terrible without lipstick," said Cyril. "But you taste fine." Good. He was in one of his lighter moods.

"Hello," Abby opened her eyes and sat up. "I thought you were on your way to the coast."

"I postponed it. Gee, that thing's falling right off you."

"Well, don't look then," she said practically and pulled up her shoulder strap. "Why?"

"For one thing it looks as though it might be more or less permanent. The west coast office isn't pulling its weight and dad wants me to take over. So," Cyril smiled at her, "I thought I'd see about you and me."

"Oh," said Abby. She looked up at him with sleep-dazzled lavender eyes and then out at the glassy lake. She wanted to yawn, realized it would look rude, and swallowed instead. Cyril was nothing to yawn about.

Of medium height he was handsome in a square-faced way, his black curly hair already, at 27, thinning at the temples. Also he was healthy and intelligent with a heavy sense of responsibility. Abby was 22, and getting no younger, and—almost anyone would say—not likely to snag a better chance than Cyril Hapgood. But she would not be rushed.

"You've had almost a year to make up your mind," said Cyril, "and I thought this would help you decide."

As though it might contain handcuffs Abby gingerly took the little white box, opened it and caught her breath. "Why," she said, and her hair swept forward like a gilt veil as she bent to it, "it's like a little lake. You can look deep deep into it."

*She wanted to yawn, realized it would look rude, and swallowed instead. Cyril was nothing to yawn about.*

"It cost about as much as a lake," said Cyril. "Good sapphires are expensive."

"Now Cyril, you're not going to start talking about your money, are you?"

"Yes, I am. You like me—you've told me there isn't anyone you like any better—which is good enough for me—"

"But—"

"For the present. You're a smart girl, Abby—"

"Thank—"

"—and you must realize money is important, one of the most important things in this world. We have a great deal—more than I like to think of sometimes—"

"Have you?" She looked up brightly. "How much?"

His laugh was impatient. "The exact amount doesn't matter. But I want you to understand that things would be—well—different for you."

"Tell me," said Abby. She had slipped the ring on her finger and was holding it away from her where it seemed to splinter in the sun. She spread her hand elegantly on her lovely chest and looked up at him. His eyes were wandering from the boathouse up the rickety dock to the small white cottage which needed a coat of paint. Two cowhide bags stood on the porch steps. Abby began to get mad.

"Your mother," said Cyril quickly, seeing her face, "said I could come any time. But if it isn't convenient—"

"Oh, quite convenient." Sometimes she felt sorry for Cyril. And her mother would be pleased. Pleased and nervous. Her mother adored Cyril and was terribly impressed by him.

"Look, darling," said Cyril, "the thing is you'd never have anything to worry about—"

"Worry," said Abby. She slid the ring off and put it in its box. "Sometimes I think I don't worry enough. Everyone should have something to worry about." She handed him the box.

Cyril turned pale. "No, no," said Abby, standing up. "It's not for keeps. But you take care of it until—we decide."

"I have decided." He stared at the square white box in his hand. Oh, dear, she was feeling sorry for him again. "But I don't know how to persuade you, Abby. I don't know what you expect from marriage. You must know I'd do everything possible to make you happy. And I wish you'd realize that absolute security is a pretty fine thing to have."

"The best thing in the world."

Continued on page 67

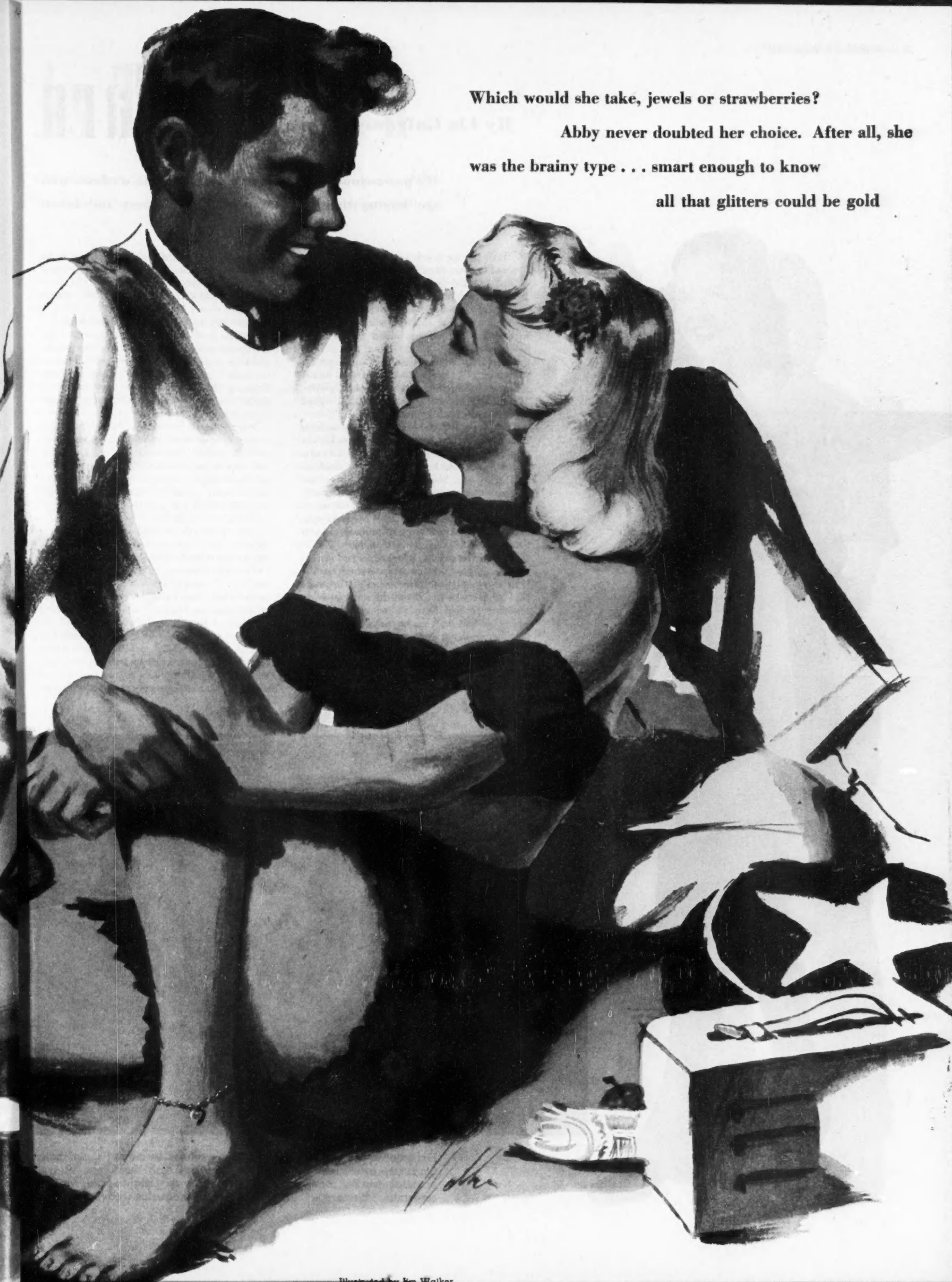




Which would she take, jewels or strawberries?

Abby never doubted her choice. After all, she  
was the brainy type . . . smart enough to know

all that glitters could be gold



# They Earn

By Liz Gairdner

It's pay-as-you-go for thousands of Canadian students who are buying their education with toil, sweat and talent



I WAS having lunch with a blond, clear-eyed University of Toronto co-ed who had just finished her last essay for the college year. Vivacious and sultry in a very 20-year-old way, Sheila looked destined for a long hot summer at a resort beach sparkling with heavy romance, orchid nylons and be-bop jazz.

"Anything in particular on your mind for the summer?" I broke a conversational pause. Sheila buttered a slice of bread briskly. "Certainly," her voice was direct. "I've signed up to tour the prairies in a church van."

The answer jolted me, but that was because I hadn't talked much lately to the high school-through-university part of young Canada. Church vans are lumbering, highly mechanized gear, and Sheila's job is to drive one through dusty, mud-rutted roads in north-western Canada. The solid fact that she wants to do it is typical of thousands of youngsters across the country who mean to make either a financial or travelwise contribution toward their educational meat. Any statistical survey is pure guesswork—but a spokesman at the University of Toronto hazarded the estimate that probably 65 to 75% of the women undergraduates today have to work to stay in college. Add to this an undefined hunger for independence—many youngsters are a little ashamed if they've done nothing all summer long—and you get a busy, training population of young fry.

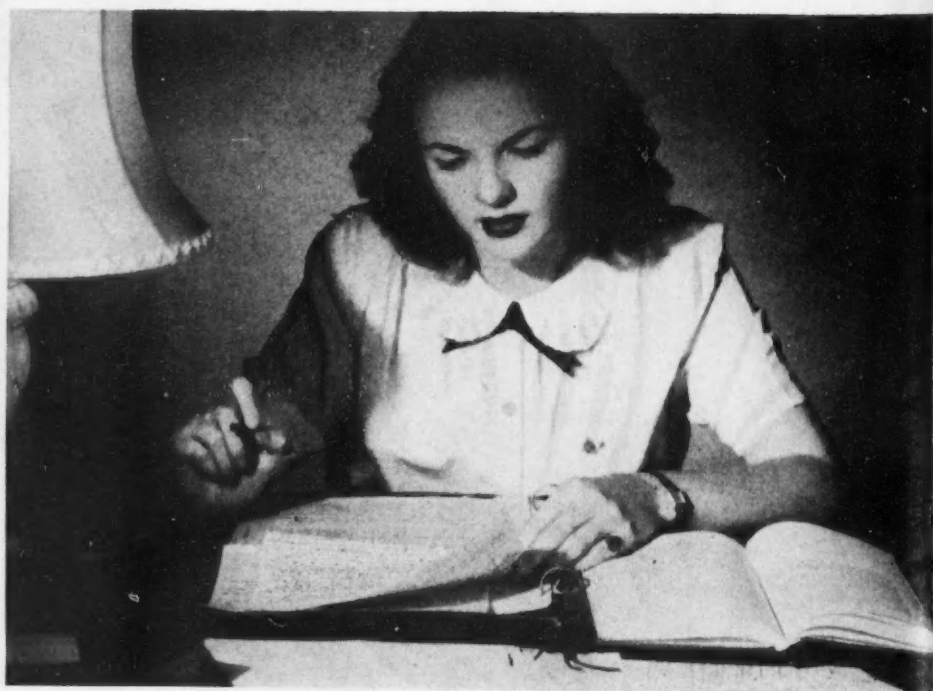
What they do is practical. Boys or girls who

are able to get board and room at home can milk their summer jobs to provide fees and living for the subsequent college year. Others make a sizeable contribution. How they do it is often plenty bizarre.

Generally speaking, working students are Canadian and American phenomena. No European student could give you the gen on the type of jobs involved. At one Canadian university recently a D.P. from Munich reported that he had never worked at all despite the fact that he held a European degree in chemical engineering.

Young North Americans work for motley reasons, one of which is to seal the gap between business and professions on the one hand and universities on the other. "Any experience?" potential employers snarl gruffly—and more and more the youngsters' responses are becoming self-assured and promising, strengthened by confidence picked up in hosts of jobs.

Part of the reason students work today is because they have to: the soaring cost of living makes such dire threats. At Queen's University, Kingston, for instance, fees have doubled. Twenty years ago in a readjustment period when "the roaring 'twenties" saw prices on the upswing, the Arts' student paid a mere \$70 annual tuition fee. Now he pays \$150. Science cost \$130—now it is \$225; medical fees zoomed from \$125 to \$200; all this along with health insurance, athletic fees, and dues to faculty societies. The average amount of money now needed for a year at a university in



Favorite co-ed job of summer resort waitress is among those held by pretty arts student Joy Winch. She has also been a secretary, hospital worker, way-bill sorter in railway freight yard, dental assistant, farmerette and successful magazine cover model.



# As They Learn

**Chatelaine-on-the-Job** checks our undergrad force that can take on anything from waiting table to digging ditches

Canada, although fees vary greatly, is estimated at \$600 if the student lives at home, and \$1,100 if he's boarding. In the 30's out-of-town students could manage on under \$500 for everything.

Meals—if one eats out—start at 50 cents, plus beverage. The old between-lectures standby—coffee and toast—costs two bits now instead of a dime. Among the essentials, textbooks are up from 10 to 25%. In 1927, a man could be outfitted pretty completely for \$100. Today a ready-made suit with one pair of trousers costs about \$50, and \$100 will just about buy a suit of tails.

Some frills belong to the educational process. Twenty years ago, the undergrad took his flapper to an after-the-game tea dance for 75 cents or to a nifty formal for two dollars flat. Today, two dollars wouldn't buy her a decent corsage. If a man has neither tux nor tails it costs him five dollars to rent them. Taxi rates are up. Extra food or drink is then added to the five-dollar entrance ticket. In larger cities the average college man escorting his date to a formal says he needs to make a \$15 hole in his wallet to feel safe.

When the college crowd moves off campus at the end of the spring term, a whole new arm of industry starts swinging. Undergraduates scatter, like jacks, across each province, settling everywhere from the hot urban centres into the bush country, and on up to the last mining frontier. Many ply their chosen profession or trade—when they can

get it for the right wage—but all shy off from hard-and-fast yardsticks and, come June or July, you'll see them getting flat feet carrying trays in summer hotels up in Muskoka and sore knees digging clams out of the sandy Vancouver beaches.

They're like an army of ants. This year, the University of Toronto—the Dominion's largest—has 17,000 students enrolled—highest number in its history and all the other colleges are full. "Standing Room Only" is a commonplace in Canadian lecture rooms. These undergraduates want summertime jobs but, according to authorities at Students' Administrative Council employment services, jobs are harder to get this year. Girls, by the way, are finding the war record of Canadian women their biggest asset.

Some youngsters ride solely on initiative, top grade. These are the bright young men and personable young women who start looking for summer work right after the Christmas exams, and line up either high-salaried occupations or freak jobs that call for original flair. Last year a western Ontario girl went north as a sort of glorified secretary to a wealthy woman writer. This year an energetic young arts student has wangled a job on a tramp steamer which will take him through the Mediterranean—others find a working passage heading south. These are the sort of people you'll probably find cub-reporting, working in bureaus for the Canadian Press, doing a practical stint for ♦ Continued on page 91



Hired man, floor polisher, common laborer, clothing salesman, letter sorter Lloyd McDougall has earned everything but board and room in three years at College. (Many students, like Joy, must provide for that, too.) Feels his experience will be helpful later.



# Ice Cream

by **Marie Holmes**  
*Director, Cholesterol Institute*

**I**CE CREAM and cake! There's a dessert combination that's sure to please everyone any time but most of all in summer. The beauty of this pair is their adaptability to variation. They can be changed so to flavor and manner of setting. And there's no end to the number of ways they can be gastronomic for a different look.

In search for an cream and cake generally. But we're a bright new story in particular to tell about them in this page. We have a basic recipe for each with variations "on the fence"—the a natural number—and it will be a cherry song, we think, to both ingredients and experienced cooks as well.

It goes like this: one recipe for basic vanilla ice cream that can go on just as well a experience of mouth-watering flavors by the simple addition of a new ingredient. Once you're accustomed to the basic recipe you'll want to vary it with fresh fruits baked in or otherwise they added or betterment sauce mixed through.

## Basic Vanilla Ice Cream

2 eggs, separated	1 cup whipping cream
1/4 cup sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 teaspoon salt	

**PREPARATION:** Take eggs out of refrigerator so that they will be at room temperature before beating. Set refrigerator control at coldest temperature.

**METHOD:** Beat egg yolks in deep narrow bowl, add sugar gradually, beating until thick and creamy. Remove bowl and beat egg whites with salt until glossy but not dry. Add to egg yolk mixture. Beat together. Whip cream, add vanilla and fold into egg mixture. Pour into large refrigerator tray. Freeze at coldest temperature until firm (about 2 hours). Turn control back to normal.

**Yield:** 6 servings.

*Approved by Christine Institute.*

## Simple Variations

**Peppermint Stick Ice Cream:** Fold 1/4 cup crushed peppermint sticks candy into basic vanilla ice cream mixture (above) just before freezing. Add a drop or two of red or green vegetable coloring to give a delicate tint.

**Chocolate Ripple:** Melt over hot water 1 square (1 ounce) semisweet chocolate and stir into basic vanilla ice cream mixture (above) just before freezing. Use a knife or fork to fold in the chocolate and run it razor fashion through mixture forming ripples of chocolate.

**Strawberry Ice Cream:** Fold 1/4 cup crushed sweetened fresh strawberries OR 1/4 cup strawberry preserves into basic vanilla ice cream (above) just before freezing.

**Butterscotch Ripple:** Thin down 2 tablespoons butterscotch sauce (the kind that comes ready prepared in cans) with 1 table-

spoon warm milk. Stir into basic vanilla ice cream (left). To make ripples, run knife or fork through mixture zigzag fashion.

**Peach Ice Cream:** Fold 1/4 cup finely sliced or chopped sweetened fresh or canned peaches into basic vanilla ice cream mixture. A few drops of almond extract gives it a "different" flavor.

**Maple Ice Cream:** Boil down 1/2 cup of maple syrup to half its volume. Use in place of sugar in basic ice cream recipe.

The same theme with another tune is our five-minute cake. Make it from the basic recipe and you've a white cake to sing about. You'll be surprised when you see its leathery texture and volume—all from one egg, too. Even more to its credit is its manner of mixing. Right up to the minute it is with its all-in-one-bowl technique. Beating by hand or electric mixer you're sure of success if you follow the directions step by step. Quick mixing, sure-fire results and economy—what more would a busy budget-wise homemaker ask for in a cake? Unless it would be more cakes like it but with different flavors for the sake of variety! And these we have for you, too, with our variations of the basic recipe.



from  
the  
Institute





# ... and Cake

## Five-Minute Cake

- |                                       |                           |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1½ cups sifted cake flour             | 1 egg, unbeaten           |
| ¾ cup granulated sugar                | ¼ cup milk                |
| ¼ cup high-grade vegetable shortening | ¼ teaspoon vanilla        |
| ¼ teaspoon salt                       | ¼ teaspoon lemon extract  |
| ¼ cup milk                            | ¼ teaspoon almond extract |
| 2½ teaspoons baking powder            |                           |

**PREPARATION:** Have all ingredients at room temperature. Grease an 8 x 8 x 2-inch cake pan or 2 layer cake pans (8-inch). Line bottom with greased waxed paper. Preheat oven to 350 degrees F.

**METHOD:** Sift flour, then measure into mixing bowl. Add sugar, shortening, salt and the ¼ cup milk. Measure baking powder onto piece of waxed paper or into small custard cup. In another bowl put egg (unbeaten), the ¼ cup milk and flavorings. Stir contents of first bowl vigorously (by hand or with electric mixer at medium speed) for 2 minutes exactly. Then sprinkle baking powder over batter and stir just until blended in. Add contents of second bowl (egg, milk and flavorings). Stir just to break the egg yolk, then blend (by hand or with electric mixer at medium speed) for 2 minutes exactly. Pour into prepared pan or pans. Bake on centre rack in middle of oven at 350 degrees F.—35 to 40 minutes for square cake, 20 to 25 minutes for layer cakes.

✦ Continued on page 33



# The Silver

A wife can offer too much . . . Marcia's husband knew . . . so did the "other" man. But it took her mother-in-law to put it into words

**By Frances Ensign Greene**

Illustrated by Ted McCormick



*She could do anything she liked to Horace through his mother . . . but he wouldn't be there to know.*

**A**LTHOUGH MARCIA RAND could barely remember her own mother, she would have told you in complete honesty that she had never missed her since her marriage, for she had had yearly access to her mother-in-law. Marcia Rand didn't like jokes about mothers-in-law; neither did she like to hear her friends complain about their husbands' mothers or relegate them into the classification of necessary nuisances. Because of old Mrs. Rand, they were all touched with a silvered wand to Marcia, and she wondered at the obtuseness of the carping women

she knew. She loved Mrs. Rand tenderly and deeply as she had never loved anything else in the world, and the one great fear that had come to her recently lay in the thought that in divorcing Horace, she would lose his mother too. And that would be inevitable, she surmised; mothers had a way of giving loyalty to sons, even though they were sons like Horace.

What was it about an old woman's bent shoulders that was so hurt, so pitiful? What was it about a little old lady looking eagerly at a dress that might be hers, feeling the material with arthritic, trembling fingers,

her little face beaming, her silver head shaking ever so slightly with the hint of a nervous palsy? *What was it that made you want to cry silently, without tears?* Dear lord, Marcia thought, supposing she were to say, "I'm sorry, mother. You can't have this dress that you think is so pretty. It costs too much, since I'm paying the bill. You are old and can do with something cheaper." Because this was farthest from her intentions and the worst thing she could think of, Marcia thought of it, perversely, torturing herself. Would the old face crumple with the light dying out of it, hurt as



# Wand

a hurt child? Horace wasn't there. He'd never know how she had struck at his mother whom he loved—if he loved anything. She could do anything she liked to Horace, through his mother, and he wouldn't be there to know . . .

One had to stop somewhere. While she wondered if she were losing her mind, the great compassion came welling in, filling her heart, spilling over, so that her veins felt it; she put out her hand to touch the old bent shoulder, because she hadn't meant the things she had let her mind think, hadn't meant them at all. "You like this, don't you, mother? Then by all means let's take it." She smiled down at the little figure in the striped satin chair. "Now let's get another one. Not black this time, but something in your color. Something a little less—sophisticated." She laughed, caught in her own embarrassment, and turned to the salesgirl. "Mrs. Rand likes lavender. Let's see what you have, please."

The clerk went out to the stockroom and took some dresses from a rack. Folding them over her arm, she spoke to another girl who was taking a few desperate drags from a cigarette at the open window. "I've got Mrs. Rand out there, Mrs. La-de-da Rand, of the Clifton Heights set, if you please. I swear to heaven I don't understand it. She comes in here herself and nothing suits her; she comes in with the old lady and she's nice as pie, like a different person. I tell you I don't get it."

She came back into the salon in time to hear the old lady say, "But, Marcey, I don't really need another dress. You're spoiling me!"

"Here you are, madam," the salesgirl began crisply. "These are all the lavenders we have in stock. They've just come in, and I—well, I—" Looking down at the little old face with the sweet delight spreading all over it, she swallowed, caught Mrs. Horace Rand's eye, and Mrs. Rand winked at her, let her share the simplicity of the little old lady for just a minute. It was like smiling together over the antics of a child they both thought was cute, and it didn't make sense, but it was—nice.

"This is the one you like, isn't it, mother? Oh now, stop looking at the price tag!" Marcia chided gently. "Price has nothing to do with liking, has it? This one was made for you—your brooch will look beautiful on it, darling, and you know it!"

"My brooch? I hadn't thought—but yes, it will, won't it? But oh, Marcey, Marcey, you ought to be spanked doing this for me! A hat, and shoes, and rubbers, and now two dresses. I had a good black dress, but I was saving it to be laid out in—"

"Mother!"

The fading blue eyes danced with mischief. "Well, I was, but maybe I'll hold on a while longer. You give me kind of a new lease on life, you and Horace . . . not that Clara isn't good too, you know, but sometimes things get sort of crowded and complicated down at Clara's. I guess she should have had this extra dress instead of me, Marcey. Clara doesn't have too much."

"I know. We'll get her something for you to take back, mother. Horace won't have to know anything about it." The clerk stood at a discreet distance with her pad and pencil ready. Marcia said, "Charge these things to my account, and send them, will you? And thank you for being so helpful. We'll want you to wait on us next time we come."



*Horace was a well-preserved forty-two. Whoever would suppose a younger man would call him "the old boy"?*

"Why, thank you very much, Mrs. Rand. It's been a pleasure. The name is Boggs. Just ask for Boggs, that's all. Good-by, Mrs. Rand. Good-by, madam."

"Good-by, dear. You're a nice girl." On the way to the elevator, Horace's mother clutched tightly to Marcia's arm and giggled. "Boggs called me 'madam.' I don't think anyone ever called me 'madam' before. Oh, Marcey, I am having so much fun!"

"Bless your heart, darling." She pushed the down button, looked up at the indicator and saw with some annoyance that the car was still at the seventh floor. Oddly, the sudden brief happiness had flown. "You must be hungry. We ought to go somewhere now before the crowds get too thick. Where would you like to go, mother? This is your day, so you make the decision."

There was no hesitancy as Mrs. Rand answered firmly. "Then I'd like to go to the Silver Grille. You took me there last year when I was visiting, and I just loved it. It's so pretty—"

"The Silver Grille? You don't mean the place here in the store? Oh, mother." She had a vague memory of a typical department store tearoom with a silly little fountain in the middle of it, a gay delegation from the Sorosis Club, neat waitresses in blue aprons and caps, and infinitesimal sandwiches lying on willow ware plates. She smiled down into the little eager face. "All right. We'll go to the Grille, if you like it so much. Here's a car going up . . ."

Already the elevators were crowding with harried women who snatched their parcels jealously to their bosoms and cast belligerent looks at everyone who entered. Mrs. Rand clung to Marcia's arm, feeling very small and cared for with the tall stylish girl beside her. She looked at the other women in the car and felt her heart swell with pride. Nobody could hold



*David liked things that made him comfortable . . . that left his mind free from worry.*

a candle to Marcia, nobody in the whole store, and it was her opinion that nobody in the whole city could, either. Marcia had elegance. These women about her, for example, looked a little—well, messy—and their noses were shiny. Not Marcia's. Marcey was beautiful and blond with wonderful bones in her face, and her make-up was just right—not too much to look painted as Clara sometimes did, but not too little either. She wanted to tell everybody in the car that this lovely woman they were all staring at was her daughter-in-law. And if Horace wasn't proud to own a wife like this, he was a big fool, she told herself even if he was her own son, he was a big stupid fool.

They stepped off onto soft carpeting and followed the sound of clinking dishes beyond an archway. Mrs. Rand stopped, drinking in the scene that was much to her taste. "Well, gracious," she said to the world at large, "isn't this the prettiest place!"

The big room was done in silver leaf with mirrors on the walls, and in the centre there was a little fountain that made her think of pictures she'd seen of a garden in France where a queen gave parties. The fact that the bourgeoisie sat at little tables eating in the midst of this elegance didn't lessen the regal atmosphere of the place to Mrs. Rand. She told herself that she must make a careful note of everything so she could tell it in detail to her daughter Clara, who never got to visit any place or see anything. It was just too bad, she felt, that things being as they were, Clara could never come to visit Horace and Marcia and see things like this Silver Grille. The feeling that existed between Horace and his sister was the fly in the amber of Mrs. Rand's happiness, but she vowed firmly that she wouldn't think of it today. She would put the old senseless quarrel right out of her mind, and keep it out. She was going to enjoy her lunch.

An attractive young woman came up to them at once and showed them to a table against the wall, holding out Mrs. Rand's chair for her and pushing it in nicely after she'd sat down. She brought them two large menus with stamped forget-me-nots around the borders and laid them on the table, smiling brightly, and then she went away again. When Marcia slipped back her furs, the scent of violets welled up around them; she peeled off her long suede gloves. "This suit you all right, mother? Here, let me take your bag."

"Now this is fine, just fine," Mrs. Rand said, beaming. "I can see everything that goes on from here. No, I'll just lay my bag in my lap, that's all right, Marcey. Well, I'll tell you, we don't have anything like this back home, Marcey."

Marcia smiled. She liked being called Marcey. She liked it very much. There was only one other person who called her by the little ♦ Continued on page 76

# False Faces

By Adele White Health and Beauty Editor



Be impressed as all heck  
By this earth-shaking  
thought  
(But *don't* let it fasten  
Your puss in a knot).



Though the game's simply  
swell . . .  
The movie exciting . . .  
A mouth come unlatched  
Can be *most* uninviting.



To diners around you  
Pray, don't make it clear  
That the season of  
Raspberry lovers is here.



We caught her unawares . . . that attractive smiling girl who is photographed above. That's how she appears when she sees herself in a mirror — but, my oh my, was she ever shocked to see candid camera shots of herself showing all her facial gyrations during the day! It's a fine thing to have an expressive face. But not one fit for a clown.

If you screw your face into knots when concentrating . . . if you chew your lip to shreds during an emotional tiz . . . if you throw your features all on the bias by leaning cheek on hand when you're in a pensive mood, it's that old bugbear Bad Habit that's to blame.

Learn to check yourself each time you find you're making a monkey face. Remember . . . somebody's sure to be watching you nearly every minute of the day.



To look like a Toughie . . .  
The friend of the Strangler  
Just pick up the art of  
The cigarette dangler.



The hair-do divine; ankles  
trim;  
Hubba hips  
Leave a gent quite un-  
moved  
If you chew on your lips!



Add to your "don'ts" this  
Deplorable habit . . .  
The nose-twitching quirk  
Of a foraging rabbit.



# Hothouse Mushrooms —picked at their peak Sweet Cream —smooth and extra-heavy make this Luxury Soup

You who have had this grand soup will need no urging to enjoy it often. But if by chance you've yet to taste Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup—Lady, there's a true delight in store for you! You'll revel in this gloriously smooth blend of choice cultivated mushrooms... rich, extra-heavy whipping cream... with tender mushroom pieces added for every plate. Let your family—and guests—have it frequently.

*Campbell's* CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP

SEEK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



A dairy maid, I milk the cows  
That home from pasture troop,  
I send the cream to Campbell's  
For Cream of Mushroom Soup!



Have you ever tried  
this simple recipe?

## CHICKEN à la KING

- 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup top milk or light cream
- 1 cup diced chicken
- 1 egg yolk, beaten
- 3 tablespoons pimiento, cut in strips
- 3 tablespoons cooked green pepper, cut in strips

Empty soup into a saucepan and stir well. Add milk or light cream, and heat. Then add diced chicken and egg yolk. Mix in pimiento and green pepper (the pepper may be cooked in boiling water or sautéed in butter). Heat, but do not boil. Serve on toast or in patty shells. Serves 4-5.

# Fit for any KING!



## YORKSHIRE PUDDING

$\frac{1}{4}$  cup hot meat dripping, 1 cup sifted bread flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, beaten.  
When roast is done remove from oven and keep warm. Heat oven to 450 degrees F. (Very Hot). Pour 1 teaspoon of hot dripping into individual muffin tins. Place in oven to heat. (Pans pouring should be piping hot before pouring in batter). Sift flour and salt together into mixing bowl. Beat eggs until foamy, add milk. Gradually stir into dry ingredients then beat with rotary beater for 2 minutes. Pour into hot muffin tins and bake in oven (450 degrees F.) for 20 minutes.

WHO COULDN'T turn out meals fit for a king with such wonderful cooking utensils as these! With their gleaming finish and artistry of design, GSW stain-resisting enameled cooking utensils lend beauty to any kitchen. And because they are finished with three coats of enamel baked as hard as flint, they last and last. The brilliant, glass-like surface steadfastly resists the effects of acids and stains, and stays bright, clean and attractive over many years.

Choose your assortment at your GSW dealer's. And make up your mind to have a complete set of GSW enameled cooking utensils.



## GENERAL STEEL WARES LIMITED

Makers of

McCLARY RANGES · FURNACES · REFRIGERATORS  
AIR CONDITIONING UNITS  
GSW UTENSILS AND EQUIPMENT

## The Very Important Job

Continued from page 23

of lives, for the ease she and Kitty had known in each other's company as children, adolescents and girls. "Harry thought he was so—so well-informed!" she added brightly.

Harry had thought him insufferable, reflected Kitty, and so had she on the single painful evening they'd spent with the McKennas. Benjy, who was given to labels, had later airily dismissed her old friends—Harry as "porch-swing reactionary," Tess as "incipient Hokinson" and their gay warm chintzy little house as "mid-bracket Arcadian with Bourgeois Blue shutters."

"Yes, Benjy Howell. He's fine," Kitty replied now. "But we take in such tons of games and matches and things he has to cover—we don't see anyone, really—" rather defensively. "Benjy's great fun and a darling, but relax Tess!" glancing at the other's expectant face. "I probably shan't ever marry him, darling. I see that Promoting Permanent Relations Look of yours!"

Tess smiled apologetically. "It's just that Harry and I have been so happy, Kitty. I want that sort of happiness for you, too. But I know what an interesting job you have. Goodness, there isn't a girl I know who doesn't envy you!"

Balm to the wounds. But Kitty shrugged deprecatingly, thinking, dear Tess! If you could just be a fly on the wall for one little hour in that grim little office of mine. Dear Tess, whom I hardly know any more! She felt suddenly sad, an incalculable malaise that lately (how long was lately? a year? two or three years?) had lain like lead on her days and, returning her attention to Tess with something of an effort, asked:

"How's Harry and the—uh—factory?" as one amending an oversight.

"Oh, everything's swell now the labor trouble's patched up. And—but, oh, Kitty, I must tell you! Guess what!" Tess beamed. "Harry—is writing—a novel!"

Kitty's first dazed reaction to this statement was the thought, Now I've heard everything! "Harry? A novel?" she echoed shrilly. "You're not serious! What do you mean?" her disbelief verging on rudeness.

"I mean just what I said." Tess's round face colored with quick pride. "He's always wanted to write a detective story and he says you have time for anything if you want it enough. So he writes an hour every night before going to bed—no matter what!—and gets up an hour early. We're sure it's going to be a best seller," she concluded simply.

Kitty felt unaccountably winded. "Well! That's—that's simply wonderful," she said laboriously, and then, as the bus lurched to the corner of Oak-

lawn and Jessup, rose hastily. She and Tess parted in a flurry of see-you-soons, each relieved, each knowing it mightn't be soon but that the amenities of ancient friendship must at all costs be preserved. Tess, looking strained, instructed Janev to "say good-by to Aunt Kitty," which the child duly did, savoring the name like some new-flavored candy on whose merits she had not yet quite decided, and Kitty made her way to the Clarion Building where, save for occupational alarms and excursions, she spent the days, six a week, which constituted her life. Deep down inside she tucked the disquieting fact that Harry McKenna, of all people, was writing a book, while she . . . Don't examine it! Don't think about it! "A best seller," Tess had said. Why, it was merely—funny, she rationalized furiously.

Entering the cubicle known as the "women's department," giving off the city room, she let it be washed with light from a sickly overhanging bulb, hung up the Persian Paw tenderly, removed her plaid beret and sat resignedly down. For hours now she could cease being a person, becoming instead a pair of typing hands, a creamy telephone voice.

Thelma not having arrived, the mail lay in slapdash array. Better get at it, she thought, with an unshakable sense

of oppression. The first envelope that came to hand was pale peach, forget-me-not sprigged, addressed in a fat artless script and, having received countless similar missives—green sprigged with daisies—blue sprigged with rosebuds—she could almost guess its contents.

"My Dear Miss Reeves," she read.

"I just love your Kit—Chat colyum. Will you help me? I want a job on the Clarion so bad. My English teacher, Miss Portal, at Bennett High, where I graduated last year, and my Dad say I

have writing talent. I enclose a book review of 'Gone With The Wind' I wrote—"

Kitty gave a hopeless sigh and drew up her wobbly typewriter table. On a sheet of Clarion stationery she briskly typed a salutation, then: "Mr. Asa Norman, our managing editor, has given me authority to tell you we have no openings at present. Sincerely," Ripping it from the machine she signed and reread it hastily. Grr!—what a chilly business! Poor little whatchamacallit, goggling the mail for an answer, seeing herself as a Scoop Queen, a Glamorous Girl Reporter—and this iceberg would arrive! Impulsively, not consciously quoting Harry McKenna, she penned: "P.S. That's the official stuff but remember, you get what you want in this world if you want it enough. K.R.," and sat back, smiling ironically. It just wasn't true, she thought, but a thing she had used to believe along with Love Everlasting and Katharine Reeves. Prominent Woman Novelist—before rigor city room set in . . .

## QUEST

By PAULINE HAVARD



Through the bright meadow the child wanders

And finds the gifts that Summer squanders —

The wild red strawberries, like gems;

The daisies at the field's green hems.

Time is a distant relative

To a child who has his heart to give

To a Summer day, and no one knowing

Where next his eager feet are going.

Save that his quest is secret, dim.

And Summer is in league with him!





# The Story of the **All-New MERCURY**



Fender skirts, chrome wheel trim rings and white sidewall tires optional at extra cost when available

The all-new 1949 Mercury has made its bow. This big, aristocratic, beautifully appointed car moves up into an entirely new class. In appearance, in riding luxury and in interior appointments, it is a car of prestige and distinction.

## ***All-New Long, Low Lines***

This new Mercury is a big car, and exceptionally broad. In its sweeping harmony of curves, there's the very spirit of dynamic motion. An overall height of only 5 feet 3 inches accentuates its low, lithe contour.

## ***All-New Interior Luxury***

This car is just as distinguished inside as out. The interior is exceptionally roomy with seats wider than ever, and plenty of room for six adults. The almost unbroken sweep of glass from the large windshield to the expansive rear window permits a wide-open view in all directions. You have your choice of three beautiful upholstering materials. Arm rests, door hardware and floor coverings are in the best of taste. Instrument panel is a superb example of modern design.

Interior lights come on when any door is opened. The car has a new, built-in ventilation system, easily adjusted to any kind of weather. When a Mercury heater is installed, the system provides fresh, warm air.

## ***All-New Lullaby Ride***

To sit in either front or rear seat of the all-new Mercury gives you an entirely new idea of comfort. Seats are designed for natural posture; they have deep, soft springing.

To glide along the highway in this new car gives you a new sensation of restfulness, even on rough or crooked roads. There's fingertip straight-line steering, effortless braking, and driving ease which makes every trip a pleasure. With its great new Mercury engine, this car moves like a whisper.

You are invited to see this all-new 1949 Mercury. Won't you drop in at your nearest Mercury and Lincoln dealer's.



**MERCURY AND LINCOLN DIVISION**  
FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

## Only this *New Improved Soap* gives your skin

*this exciting Bouquet*



### A wonderful soap made even better

An exciting, teasing fragrance that invites adoring lips. That's your promise in the new, improved Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

Yes, bathing with new, improved Cashmere Bouquet gives your skin the fragrance men love—an exotic heavenly fragrance that comes from a new secret wedding of rare perfumes, far more costly than you would ever expect to find in any soap.

Be desirably dainty . . . fascinatingly fragrant . . . lovable all over—by bathing with new, improved Cashmere Bouquet Soap. A honey for facials, too! 2 for 25c.



*New*  
**CASHMERE  
BOUQUET  
Perfumed SOAP**

**WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE!**

After scanning the remaining letters, she flipped the less urgent on Thelma's still unoccupied desk. The yearly request for her services at Walton U.'s Journalism Festival. Where could the Young Miss felt cloche and Baby-Pruf diapers in last Saturday's Kit-Chat be found? A P & S (Clarionese for Personal and Social) item concerning a "covered-dish supper." A wedding story—Lovak-Norris. A thank-you note (almost unheard-of, this). A green phone slip with a number called in after she'd left last night: "Important! Call Mr. Watson—706 Bennett Arms Hotel." Well, Kitty didn't know any Mr. Watsons—at least, she hadn't for years. What's more, she did know these "important" calls! Some salesman, probably, desirous of a "mention" of his product. A note from—

"—Morning, boss. Better late than never!" It was Thelma, surly of black frizzy hair, sweater, patent leather pumps, sport coat garnished this morning with a drooping jaundiced gardenia. "Latch onto the posey," she cried excitedly. "Pete crashed through for my birthday."

At any time in the past Kitty might have reproved her assistant for half-hour lateness, but today she thought grimly, let her have fun while she's young, poor kid. The walls close in soon enough. "How many?" she asked. "I always forget." For three years she'd been carefully reminded of this event but didn't object to the prodding; Thelma was a good little thing, worked hard and had little.

"Just enough to vote." Without looking down, Kitty scribbled "Birth. Pres. Thel." on her outspread datebook. Then crisply: "Answer that mail, will you? I've got today's Kit-Chat to write," and thrusting copy paper in her machine, tapped out: "Stock head Kit-Chat—today—Reeves" in the upper left corner. Where were those notes on the Rivers tea? Ah, in her purse! She dug deep and came up with a mangled mass of paper. A telephone mewed in her ear and from habit, she murmured: "I'll get Angie—" Benjy had once dubbed the women's department phones Sadie and Angelique, Angie for short, due to their voices—sharp, imperative, bossy in the case of Sadie and muted-Mayfair in the case of Angelique. It had stuck.

"Women's department, Miss Reeves speaking," said Kitty now, in lilting tones. "Oh, Butch." Butcher, the composing room tiger. "I'm just starting it. I held it out for a doings yesterday afternoon. Don't stew now! Deadline isn't till noon and I'll have it over long before then—" and, hanging up: "There's one in every office . . ."

Let's see, where was she now? Oh, yes, the Rivers tea. Recalling that mob of highly dressed, highly scented, highly colored women, all strenuously conversing in high C, and herself on the sidelines, noting, jotting, coining phrases for this column, she wrote rapidly:

"When Mrs. Hartley Rivers III entertains, the result is gayer than a fashion show and Noel Coward comedy combined! Yesterday afternoon the fabulous Rivers mansion, Sans Souci, was the scene of a tea which will have society gabbling for months and the hostess, bride of our young mining magnate, was stunning in black crepe—very simple with a draped skirt—and the Rivers pearls." Parenthetically, she

thought—but pearls don't impress us, do they? Not even Mrs. Rivers' large rosée Orientals. The things they could buy, though—oh, yes! Freedom (though Kitty had never clearly defined freedom, even to herself), release from pressure. She tapped on: "A word about Mrs. R.'s important new hairdo which makes the rest of us resemble last year's bird's nest! Her dark and gleaming tresses are—"

"Reeves!" The voice from the door snarled just a little, just enough. It was Gus Roedecker, city editor; bulbous, shrewd, given to predigested bon mots at which his staff laughed dutifully and joylessly. "Old man Jellico was in a bad crash and we can't get the dope," he said sourly, with an air of personal affront. "Call the old lady and use some of that famous soft soap of yours!" He paused and threw her a wintry smile which meant: joke coming. "Cherchez la frump!" he commanded, scanning her face for reaction as he disappeared through the door.

"Ha, ha," chortled Kitty bleakly. From the corner of her eye she spied an unfamiliar hovering figure and too late turned away, grasping the phone book and turning determinedly to J.

"Miss Reeves?"  
Patience. "I'm Miss Reeves."  
"Bert Loomis is the name, little lady." A spartan cemented smile deriving from unwon battles with digestion sat heavily on the countenance before her. "I'm with Glory Pictures, advance man for 'Bright Harvest,' that magnificent starring picture of Michaela Lane, that important—"

"Mr. Loomis! I'm frightfully busy just now. Could you come back later?"

Now Mr. Loomis often got the brush but failed to recognize it; it didn't offend him; it couldn't, with Glory Pictures. "This won't take a jiffy," he murmured, unbudged, and groping in his briefcase, extricated a sheaf of what appeared to be fashion photographs. "I have here," he pronounced majestically, "a set of really innermost glamour shots of our Michaela Lane that I think you'll find—well, innermost."

"Really, Mr. Loomis, I—" Kitty glanced impatiently at the Jellico number beneath her index finger in the phone book.

"Just a jiffy now!" repeated Mr. Loomis. "You know, Miss Reeves"—digressing waggishly—"I always say you newspaper girls lead such innermost lives! High pressure! Excitement! Why when folks ask me about our movie stars I always say Hollywood isn't in it with you girl reporters! And"—it was coming now, she knew it was coming; no day was complete without it—"you meet such innermost people!"

With careful sweetness, Kitty replied: "Like you, Mr. Loomis." It was the sort of remark she seldom indulged in.

"Will you check these clothes at Wiggam Bros.," he went on doggedly, "and run a layout before the opening of 'Bright Harvest,' that magnificent musical in which Glory stars the new singing find, Michaela Lane?" shuffling the impressive deck of glossies so that Kitty caught glimpses of Miss Lane swathed in furs, mariboo, suits, evening gowns.

"Indeed I will. Just leave them here and I'll check with Miss Adams today."

"And run a layout before the show opens on the 10th?"

Kitty sighed. "Yes. Now, I'm sorry to hustle you off—" and as Mr. Loomis



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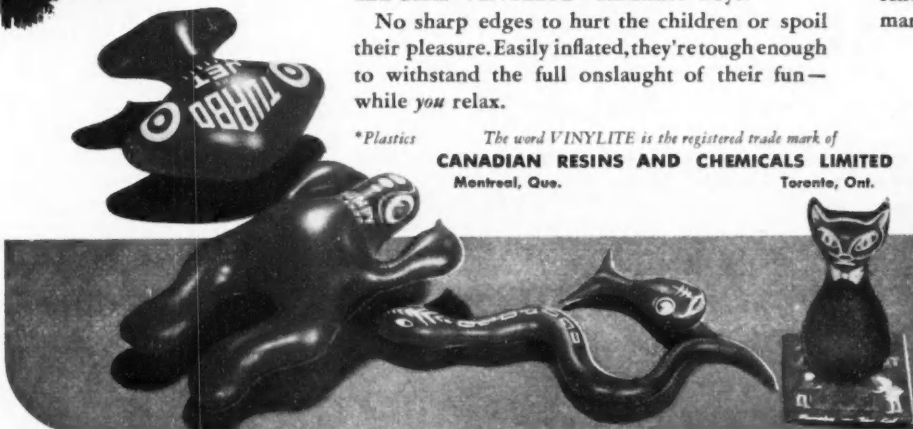
No sharp edges to hurt the children or spoil their pleasure. Easily inflated, they're tough enough to withstand the full onslaught of their fun—while you relax.

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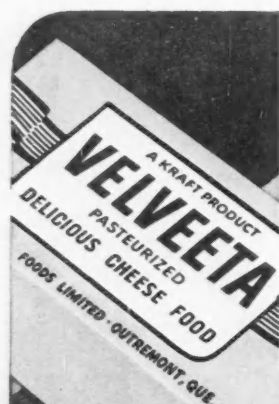
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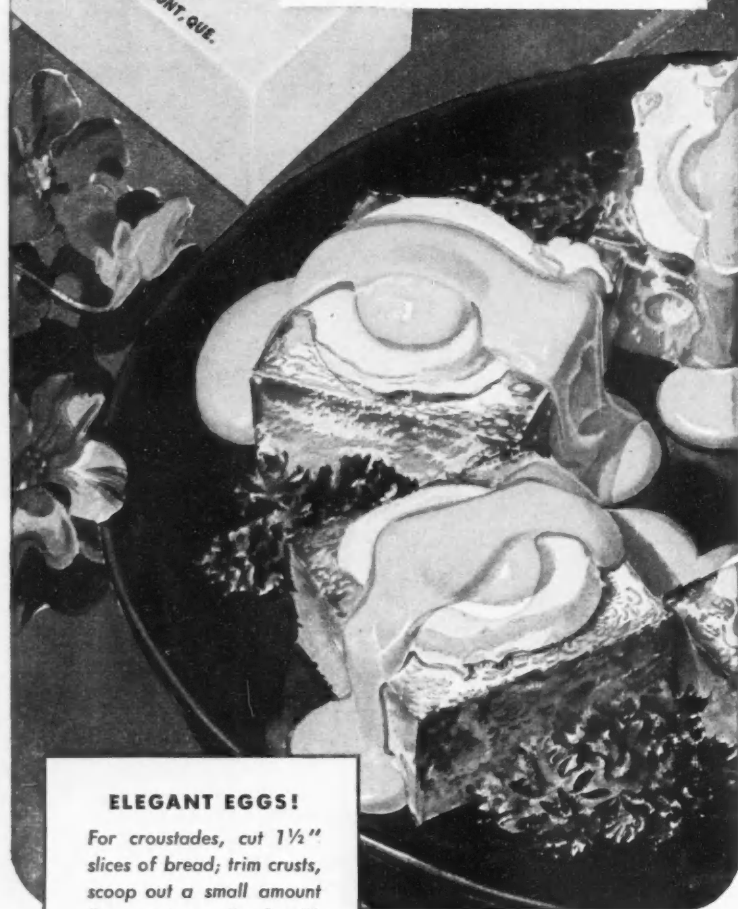
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receded through the door, affirming the undying gratitude of Glory Pictures, Thelma said: "A Mr. Watson called and wants you to call him at the Bennett Arms—706. And I've cleaned up the mail. Now what?"

Kitty's nerves tightened. "What would you do if I died or got fired?" she asked fretfully and then, for she knew she must watch herself today and not use Thelma as a whipping boy: "I'm sorry, but you must take more initiative. Why not call on some more dinner parties for the country club dance Saturday night?"

She then dialed the Jellico number, at last heard the butler's voice and, molding her own to an easy social tone, said loftily: "Hendricks? This is Miss Reeves speaking." You didn't say "Kitty Reeves of the Clarion" on a call like this; you hoped he'd forget you were Press. "Is Mrs. Jellico in?"

BUT HENDRICKS didn't forget; Hendricks couldn't afford to forget any more than Bert Loomis of Glory Pictures could afford to be offended. "Miss Reeves of the Clarion, I believe," he said smoothly. "So sorry, Miss, Madam has left for the day."

"Hendricks, we've just heard about Mr. Jellico's accident," she threw in hastily, hoping a warmer note would thaw that imperturbable manner. "Mrs. Jellico is quite a friend of mine, you know, and when she ran for Club Federation president last year she said if ever she could help me—" It was horrid appealing to a servant but Kitty couldn't afford to mind, either.

"Madam is out, miss."

"Could you tell me then—?"

"So sorry, miss," he interrupted blandly; the voice was not sorry. "Good day, miss."

Dispiritedly she replaced the receiver. Thelma said: "I just talked to that Mrs. Tom Elkins—she's giving a dinner by the way—and she told me they met a man last night in the Bennett Arms who knew you and—" Chur-chur-chur, mewed Angie. "Get that, please—" blurted Kitty, and was out of the cubicle, halfway down the narrow city room as Thelma took the call.

"Okay, okay?" growled Gus, looking offended in advance.

"This is not my day, Gus! Mrs. Jellico's bolted—at least, I can't get by the butler."

His face lighted with sudden inspiration. "You couldn't get-ay la frump, eh?" and waited for her mirthless laugh. "Skip it, then."

Back at the desk, Kitty glared at the unfinished Rivers-tea copy in her typewriter: "Her dark and gleaming tresses are"—click-click went the fingers—"swirled to one side sleek as ebony and—"

"Garnished with radishes à la Paula Potter, Clarion food editor!" interrupted Benjy solemnly, tweaking her ear. He had slipped in unobserved and stood, lank, leisurely and impertinent, regarding her from behind.

"Benjy." She turned swiftly, giving him a slightly disenchanted smile. "I didn't hear you come in. And you know how I hate to have people read over my shoulder."

"But I'm not people. How are you today, moon of my delight?" He narrowed his black eyes judicially. "You look a touch liverish—as though you could do with some coffee."

Kitty wrestled briefly with temptation. "I'm bogged with stuff"—she hesitated—"but yes, I do need a cup of coffee!" and powdering her nose, had the usual morning moment of Considering Benjy. She should do something about him—marry him or dismiss him permanently, she'd begun to realize (a year, two years . . . how long ago?), but she never had time for fracas during the day and the evening found her too tired. Besides, they were used to each other, Benjy was amusing, and being a pair, a team, had its advantages.

"I'll be back in about 10 minutes," she said to Thelma, who replied: "Oh, boss, wait a sec! That Mr. Watson called again. Says it's urgent."

But Kitty was halfway out the door. "My crystal ball tells me he's a salesman," she answered wearily. "He'll call back—" joining Benjy by the stairs.

The Scoop Café ("Sips 'N Eats That Make Headlines") was beloved by the Clarion staff for its proximity to the office, only a step down the alley; its habitual air of rakish musty disorder, the newspaperman's spiritual home, and its steaming inky coffee. Over a chipped mug of the latter Kitty said now, reflectively and against her better judgment: "I ran into Tess McKenna on the bus this morning, Benjy, and she asked after you. You know, we really should go out there once in a while. Tess and Harry are swell people."

"Harry the hearty extrovert, Tess the classic example of 'the little woman,'" was Benjy's airy comment, and for a moment Kitty, quite unreasonably, couldn't trust herself to speak.

"Harry's bond deals and political sentiments may be wearing," she said finally, carefully, "but it never seems to occur to you, Benjy, that people may find your—well, our shop talk on the dull side, too. Besides"—it was strange, she thought, to be bragging about Harry now when two hours ago she had thought him an object of ridicule—"Harry is writing a book, Tess tells me, which is more than you and I with all our glib talk have ever managed to do."

Benjy's face was a study; then he threw back his head and roared. "Oh, no! I can't bear it! This is priceless!" he panted incredulously. "What's it called?—'Romance A La Stock Exchange' or 'Murder On The 18th Hole?'" Kitty set her teeth. "Nevertheless," she said coldly, "he's writing it."

Silence—while Benjy made intricate doodles on his napkin. "Is it absolutely necessary that I dote on your picturesque Old School Ties, dear?" he asked at last, elevating an eyebrow and drawing on his cigarette. "Let's not squabble, Kitty," and he smiled peaceably.

Any other day she might have accepted this overture, regretting her spurt of annoyance, but not this morning. "My Old School Ties!" she snapped. "It's always my friends who are dull and uninspired! So who do we see? Prize-fighters prize-fighting and hockey players playing hockey and baseball players playing baseball"—her voice rose dangerously—"or some of your elegant pals, the professional parlor liberals and armchair mystics who are every bit as tedious as Harry McKenna!"

But Benjy was not to be drawn; he exercised his flair for maintaining status quo and, reaching over, patted her cheek. "What's happened to your

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angelic disposition, darling?" he asked, a trifle anxiously. "You know I'm nuts about you and longing to take you on for life, Kitty, temper and all, but — this isn't like you . . ."

Isn't it? she thought viciously. But perhaps it is! Perhaps nothing has ever been quite so like me as this outburst! She looked down at the table, feeling suddenly deflated, and replied in a pallid voice: "I'm sorry, sweetie. I'm just tired, I guess—" and they returned to the office in civil but uncompanionable silence.

ONCE AGAIN Kitty studied the notes taken yesterday at Mrs. Rivers' tea, typing: "—instead of the usual shoulder corsage, she carried a muf of brown orchids."

"Boss!"

"Yes, Thelma."

"I've been trying to tell you for hours that Mrs. Tom Elkins said—"

Angie cooed apologetically and, as Kitty lifted the receiver, an aggrieved coloratura at the end of the line announced: "This is Miz Behmer, 850 Jessup. We've taken the Clarion 20 years and I—uh—I want to ask about something—about—uh—truffles—in 'Paula Potter's Recipes' last night."

Paula Potter, who didn't "care to be bothered at home," had her reader queries routed through the women's desk. Paula Potter who, Benjy once immortally remarked, "informs the dear public how to feed a family of two on two grand a week," was one of the publisher's myriad glossy connections.

"Truffles?" enquired Kitty brightly.

"Yes, t-r-u-f-f-l-e-s. It sounds like a dandy recipe but I can't find these truffles at the grocer's. And I just don't—" awkward pause. "Dearie, what are truffles?"

What were truffles? So many things you didn't actually know when pinned down. "Why, truffles," Kitty began blithely, "are—" and stopped dead. They came to the tables of man via pig-rootings, she recalled, which was hardly a thing to tell an old subscriber. "I'm ashamed to confess," she tinkled idiotically, "that I'm not sure myself. I'll have to find out from Mrs. Potter. Just give me your number and I'll call back. Fine . . . good-by."

Thelma said: "Say, boss, that author you admire so much is in town, according to the Herald."

"Who?" disinterestedly.

"Ernest—let's see—Ernest Hemingway."

"Hemingway?" echoed Kitty incredulously. "Here?"

"Yeah. Why don't you try and get the interview?"

Kitty's hand leaped to the phone. She'd call Gus and ask for the assignment! She'd—and then she remembered the time, not long past, when Gus said: "Stick to your trivia, kid. You're too steeped in hemlines and protocol to clutter your pretty head with thinkers!" And what, after all, would she say to Mr. Hemingway? Gee—I-used-to-want-to-be-a-writer-Mr.-Hemingway-period-I-still-do. And did you try hard, Miss Reeves, with the tips of your fingers and the best of your brain, hour after hour, week after week, year after year? No—Mr.-Hemingway-I-never-tried-at-all . . .

Besides, this Kit-Chat still wasn't finished; Butch would be wild, she told herself. Glaring at the offensive thing,

she stammered: "I'm—oh, I'm too busy today, Thelma—" and hastily typed: "The house was decorated throughout with red and white roses." Mrs. Behmer, who'd taken the Clarion 20 years and was currently baffled by truffles, would just have to wait. She filled two and a half uninterrupted pages with Rivers tea, pasted them together, deposited the column on the city desk in a run, returned and reached for the phone book.

"Boss, that Mr. Watson called again just now." Thelma spoke wearily. "Says it's important. He must be the one that—"

"—I have to call Potter first," was Kitty's abstracted reply, as she dialed the all-too-familiar number.

A melodious "Hell-ay-o?" almost deafened her. "Mrs. Potter, this is Kitty Reeves," she said. "Reeves . . . you know, at the paper!" Her voice stretched thin. "I'm sorry if I awakened you but a woman just called, an old subscriber, to find out what truffles are and where she can buy them . . . Yes, truffles . . . In your yesterday's column, I believe . . . You get yours where! . . . But Mrs. Potter . . . But Mrs. Potter, do you mean they're not available locally?" Mine not to reason why, she thought dully, and a line she'd read somewhere wandered across her brain: "Of such the dreary substance of my days." "Mrs. Potter," she put in at last, "if you'd only let us refer the calls direct . . ."

But Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Potter was saying, was a busy woman and could not have the telephone ringing every five minutes with stupid readers asking stupid questions. Mr. Norman, the Clarion's managing editor, and Reggie—uh, Mr. Pruitt, the publisher, that is, had both given Mrs. Potter to understand that Miss Reeves would be delighted, but *delighted*, to take calls.

"Well, yes, but—" Kitty began irresolutely. Then: "Thank you, Mrs. Potter. We'll take care of it down here. Good-by," she turned to Thelma. "Call the Epicure Shops at Wiggam's, Haines' and the Fan-see Grocery. Ask if they carry truffles—how much, what brands and what are they?"

The phone nearest her rang in sugary tremolo. "Women's department, Miss Reeves speaking."

"Katharine?"

Always afterward, when this day's details were forgotten, notable only as the last ones, it seemed incongruous that she hadn't at once known that voice, direct and rumbling with its overtones of humor. And the "Katharine"; no one had called her Katharine since her parents died. But the ways of 11 years are devious.

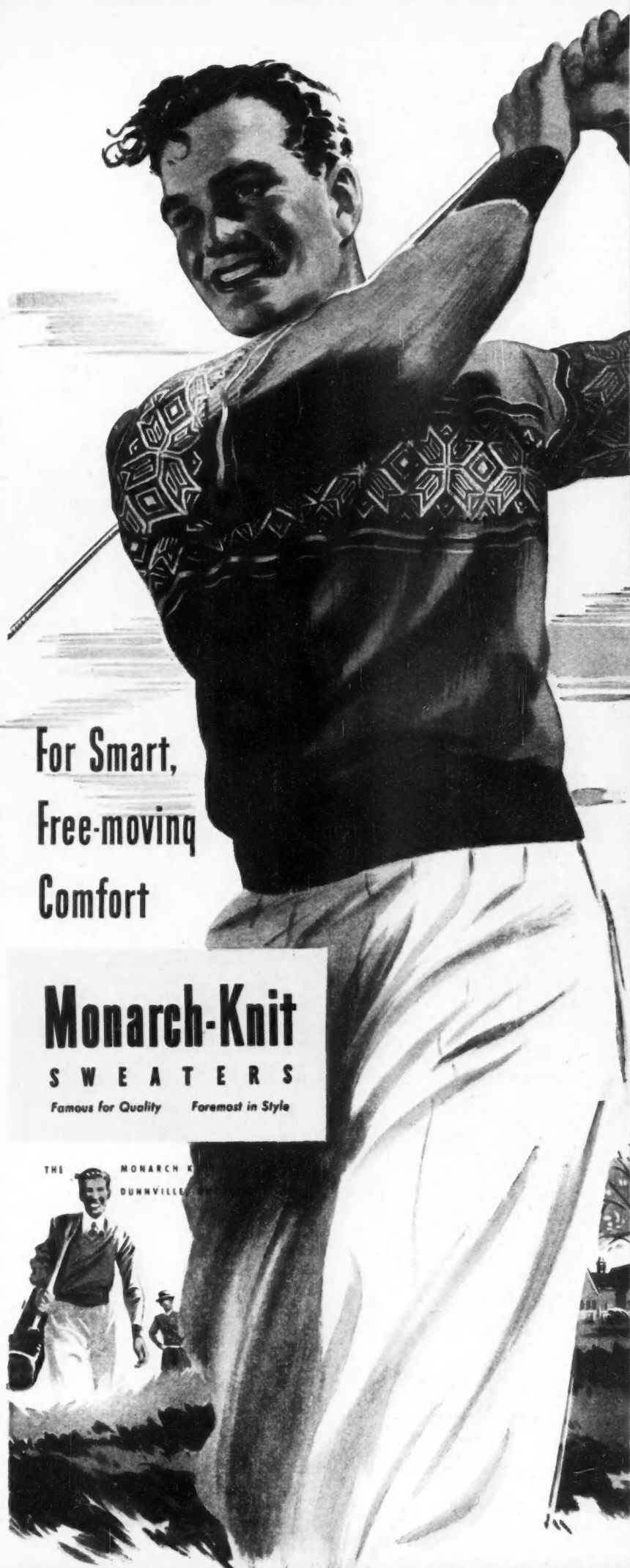
"This is Kitty Reeves," she said crisply. "I'm afraid you have—"

"Oh, no, I haven't! Listen, Kitty, Kit, Kathy, Kat, Kay, or whatever they call you. It's me, Charles."

It's-me-Charles. Just like that, "Charles?" she said on a brittle ascending note. "Not—?"

"Truffles—t-r-u-f-f-l-e-s," Thelma was exhorting Sadie.

"Yes, Charles Watson. Remember now? I was driving through yesterday—I had no idea I'd go through your town—and when I couldn't reach you last night, I stayed over. I tried you at the office and at home and all morning again at the office. You must be a mighty important gal to be that busy!"




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From habit she searched his voice for a mocking tone, and found none. "I even ran into an old college classmate, Tom Elkins, here in the hotel last night and his wife said she knew you."

"But—it never occurred to me that persistent Mr. Watson was you," Kitty said, rather dazedly.

"Can you meet me for lunch?" he went on. "I've got to get going this afternoon. Katharine, tell me"—and his voice had a chuckle in it, taking her back another life ago—"do you still look like a mermaid?"

"I — why, I — do mermaids have crow's feet, Charles?" she asked, an idiotic thing to say but the right tone, casual, bantering. Then, more smoothly: "I'd adore to have lunch with you."

"What time?"

She glanced at her datebook, dense with straggling memos from Kitty to Kitty, and at "fash. show—Wiggam's—2" scrawled there. "Twelve?" she asked uncertainly. "I have an important appointment at two and that'll give us"—she started to say "almost two hours" but, fearful of sounding too eager, concluded lamely—"plenty of time."

"Good! The sooner the better!" He made the small-boy, crowing sound she'd forgotten. "Till noon then, in the lobby here at the hotel."

SLOWLY KITTY replaced the receiver, as though it might break, and sat motionless. On sleepless nights in recent years she'd often thought of Charles, always as loving her still, and imagined a meeting between them, she gracious, remote as a star, more than a little celebrated. An imbecile game, but — comforting. It rose to mock her now for the warm forthrightness of Charles' tone more than any words told her how little of the old emotion remained. And what else, she asked herself sharply, could you expect after 11 years? It was I who made the break, who chose this instead—and her long disenchanted glance swept the dusty cubicle, massed papers, telephones, memos, trivia, that embodied her life. She and Charles Watson were simply old acquaintances, recalling each other from a time when they were young, when they were other people.

Thelma was watching her closely. "Eureka! Haines' has truffles," she said. Then, with elaborate innocence: "I gather that was Mr. Watson on the phone. I've been trying to tell you all morning that Mrs. Tom Elkins told me they met a Charles Watson in the Bennett Arms last night who was scouring the town for you."

Kitty's face was a study. "Life!" she said obliquely. "Look, Thelma"—the discussion was closed—"call this," giving her Mrs. Behmer's number and explaining *l'affaire truffle*. She then dialed Wiggam's, asking for "French Room millinery office, please," and presently said: "Miss Phelps? Oh, Ruth, this is Kitty Reeves. May I duck out of our lunch date today? An old friend of mine is in town and—"

"—Old friend or old flame?" came the metallic question.

"Well, flame. But very erstwhile."

"In that case, all is forgiven. See you at the fashion show at two."

"Hold on, Ruth! Do you remember that pink Veronique bonnet thing with the cabbage roses? You said you might mark it down . . ."

And Ruth Phelps replied with airy

inconsequent malice: "Past but possibly future flame, also?"

Kitty flushed and loathed herself for flushing. "Don't be silly," she said. "But—oh, you know! A gal has to make an impression, after so long . . ."

"That pink Veronique has impact!" the buyer assured her. "It's a very important hat and you're in luck—I just marked it to \$15.98. I hope he's a fellow to appreciate a hat—"

Rather ostentatiously, Kitty let this lie. "I'll be by for it before noon," she said. "Thanks heaps—" thinking dryly, a fellow to appreciate a hat indeed! Charles had never even seen her in a hat and probably wouldn't recognize her at all after so many years—with no fish-and-sun-oil odor, with no whispery cascades of sand whenever she moved! And at the word sand, a forgotten summer swept her in gusts of memory, returning to her keeping the sense of space, brilliance and freedom that she'd known then and almost never in the years just past . . .

Pearly sand it had been, she remembered, patterned by seaweed and strange beach sea-creatures, blinding in the August moon. They'd sat night after night gazing seaward, the star-eyed girl as lost to her now as the tall tanned boy who'd been Charles. And what did we talk of, she wondered, hour after hour, night after night on the beach? Life, Love, Literature, the Future, Death—all the talk of youth, in fiery capitals. She recalled his request that she read aloud by moonlight and how she had puzzled over what to bring from the inn's sparse library, deciding at last on poetry. How little I read it now, she thought, and was touched by sadness for the dim lost summer, the far and ardent figures on the sand.

Turning from the phone, Kitty saw that the noon edition had miraculously appeared on her desk, still slightly damp, acridly smelling of ink. With dextrous fingers, without so much as glancing at page one, she turned to four and five, part two—the women's pages—and began to read for typographical errors, making marginal corrections attached to pencilled kite-tails. Sadie's brash tones, at length, jarred her from absorption and, as Thelma was out of the room, she answered.

"Miss Reeves? This is Frances Shea," she heard. "I want to add a couple of names to the guest list for my dinner Saturday night. I gave it to you yesterday, remember?"

"Yes, of course," Kitty returned pleasantly. "The paper is already out, Miss Shea, but I'll try to make the addition."

"Well, this is important!" rattled the voice. "Please say that Mr. and Mrs. Rid Davis of Clinton, B.C., will also be at my table and that Mr. Davis is president of Pure-Tone Radio and that Mrs. Davis and I were classmates at college."

"What was that first name again, please?"

"Rid. R-i-d."

"A nickname, Miss Shea?"

There was a slight pause. "Obviously, I should think."

"I'm so sorry. We can't use nicknames on society. What is his real name?"

"I have no idea. Everyone calls him Rid—everyone!" The Shea tone made it clear that if Rid were a good enough name for Miss Shea and her friends it was good enough for Kitty.



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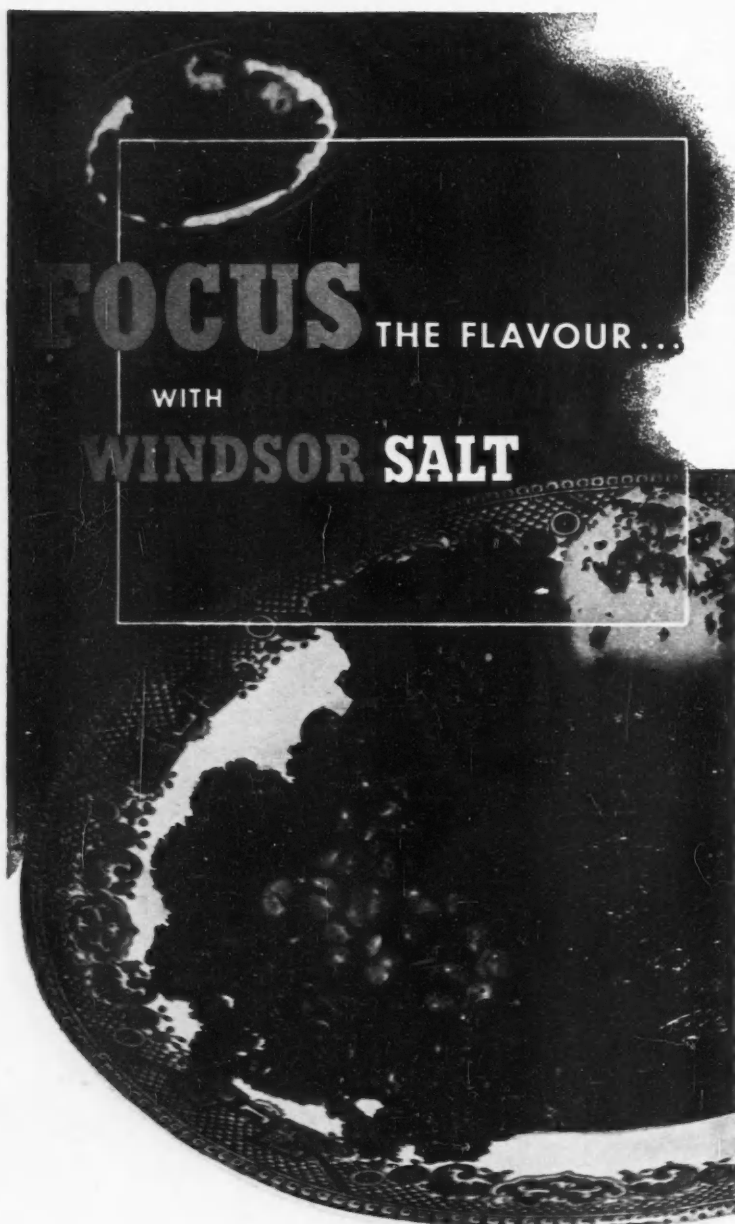
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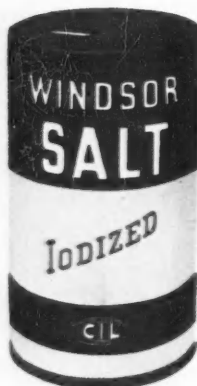


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"Has he two initials perhaps? R. and something else?" It was increasingly difficult for Kitty to keep her mind on this fatuous conversation. She was too adult, she told herself, to still be upset by the brushes with Tess and Benjy this morning, or dread of seeing Charles, yet...

A bored little laugh rippled across the wire. "Leave out the first name entirely, Miss Reeves, if it's such a problem, and just say Mr. and Mrs. Davis of Clinton and that he's president of Pure-Tone and that—"

Kitty closed her eyes briefly. "We can't use men's businesses, either," she announced, with wan occupational politeness. "I'm so sorry. Or nicknames or no first name."

"Good heavens! Then say Mr. and Mrs. R. Davis."

"Or one initial." This was the sort of entanglement that once, long ago, made her cry with frustration, but she was a big girl now, past crying. "Miss Shea," she said softly, "the paper has style rules. They're irritating, I know, but we have to follow them. One is: 'Two initials or first name as minimum.'"

"That's—why, that's absurd! Lorene Pruitt, your publisher's daughter-in-law," explained Miss Shea quite needlessly, "is a close friend of mine and I intend to ask her about it." The voice was cool now, cruel. "And about men's businesses—when the Rivers entertained for Gary Clark you mentioned he was an actor!"

"I know we did," said Kitty desperately. "I mean, that's different, somehow, from Pure-Tone Radio. Less—uh—commercial."

"I don't know what could be more commercial than the movies!" came the unanswerable reply. "And another thing—when New Day Magazine wrote Rid up they referred to him as 'balding B.C.-Radiomnipotent Rid Davis.' But then, the little old Clarion—" and the voice curled spitefully.

Kitty felt drained. "I'll do my best, Miss Shea. I'm sorry to seem obstructive. From Clinton, isn't it? And you went to college with Mrs. Davis?"

A forebearing sigh threaded along the wire. "I've said so a dozen times, at least. Good-by, Miss Reeves—and thank you." Miss Frances Shea hung up.

Why did these things unfailingly happen with friends of the Pruitts? And—oh, lord! She'd forgotten to ask when the Davises arrived, how long they were staying, what other entertaining was in line for them—the stock P & S questions. She'd have to call back, but later. She couldn't face it now.

KITTY WORKED without stopping for an hour, writing Wednesday's Kit-Chat, planning Saturday's bridal layout, and at length, chancing to look up, saw to her horror the face of Pep-O-Fluff Shampoo's Mr. Mugg—Muggsomething beaming from the doorway. "Hello!" she said with feverish cordiality, wondering, like a person whose attention is finally called to fatal secret disease and thereupon sees in all manifestations of self the dreaded symptoms, what was ailing her. "What can I do for you, Mr. Muggby?"

"—Ridge, Miss Reeves," corrected that gentleman obsequiously. "Mugg—ridge."

"Muggridge, of course!"

"Thanks to you newspaper girls

and our sensational ads," he began, with flashing oratory, "Pep-O-Fluff has gone great! Sensational! Now I have important news for you. Pep-O-Fluff has a twin that's gonna make history." Pause. "Pep-O-Fluff Burgundy Rinse!" "Just think... Burgundy Rinse," echoed Kitty reverently.

Thelma interrupted with: "Boss this Mrs. Larsen says her ex-husband, this George H. Hill, is giving the bridal dinner for their daughter, that Esther Hill, and she sounds plenty miffed about it and says I'll have to call *him* for the guest list. What shall I do?"

"Call him!"

"But—at his office?" It was a P & S rule that men should not be pestered at their offices.

"This time, yes. You were saying Mr. Mugg—uh—Muggridge?"

"Our chemists have made an exhaustive study of wine through the ages as a beautifying agent, Miss Reeves. Why, it goes back to Cleopatra—though burgundy as such was not in use at that time. But"—he held up an admonitory finger—"the same costly ingredients that go into wine were in use then and these identical properties are in Burgundy Rinse, greatly improved through Pep-O-Fluff's research, of course." He paused for breath, smiling as winningly as possible. "May I be personal?"

"Yes, do!" murmured Kitty, one ear cocked at Thelma who was saying: "—and we're so anxious to have the guest list, Mr. Hill, and your former—I mean, Mrs. Larsen said—"

Mr. Muggridge looked arch. "Now you happen to be a blonde, Miss Reeves—"

"—and blondes fade?" interrupted Kitty, thinking, but my hair was always like this, "floating and silvery, like a mermaid's hair," Charles said; straining to remember that long-gone summer again. But the nights seemed to fuse in one night, the days in one day, and September came quickly. Fewer umbrellas began to dot the beach, she recalled; the moon swelled and grew lavish, umbered with autumn, not believably millions of light-years distant but just out of reach. "We'll write every day and you'll wait for me, darling, till I finish college?" he had pleaded, and she'd answered, her heart in her voice: "Oh, yes, Charles—forever! And I'll write every day!"—which she had, for almost a year...

With difficulty Kitty extricated herself from the quicksands of memory and returned her attention to Mr. Muggridge. "—And all the major stores will be having promotions," he concluded happily.

Kitty glanced at her watch. "I'll check with the buyers today. And thank you for dropping in," she said, starting to rise.

"Thank you, Miss Reeves! Here's a sample for your own use—and I'll just leave this little booklet, put out by Pep-O-Fluff's research department, on the beauty uses of wine through history. You'll find it fascinating! Why, Queen Boadicea, the ancient—"

Kitty was on her feet now. "I'm sure I will. Thank you so much, Mr. Muggridge," extending her hand. "I'll send tear sheets, of course. Good-by."

THELMA WAS saying patiently: "Mrs. Hill? This is Thelma Polk, at the Clarion. Your husband's first—I mean, Mrs. Larsen, told me to call Mr. Hill



about Esther's bridal dinner and Mr. Hill told me to call you and—"

The unengaged phone rang plaintively. "Women's Department, Miss Reeves speaking"—Kitty's formal tone leveled off—"Oh, Benjy . . . Lunch? No, I can't today, sweetie . . . A pre-you friend from out of town . . . It was a long time ago! Never mind! . . . You're not the only pebble on the beach . . . Yes, tonight as usual . . . 'By." What a cheap stupid thing to say, she reflected, still grasping the receiver as though to take back the words. You're not the only pebble on the beach!—the sort of thing women invariably said to men who were, had been for some time and would likely continue to be the lone and only pebble—

And she thought of Charles again, bemused, wondering what happened to people? They were lost, but how? In what blind alley, cranny, dead-end, was the face forgotten, the voice mislaid, the pattern splintered? She gazed back across the years, recalling how small, gemlike and unreal the boy on the beach became, having nothing at the end to do with the thrilling realness of her new job. She remembered her mother saying: "Just a summer romance, dear. You're too young to be married—" and later: "You've always wanted to write, Katharine. This is your chance! Why, this newspaper job might lead to—" and of how, at long last in a letter, she had written: "Dear Charles" instead of "Charles, darling." You couldn't in fairness say "darling," she'd believed, when you wrote to announce you were madly in love with a job (so glamorous . . . meeting such interesting people . . . might lead to anything, really) and that thanks just the same, you couldn't be married this summer (or maybe . . . ever at all) . . .

Thelma was watching her curiously. "Boss, do you feel all right?"

"Of course!" Kitty contrived a dazzling smile. "It's just that—I didn't sleep well last night—" or *the night before or the night before that*, she amended inwardly. Several minutes remained before time to get ready for lunch and, reaching for the nearest phone, she dialed Wiggam Bros. and at length, through endless connections and reconnections, tracked down Miss Connie Adams, buyer of better dresses, who pounced on her with an avid:

"Oh, Miss Reeves! Say, what's the latest on the mayor?"

Nonplussed, Kitty sputtered: "The . . . I don't . . . what do you mean?"

"The shooting on the city hall steps this morning when the mayor got it in the leg. Why, the Clarion had an Extra—"

Kitty thought: *War might be declared, the whole country reduced to rubble, and I wouldn't know it! Not me, the trivia editor!* "I've been terribly busy all morning," she said suavely, "but I don't think there's anything new since—"

"—They haven't found out the man's name? The one with red hair?"

"Red hair? No, I—"

"Have they been able to check the car yet? The bright green roadster?"

"Let's see, I did hear something about a jeep—" she began maliciously but, having no humor for the farce, dropped it. "Miss Adams, a man from Glory Pictures was in to see me this morning with some fashion shots of Michaela Lane in the clothes from 'Bright

Harvest,' that magnificent—I mean, you're supposed to have bought them."

Miss Adams relinquished the shooting with bad grace. A nasal soliloquy followed to the effect that the "resource" from which the movie replica numbers had been ordered was a stinker—an absolute, unmitigated stinker among "resources"—and that, though the numbers were on order, they hadn't been delivered. Miss Adams would let Miss Reeves know as soon as . . .

Riffling the pages of her date book, Kitty made notes twice a week two weeks ahead to "call Adams." She then dialed Haines' number and asked for Miss Hailstork, the redoubtable cosmetic buyer. Miss Hailstork was away. Could she speak to Miss Weller then, the assistant buyer? Miss Weller was "on the floor." Could she please be connected with "the floor?" If the party would just hold on—

"Miss Weller," she said at last. "This is Kitty Reeves at the Clarion. Mr. Muggby—I mean, Muggridge of Pep-O-Fluff was just in and I'm calling to ask if you're buying their Burgundy Rinse. I'd like to do a story for Kit-Chat—"

"Who is this speaking?" bellowed Miss Weller. "Will yee-oo speak a little louder, pul-lease!" Then, in an explosive aside: "Gur-uls! Pipe dow-un! I can't hear this customer!"

Kitty patiently repeated, but before she could finish Miss Weller slashed in with: "Oh, Miss Reed! Say, did they ever find that fella with the blond hair driving the blue sedan who took a pot-shot at the mayor?"

"Red hair—bright green roadster," corrected Kitty absently.

"Hunh?"

"Well, I—Miss Weller, I don't believe there's anything new since the—uh—last Extra," said Kitty firmly. "Now about Burgundy Rinse—?"

"Hailstork says," announced Miss Weller frigidly, "that she'd never buy another piece of merchandise from Pep-O-Fluff even if they brought out a ten-buck hormone cream for two-fifty! And as for this so-called rinse, it's actually a hair-dye, Hailstork says. And you know the policy of this store on hair-dye. Strictly out! Besides, Hailstork says it's strictly a drugstore item."

Kitty gave a feeble smile; it was almost her last. "Thank you, Miss Weller," she said.

"Thank yee-oo, Miss Reed."

She glanced anxiously at her watch. Good grief!—eleven forty-five. She must do her face, pick up the pale pink bonnet thing with the roses and meet Charles at 12. Scrambling in her bag for comb, lipstick and compact, she glared balefully at the phones, daring them to ring and, when several seconds later Sadie gave a peremptory bark, motioned Thelma to take the call.

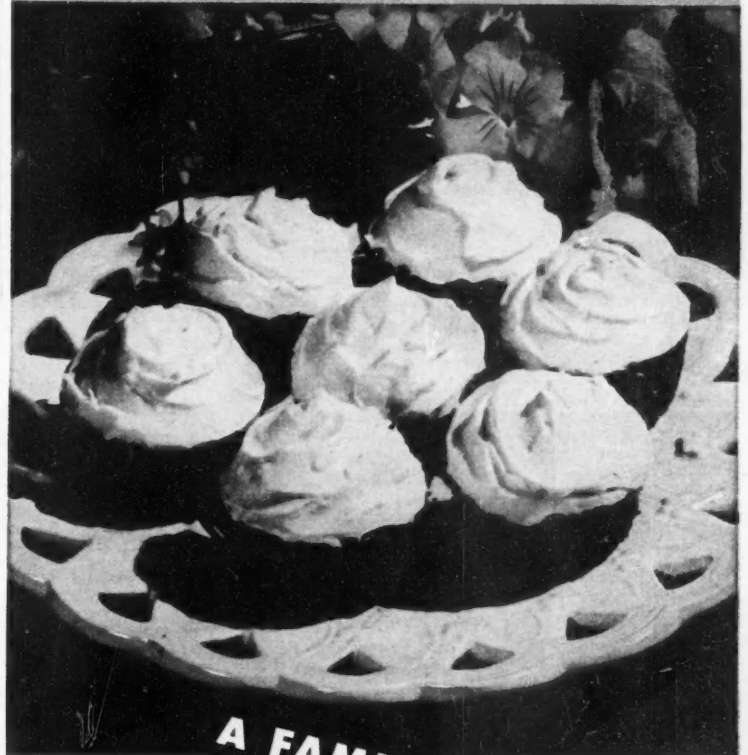
She was just leaving, Persian Paw flung over her shoulders, when Thelma put down the receiver and called in a strident voice: "Boss! Come back! The most awful thing's happened! That Cox-Trevor wedding is tomorrow and the story's in the paper today. That was Mr. Cox—he just bought a noon edition—he's wild!"

KITTY FROZE. Frantically she reached for the paper, scanned it and aloud read: "Against an altar of white roses and smilax, Miss Rosalie Cox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wade

† Continued on page 55

dreamy . . . creamy . . .

# Gingerbread Cup Cakes



A FAMILY TREAT

Delicious . . . Fine-Textured  
Made with "MAGIC"

THEY'RE melty-rich—they're luscious—and easy to make! Magic's Gingerbread Cup Cakes will put "ginger" into the most humdrum meal—bring 'em back clamoring for more!

Remember in all baked dishes, you can depend on Magic Baking Powder to help insure fuller, more delicious flavor—finer texture. These days you'll want to use Magic more than ever to safeguard ingredients, assure perfect baking results. Magic costs less than 1¢ per average baking. Get Magic today.

## GINGERBREAD CUP CAKES

½ cup melted shortening	1 tsp. cinnamon
1 ¼ cups molasses	1 tsp. ginger
1 egg, beaten	½ tsp. cloves
2 ½ cups sifted flour	½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. Magic Baking Soda	¾ cup hot water
1 tsp. Magic Baking Powder	

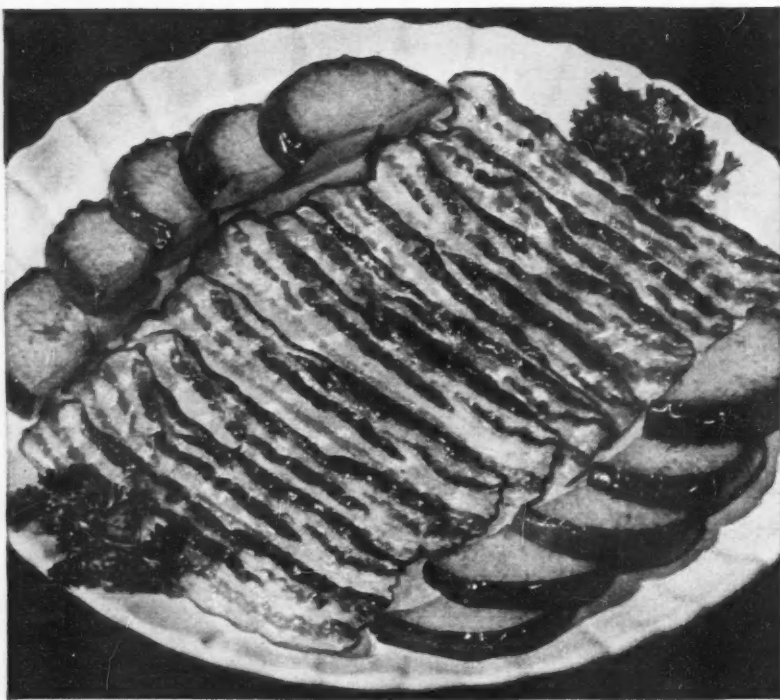
Combine shortening and molasses and add egg. Stir until well blended. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add alternately with the hot water. Bake in 24 2 ½" cup cake pans in moderate oven (350°F.) for 30 minutes. Blend one 3-oz. package of cream cheese with enough milk to make of sauce consistency. Top each serving with a spoonful.





# Brighter Breakfasts!

**HURRY ON DOWN**, cherubs . . . Dad's right behind you! There's bacon for breakfast—a treat to be treasured these days. So cook it with care, relish every morsel, and *above all*, make sure it's *Swift's Premium* (Canada's favourite bacon, you know). That tantalizing *sweet smoke taste* is the savoury, flavoury way to spark the brighter breakfasts that nutritionists tell us active minds and bodies need.



**CAREFUL COOKING SAVES WASTE:** Place slices of Swift's Premium Bacon in cold frying pan. Don't overcrowd. Cook slowly; turn often to cook evenly. Drain on absorbent paper. For crisp bacon, pour off fat as it accumulates, and save for future use.

Serve with unpeeled apple slices dipped in brown sugar and fried in bacon fat.

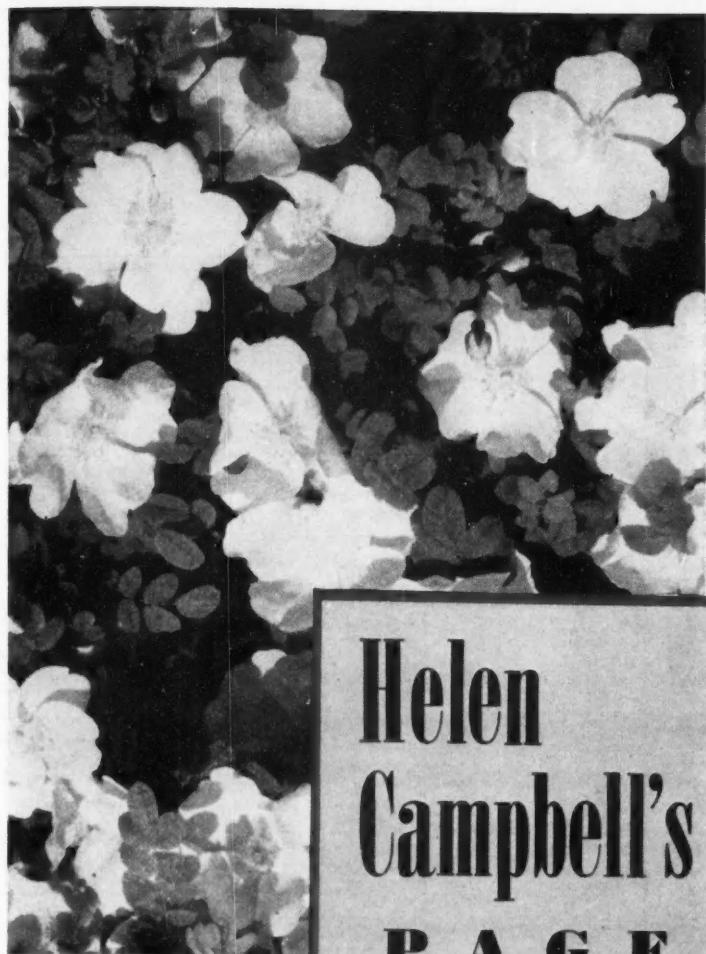


**YOU START THE DAY BRIGHT** when you start with Swift's Premium Bacon. It's rich in wide-awake food energy, and so easy to digest that the tiniest tots thrive on it. Everybody in the family loves the tender-crisp, every-time goodness of Swift's Premium Bacon, the famous *sweet smoke taste*, the always dependable quality. That's why Canada actually *prefers* Swift's Premium Bacon to the other two leading brands combined!



**Swift's Premium Bacon**  *with the sweet smoke taste!*





# Helen Campbell's PAGE

**You couldn't** be a pessimist in June, now could you! Not when "Now, if ever, come perfect days." Come weddings, come strawberry shortcake. Come morning glories.

**Globe-trotting friend** landed at a hotel where "English is spoke" with limitations. Called for *soap* and *towels*. Got, after an interval, *soup* and *toast*. Of such are the trials of a traveler in foreign parts.

**You can't** beat the Dutch oven as an economical means of preparing many fine dishes. Pot roasts, stews and such.

**Quick breads** are quick to make, quick to disappear. A batch of biscuits or a pan of muffins is hot stuff with June's berry or a fresh fruit salad. Maybe there's a better dessert, but I doubt it.

**Add a little sour** cream to the gravy for veal chops. Got a lick of sour cream left in the bottle?

**A pinch of curry** in cream of corn soup—good way to curry favor with the family.

**Life would** be better if June had twice as many days and only half the mosquitoes; if the bunny would nibble my neighbor's lettuce and let mine alone; if Mother Robin would teach her children to finish up one cherry before going on to the next; if beets didn't taste so much like beets; if melons tasted a

little more like raspberries; if I didn't have to wash my nylons after every wearing. (But life would be harder if I couldn't get nylons.)

**Nice to know:** a half-pound chunk of cheese will give you 2 cupfuls of grated.

**Bright red currants**, stewed lightly, strained, sweetened, may be diluted a bit and chilled—a refreshing elbow-bender. Or thicken the juice with cornstarch—not too much—and you have a famous Norwegian dessert. Thicken with minute tapioca and your children will cry for it. Serve desserts cold with cream—whipped or pouring. Time that currants had a little publicity; why should strawberries get all the limelight?

**Better than** a bird in the hand is a chicken in a pot-pie.

**Easy as pie** to find the way to a man's heart. Or so they say. Simply sandwich ripe rosy cherries between two flaky crusts and cut a generous wedge. Cherries must be sweetened with a loving hand and crusts must be as tender as your tenderest glance. You might try it. But it wouldn't hurt to try the perfect hair-do and the right shade of lipstick at the same time.

**Steak is good**, but steak with a sizzle is something super.

**Bake a sponge** cake in a ring mold, heap with sugared berries and swirl with

whipped cream. Very pretty—and pretty nice.

**Double the strength** of your brew and pour hot over ice cubes. That's for iced tea. And this is iced tea weather.

**The Egg and I** go to many a picnic together. I like 'em plain boiled, cracked and peeled on the spot. But that's not to say you can't devil them; put the halves together again and wrap in waxed paper. Be sure to add a nip of mustard, some chopped chives or minced onion, ketchup or tangy sauce or diced pickle to the yolks. Taste as you go is the best way.

**How green** was my salad. A rub of garlic prepared the bowl to receive it. You like garlic—or do you?

**A hint of mint** in the whipped cream for a chocolate pudding, the meringue for a chocolate pie, the icing for devil's food—there's a grand flavor team, mint and chocolate are buddies from 'way back.

**Why not** do some tricks with a beef loaf? Wrap the meat around nicely seasoned potatoes. Or pat out into an oblong, top with bread dressing and roll up. Make an upside-downer with pineapple right in the bottom of your loaf pan. Cook a ring mold and fill with hot, diced vegetables for serving. A few ideas for what they're worth and if they're not worth anything you don't have to pay.

**Fresh salmon** boiled, chilled, bedded down on crisp lettuce and served with creamy smooth mayonnaise—that's a gourmet's dish. Add sliced cucumbers for garnish; cukes and salmon are boon companions.

**Next time** you have some asparagus left over—or do you ever have asparagus left over?—cut and put it in the soufflé or omelet you're making for supper. What I mean is asparagus is nice in omelet or soufflé. Or with it.

**Poached eggs** on spinach with a cream or cheese sauce is known as Eggs à la something or other—and a very good luncheon dish.

**Ever top off** a meal with creamed cottage cheese and fresh stewed cherries? Make a little mound of the cheese in a shallow glass bowl; border with the strained fruit. Pass hot biscuits or brown muffins or oatmeal cookies.

**Make cheese** sandwiches, dip in egg and milk and pan-fry. Might call them toast-sandwiches and serve with butter and syrup.

**Whipped cream**, salted, peppered, touched with lemon and blended with horse-radish (1 cupful of plain cream, 2 teaspoonfuls or thereabouts of horse-radish) is super duper with roast beef. Good with fish too.

**Old Soaks.** Let prunes soak in fruit juice for a different flavor. Try orange, apple, pineapple, for instance.

**New potatoes** need no fancy fixin'. Cook 'em in their jackets, undress them and dab with butter. Maybe you'd like a sprinkle of parsley, dash of paprika.

**I get** a break at the breakfast table when there's creamed codfish on toast or buckwheat pancakes and maple syrup.

**Think you'd** like pineapple, cut in dice, sugared and doused in sherry or other red wine? Or strawberries kissed with port? You might.

**Cream butter**, add chopped parsley, a squeeze of lemon and a pinch of salt. Now in with a few chopped peanuts. Blend. Serve with fish—haddock fillets, whitefish, halibut, so on. Nice, you'll see.

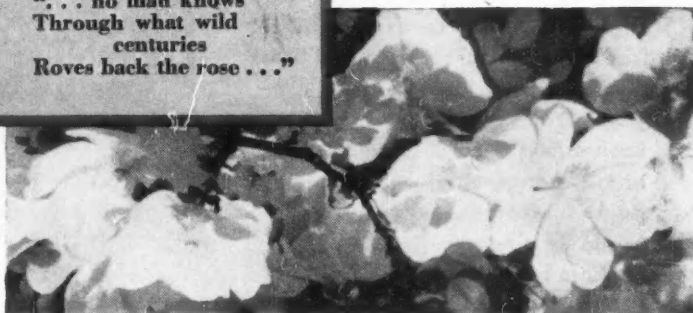
**Want something** different? Make green pea timbales (you know, peas, mashed, sieved seasoned, mixed with egg and milk, turned into custard cups and oven-poached). Turn out when "set" and serve with fresh pineapple diced or shredded, mixed with a little butter and heated. Team with crisp bacon, frizzled ham, sausages, lamb chops, or whatever.

**When Aunt Agnes** made a Rainbow cake, she divided her batter into four portions, colored one green, one pink, one chocolate and left the other as was. Spooned alternately into her baking tins and let nature take its course. And there was a cake that I thought was beautiful. Often she used different flavorings too, which made things even nicer.

**My mother's** specialty was a fine-crumbed spice cake with a baked meringue topping, known as Spanish Bun. Excuse me while I whip up one; I'll have it tonight with fresh pineapple, halved berries, sliced banana cup. You got a recipe for Spanish Bun?

**Ever spread** strip bacon with poultry stuffing (a little grated apple in the dressing is nice), roll up, pin with tooth-picks and oven cook? Good eating, these. Allow four or five to a serving—with mashed potatoes, maybe asparagus or a green salad and hot corn bread or bran muffins.

"... no man knows  
Through what wild  
centuries  
Roves back the rose..."



# TASTE REAL COFFEE!

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IT'S CHASE & SANBORN  
...TASTE IT TODAY!

■ When you taste this finer, richer Chase & Sanborn, you'll agree it's different...so delicious...so distinctly 'right'... words can't do it justice. You'll call it, "real coffee... the finest coffee money can buy!" Your grocer has it vacuum packed or in the economical paper bag. Get a pound of Chase & Sanborn today!



## Meals of the Month JUNE

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
<b>TUE 1</b>	Orange Juice Cereal Currant Muffins Coffee	Jam Tea	Cream of Tomato Soup Double-decker Sandwich (Lettuce, Hard-cooked Egg, Cheese) Canned Fruit Icebox Cookies Cocoa
<b>WED 2</b>	Apple Juice Cereal Creamy Eggs on Toast Coffee	Tea	Breaded Veal Cutlets Creamed Potatoes Coleslaw Boston Cream Pie Tea
<b>THU 3</b>	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Toast Coffee	Marmalade Tea	Meat and Kidney Pie Potato Topping Chili Sauce Creamed Carrots Lemon Snow Pudding Coffee
<b>FRI 4</b>	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee	Conservé Tea	Swiss Steak Parsley Potatoes Creamed Onions Whipped Lime Jelly Custard Sauce Coffee
<b>SAT 5</b>	Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Corn Muffins Coffee	Preserves Tea	Baked Fish Fillets Lemon Garnish Scalloped Potatoes Green Beans Fresh Strawberries Cream Coffee
<b>SUN 6</b>	Orange Slices Cereal Toast Coffee	Marmalade Tea	Beef Birds in Gravy Parsley Potatoes Coleslaw Fruit Betty Tea
<b>MON 7</b>	Apple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Jam Cocoa	Roast of Lamb Browned Potatoes Beef Greens Strawberry Cream Pie Cocoa
<b>TUE 8</b>	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee	Jelly Tea	Cold Roast Lamb Mint Jelly Creamed Potatoes Canned Pears Gingerbread (leftover) Coffee
<b>WED 9</b>	Grapefruit Sections Cereal Toast Coffee	Apple Jelly Tea	Grilled Sausages Apple Sauce Mashed Potatoes Baby Beets Steamed Cherry Pudding Coffee
<b>THU 10</b>	Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Toast Coffee	Conservé Tea	Lamb Pie Potato Topping (leftover roast lamb) Minced Carrots Peas Vanilla Blancmange Fruit Sauce Coffee
<b>FRI 11</b>	Blended Vegetable Juices Cereal Toasted Wholewheat Muffins Coffee	Tea	Grilled Liver and Bacon Vegetable Casserole (Scalloped Potato, Onion, Green Beans, Carrots) Peach Upside Down Cake Coffee
<b>SAT 12</b>	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Marmalade Tea	Baked Fish Mold Cheese Sauce Boiled Potatoes Tomato Casserole Strawberry Shortcake Coffee
<b>SUN 13</b>	Grape Juice Cereal Toasted Coffee Bun Coffee	Tea	Meat Loaf Tomato Sauce Mashed Potatoes Buttered Beets Ice Cream Orange Cake Tea
<b>MON 14</b>	Orange Sections Cereal Toast Coffee	Jam Tea	Short Ribs of Beef Mustard Pickles Roast Potatoes Green Beans Jellied Strawberry Pie in Graham Cracker Crust Coffee
<b>TUE 15</b>	Apple Juice Cereal Toasted Muffins (leftover) Coffee	Jelly Tea	Cold Roast Beef Mashed Potatoes Carrots Coleslaw Jam Turnovers Coffee
<b>WED 16</b>	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee	Marmalade Tea	Shepherd's Pie Fresh Asparagus Radishes Green Onions Lemon Snow Pudding Coffee
<b>THU 17</b>	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Jelly Cocoa	Dressed Spareribs Parsley Potatoes Sauerkraut Fruit Trifle Tea
<b>FRI 18</b>	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Jam Tea	Breaded Veal Cutlets Boiled Potatoes Carrots Stewed Rhubarb with Strawberries Tea
<b>SAT 19</b>	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Coffee	Conservé Tea	Boiled Salmon Parsley Sauce Mashed Potatoes Caramel Rennet Custard Coffee
			Corned Beef Creamed Potatoes Cabbage Raw Carrot Sticks Raisin Pie Tea





**Bran Waffles**—for breakfast or lunch. Ready-cooked bran added to a plain waffle recipe gives a crunchiness and a nutty flavor that goes well with cranberry-orange marmalade or any favorite preserve. Put batter in a jug and bake at the table.

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
<b>SUN 20</b>	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Waffles Coffee	Assorted Sandwiches (leftover corned beef) Relishes Ice Cream Spice Cake (leftover) Tea Cocoa	Chicken Pot Pie Mashed Potatoes Asparagus Coleslaw Strawberry Shortcake Coffee Tea
<b>MON 21</b>	Apple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Creamed Chicken on Toast Cabbage and Carrot Salad Sliced Oranges and Bananas Tea Cocoa	Country Sausages Mustard Sauce Parsley Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
<b>TUE 22</b>	Stewed Figs Cereal Toast Coffee	Salad Plate (Deviled Eggs, Cabbage Salad, Tomato Jelly Mold, Pickle) Toasted Johnny Cake Preserves Tea Cocoa	Broiled Lamb Chops Creamed Potatoes Spinach Lemon Chiffon Pie Coffee Tea
<b>WED 23</b>	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Plain Omelet Green Peas Fruit Salad Cup Nut Cookies Tea Cocoa	Grilled Kidneys and Bacon Browned Potatoes Creamed Onions Strawberry Whip Coffee Tea
<b>THU 24</b>	Grape Juice Cereal Toasted Muffins Jam Coffee Tea	Cream of Chicken Soup Toasted Sardine Sandwich Pickles Green Salad Chocolate Rennet Custard Tea Cocoa	Grilled Hamburgers Mashed Potatoes Carrots in Orange Sauce Fruit Compote Nut Cookies (leftover) Coffee Tea
<b>FRI 25</b>	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Cheese Fondue Cabbage and Carrot Salad Relishes Muffins Tea Syrup Cocoa	Baked Fish Fillets with Bread Dressing Parsley Potatoes Green Beans Herb Sauce Deep Rhubarb Pie Coffee Tea
<b>SAT 26</b>	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Cold Sliced Tongue Tomato and Cabbage Casserole Wholewheat Rolls Fruit Jelly Custard Sauce Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Mashed Potatoes Tossed Salad Bowl Chocolate Cup Cakes Foamy Sauce Coffee Tea
<b>SUN 27</b>	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toasted Corn Muffins Jam Coffee Tea	Baked Corn Pudding Cabbage and Raisin Salad Bread Sticks Strawberries and Cream Tea Cocoa	Fricassee of Veal Potato Dumplings Diced Beets Buttered Beef Tops Nut Butterscotch Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>MON 28</b>	Blended Vegetable Juices Cereal Toast Coffee	Bean Soup Biscuits Carrot Sticks Mixed Fruit Salad Coffee Bun Tea Cocoa	Barbecued Spareribs Lyonnaise Potatoes Buttered Asparagus Orange Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>TUE 29</b>	Orange Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Marmalade Coffee Tea	Macaroni in Cheese Sauce Lettuce Salad Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa	Pot Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Berries Coffee Cake Tea
<b>WED 30</b>	Apple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Fresh Spinach with Poached Eggs Lemon Jelly Whip Oatmeal Date Cookies Tea Cocoa	Cold Sliced Beef Scalloped Potatoes Minted Carrots Coleslaw Fruit Trifle (leftover cake) Coffee Tea



\*For diets deficient in these elements

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MADE IN CANADA  
from the best Canadian wheat

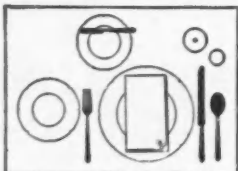


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SHELLEY "GEORGIAN"



An Informal Dinner Setting



Julie and waterglass right, and salad plate at left. (Royal Brierley Crystal, of course). Use dinner fork and knife. Large spoon at right is for dessert. Coffee can be served later.

Set beauty on your table... tonight... in gracious Shelley English Bone China Dinnerware or Tea-ware. Famous for its artistry and quality, Shelley is China you'll be proud to own!



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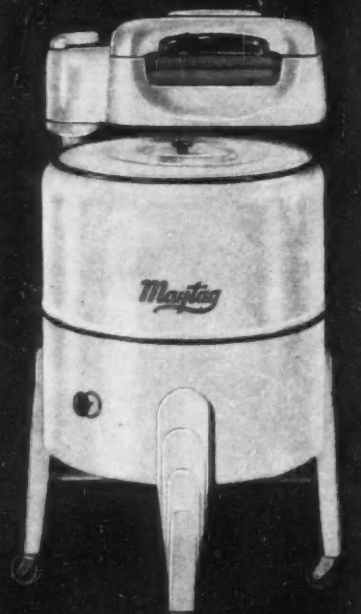
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## REPORTS

from the Institute

**Fast-acting Dry Yeast** is steadily replacing fresh compressed yeast cakes. One package of the dry has the same amount of yeast action as one cake of the fresh. The packaged dry yeast keeps fresh much longer.

**Lemon Pie Filling** with tangy natural flavor comes in a package. No lemon to squeeze, no doubt as to whether the filling's too stiff or too thin. You just add egg, sugar and water, then cook until thick. It's unbelievably good and so handy to have on the kitchen shelf for cake and tart fillings. And think of its convenience at the cottage this summer!

**An Extra Polish** for your windows and mirrors is as simple as one, two, three if you use a new product put up just for this purpose. It gives a special lustre that lasts and does an equally fine job on chrome trim and tile. As though that weren't enough, it does a wonderful job of cleaning and polishing silverware, too. It's a cream liquid, sold in tin cans.

**No Chance of Sediment** collecting in your steam iron if you use distilled rather than tap water to fill the water compartment. When defrosting the refrigerator save the water in the drip pan. It's sediment-free, too, so can take the place of distilled water. More convenient to have on hand at all times.

**Gravy Enthusiasts Take Note:** Even when there's no roast you can still have beef gravy. It comes in a can, ready to heat. On potatoes, bread or toast its meaty rich flavor is just right. And it enhances stews and meat pies. Pour it over meat loaf, meat balls and hot roast beef sandwiches. Handy for all kinds of leftover meat dishes because it both moistens and seasons.

**New England Cooking** is a happy blending of native foods, culinary ingenuity and resourcefulness. Much of its popularity is due to the skilful way pioneer homemakers adapted cookery customs of their former homelands to the rugged conditions found in their new country.

Dishes like Johnny cake, boiled dinner, succotash, baked beans and brown bread, originated in the log cabin kitchens of our ancestors. Each recipe, in fact, is a story in itself, linked with the lore as well as the hardships of early life in America.

That is why a recently published book, "Secrets of New England Cooking" by Ella Shannon Bowles and Dorothy S. Towle is good reading for all who enjoy good cooking. Set down on its pages are hundreds of recipes, many of them contributed by descendants of the cooks who made them famous.

**Appetizers**—have you investigated tins of smoked herring in oil to take the place of anchovy? The plump little fillets are delicious and much cheaper than anchovy. Serve them rolled up on a round crispy cracker—one fillet just fits a cracker. ♦



STEWART GRANGER

His Fastest Way To Further Popularity Will Be On Horseback;



Only in fiction and certain kinds of publicity does a single cinema success create an established star.

★ ★ ★

Stewart Granger is popularly considered to have had in Canada and elsewhere a sudden and a meteoric rise to fame. But he has had six solid hits in succession, one of them sensational, two of them spectacular and all of them adding to his power at the box-office. His next two films from the J. Arthur Rank studios will place him up among the twelve most interesting names in motion pictures, regardless of where made.

★ ★ ★

Granger's superb horsemanship in **CAPTAIN BOYCOTT** caught the fancy of the filmgoers in these parts and it is thus a neat coincidence that his newly-completed **BLANCHE FURY**, with color by Technicolor, should bring him back again on horseback. This is the melodramatic best-selling story of thoroughbreds of stately homes in England as well as stately beauties, for which Hollywood bid so furiously.

★ ★ ★

Next for Stewart Granger comes **SARABAND**, based on a gaudy and flamboyant page of history around the George I period. It deals with the emotional tangles of a somewhat violent bevy of royalties, staged against a background of glitter, swordplay and galloping horseflesh.

★ ★ ★

The cast is a potent one including, as well as Stewart Granger, the brilliant French and the sterling British stars, Francoise Rosay and Flora Robson plus the young English beauty, Joan Greenwood.

★ ★ ★

As a final note on the current cinema trend toward thoroughbreds, that earlier shocker, **ESTHER WATERS** with its romantic racing flavor, is also on the production line.

At Your Favorite Theatre Soon

An **ARTIST-LION** Release





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HEAR WOMEN  
PRAISING  
THIS  
NEW IRON!**

The Canadian Beauty Automatic Iron takes the "bugbear" out of ironing. Light weight eliminates arm strain. Precision Heat Selector gives exact temperature for any fabric with a flick of the finger. No long waits for iron to heat up or cool off. Fully guaranteed against mechanical or electrical defects. See the new Canadian Beauty Automatic Iron at your Hardware, Department, Furniture or Electrical Appliance Store now!



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*"Featherlite"*  
**AUTOMATIC**

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COMPANY LIMITED—RENFREW, CANADA

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ONLY  
ONE...**



**LEA &  
PERRINS**  
Worcestershire **SAUCE**

**THERE'S A DIFFERENCE  
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**THE PERFECT SEASONING  
FOR OVER 100 YEARS**  
Made in Worcester, England



## Ice Cream and Cake

*Continued from page 33*

When done, the cake is a light golden brown and slightly shrunken from sides of pan. When baked remove from oven, let stand 5 minutes. Run knife around sides of pan and turn cake out on wire rack, remove paper and allow to cool. When cold, frost with any desired frosting.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

### Simple Variations Orange Cake

Make as for Five-minute cake page 33, only add grated rind of one orange to first bowl (mixing bowl). In second bowl (egg, milk and flavorings) use  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup orange juice in place of  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk and omit flavorings.

### Spice Cake

Make as for Five-minute Cake page 33, only add 1 teaspoon cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon allspice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cloves and a dash of nutmeg to first bowl (mixing bowl).

### Chocolate Cake

Make as for Five-minute Cake page 33, only add 3 to 4 tablespoons cocoa to first bowl (mixing bowl) and 1 tablespoon corn syrup to second bowl (containing egg mixture).

### Frosting Suggestions Double Boiler Frosting

1 egg white  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup light corn syrup  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar  
2 tablespoons water  
Few grains salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla

**METHOD:** Combine the egg white, corn syrup, sugar, water and salt and beat with rotary beater until well mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water and cook, beating constantly, for 5 to 7 minutes or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from heat, add vanilla and beat until thick enough to spread.

### Orange Double Boiler Frosting

1 egg white  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup light corn syrup  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup granulated sugar  
2 tablespoons orange juice  
Few grains salt  
1 teaspoon grated orange rind

**METHOD:** Make as in Double Boiler Frosting.

### Baked Frosting

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar  
1 large egg white  
Few grains salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped nuts

**METHOD:** Sift the brown sugar. Beat egg white with salt until stiff but not dry. Fold in brown sugar lightly. Spread on cake batter before baking. Sprinkle with nuts.

### Whipped Chocolate Frosting

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup whipping cream, well chilled  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cocoa  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup fine granulated sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla

**METHOD:** Combine all ingredients and chill for one hour. Beat with rotary beater until thick and of spreading consistency. Spread on cake. ♦



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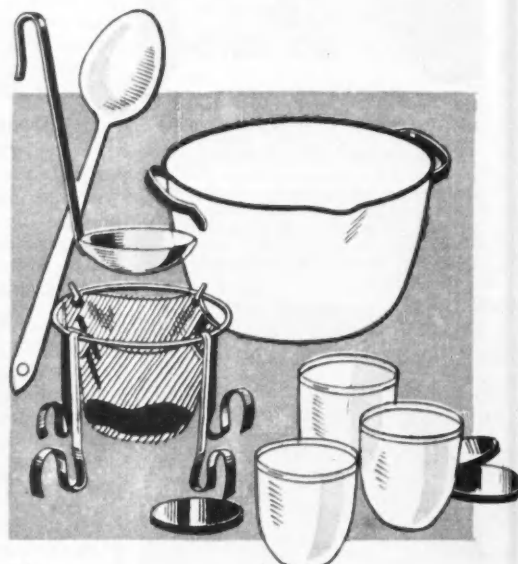
*1 package = 1 yeast cake in any recipe*

FROM THE INSTITUTE

# Jams

## What You Need

by  
**Jane Monteith**



YOU GET the clearest jellies and the tastiest jams by using the choicest fruits, the best recipes and the most suitable equipment.

The tools you use need not be elaborate or very expensive, but they must be the proper ones for the job if you want the best results.

A **preserving kettle** or large open saucepan is your first requirement for jelly. The vessel should have a 6- to 8- quart capacity, to give the mixture plenty of room for hard boiling, and have a wide top to allow for quick evaporation.

The kettle may be made of aluminum or enamel. Fruits will not darken in an enamel kettle; the boiling period is slightly shorter in an aluminum one. Both types are available, so make your choice according to your preference.

This same kettle can be used for extracting juice and making jams and marmalades.

Your **jelly bag** should be a good one, for the clearness of your jelly depends upon it. If the jelly bag is too coarse a weave or too thin a fabric, tiny particles will escape through its meshes. These very fine particles are the cause of "cloudy" jelly.

The following materials are suitable for jelly bags (listed in the order of their efficiency): cotton flannel with the nap on the inside; heavy, closely woven factory cotton; two or three thicknesses of good quality cheesecloth; a cotton sugar bag.

The jelly bag should be suspended from a height so the liquid will drip through freely. A rotary press with legs, or a stand on which you can clamp the bag, is a great help.

**Measuring cups**, or scales, are needed for accurate measurement of fruit and sugar. The best results are obtained with scales, but measurement by the cup is quite successful for the small fruits and berries most frequently used for jams and jellies.

Juice for jelly is always measured by the cup, of course.

**Jelly glasses** with a rim circumference larger than the base and their own metal lids are best. It's easier to unmold jellies from the straight-sided ones. Jelly glasses usually hold 6 ounces—which is about right for the average family.

Jam, conserve and marmalade may be stored in small pint sealers, odd jars or wide-mouthed bottles—be sure they have covers that fit.

**Sterilizing equipment** is particularly important for jams and jellies which are packed after processing. Possible mold spores must be completely destroyed by boiling if you want your jams and jellies to keep.

Make use of the well-cooker of your electric stove (if you have one) for sterilization. You can leave the glasses there until the moment you are ready to fill them.

Choose a large drip pan, roaster or broiling pan (at least three inches deep) for oven sterilizing.

**Fresh paraffin** should always be used for jams and jellies. Be sure you have plenty on hand for each day's work.

An old coffee tin is a handy vessel for melting paraffin. Any that's left over can be stored in the can well covered to keep out the dust.

For persons whose hands are a mite unsteady, a cheap jug or small teapot will serve the same purpose.

**Necessary oddments** include a large wooden spoon for stirring the fruit mixtures, a potato masher (preferably stainless steel) for crushing the fruit, a large silver or metal spoon for making the jelly test, a long-handled ladle and a wide-mouthed funnel for pouring finished jam into the jars, a jar lifter or tongs, paring knives and fruit hulling or pitting tools.

**Labels** should be large and backed with a strong adhesive glue. You can buy colorful ones decorated with pictures of different fruits which will give a festive note to your preserving cupboard.



# and Jellies



## How to Make Them

by  
Marie Holmes

WHEN FRUITS are at their peak they're cheaper and best for flavor, a point to consider when reckoning both cost and quality of jams or jellies.

But you'll want your jams to set and your jellies to jell. Otherwise your effort will be wasted. To prevent failures you'll find these rules helpful:

### For Success With Jams and Jellies

Use a large kettle, preferably one that is wide at the top. The wider the kettle is at the top the quicker the jam or jelly will boil down. And the quicker the boiling down the better your jam or jelly will be in flavor and color.

Clean, sound fruit is essential. Be sure it's free from mold and sand.

Firm fruits such as strawberries and currants should be washed in cold water, then drained. Softer fruits like raspberries should be carefully picked over and any sandy ones removed.

Cook in small quantities—not more than four to six cups of prepared fruit and fruit juice at a time.

Always sterilize jars before filling. Turn washed glasses upside down in large shallow pan. Fill pan half full of warm water. Place in preheated oven (275 degrees F.) and leave for 20 to 30 minutes.

Allow sufficient space at the top for the hot paraffin coating when filling the jars. Leave a half to a third inch between the jelly or jam and the top edging of the glass. Always melt paraffin over hot water.

Proper storage has a lot to do with the keeping of jams and jellies. Place the filled and covered jars in a cool dry place away from the light.

### Jam Pointers

Select fully ripe fruit for all jams. This assures best flavor and texture.

The proportion of sugar to fruit depends on the amount of acid in the fruit. With most berry jams (such as

strawberry, raspberry and blackberry), use  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar to 1 cup slightly crushed raw fruit. The addition of 1 tablespoon lemon juice to each cup fruit (about 1 minute before jam is done) improves flavor and helps to set the jam. Cook in 4-cup lots and only until thick—usually 10 to 20 minutes.

Quick and sure to produce good results is the commercial pectin. Either the packaged dry pectin crystals or the liquid pectin may be used. But be sure to follow manufacturer's directions.

### Jellies That Jell

Firm just-ripe (or even a little underripe) fruit makes the best jelly.

To obtain juice: Cook washed and drained fruit in water until soft. For berries and grapes use  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water for each 2 quarts fruit; for large fruits such as apples, quince, etc., cut in large pieces without peeling or coring, add water to cover and cook until fruit is very soft.

Put cooked fruit and liquid into jelly bag and allow to drip. This takes several hours—overnight preferably. Don't squeeze the bag if you want a clear jelly.

To make jelly: Measure juice into kettle. Heat to boiling, then add sugar,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar to 1 cup apple or crabapple juice;  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1 cup sugar to 1 cup currant or grape juice depending on tartness of fruit. Again bring to boil and cook until jelly test is obtained. Remove from heat and pour quickly into the hot sterilized glasses.

Jelly test: Dip large metal spoon into liquid, tilt spoon until syrup runs over the side. If the jelly is ready, the last few drops of the syrup on the spoon will meet on the edge and "sheet" off. As soon as the syrup "sheets" off the spoon, stop the cooking. Skim any foam off the top, then pour into the glasses.

Note: Certain fruits such as strawberries, raspberries and cherries do not contain much pectin. When making them into jelly use commercial pectin, following directions on package exactly.

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this

do this



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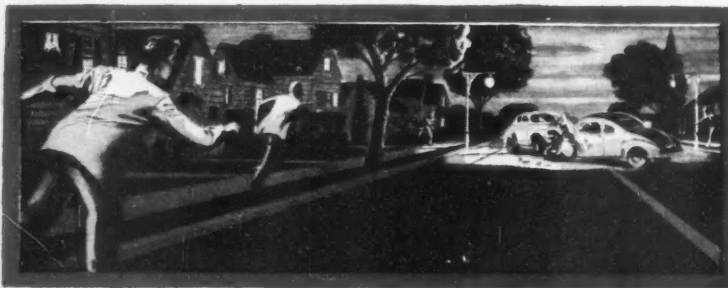


# TRUSHAY

the *Beforehand* Lotion

Make this simple test: Smooth a few drops of Trushay on your hands. Now wash them with soap and water . . . then dry. Now rub your hands together . . . feel the soft, satiny smoothness that remains. Note that Trushay's fragrance is still there, too.

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## What can you do till the **DOCTOR** comes?

Q. Do you know what to do  
if there's an accident?

- A. If you know and can use First Aid after an accident, you may prevent a lasting injury, even save a life. Accidents will injure hundreds of thousands of Canadians this year. One may happen where you are, and it's up to you to know what to do — and what not to do until competent medical help arrives. To learn the new, approved First Aid methods, register for the classes held by your local branch of the Saint John Ambulance Association.



Q. Do you know what not to do?

- A. Don't try to be the doctor! Do whatever is necessary to save the victim's life, and to prevent shock by keeping him warm and quiet, but no more. Don't move the patient unless it is absolutely necessary. Don't give unconscious persons water or liquids. Remember, doing the wrong thing may be worse than doing nothing, and a good rule to follow is "If in doubt—DON'T."



Q. Have you a First Aid Book in your home?

- A. About one half of all accidents occur in the home, and a first aid book should be a "must" in your medicine cabinet. If you don't have one, send today for Metropolitan's booklet, "First Aid." It gives the proper immediate treatment for bleeding, stoppage of breathing, poisoning, burns, broken bones, and many other emergencies. To get your free copy, simply fill in and mail the coupon below.



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## The Very Important Job

Continued from page 47

Cox, at noon today became the bride of—" under the biggest, blackest, most arresting headline carried on the women's pages. "Oh, no!" she gasped. Then: "With luck there's still time to kill it for the 'home.'"

With deadly calm she called the composing room. "Butch? Kitty Reeves. That Cox-Trevor wedding shouldn't have gone today . . . I know . . . I know we didn't catch it . . . It's as much our fault as yours . . . Kill it! . . . Use that Girl Scout feature instead—it's been on the stone two weeks . . . Thank heaven you can make it!" and, hanging up: "Thelma, we should get down on our knees and pray that that demon Mrs. Cox doesn't call!"

—And the telephone rang. Thelma answered, sagged in her seat, murmured: "Hold the wire, please," and, in a doomsday whisper: "It's Mrs. Cox!"

The voice at the end of the line pricked her with the remorselessness of an ice pick. But no wonder the woman was wild—spend all that money on a wedding, then have it in the paper the wrong day! "It won't be in the home edition, you understand, Mrs. Cox," she said placatingly. "We caught it in time and killed it. The home edition is the one your friends will see. We're so sorry, so sorry . . ."

Twelve-five. "You're very understanding, Mrs. Cox." Kitty's voice was rising ominously. "Unfortunately, these things happen occasionally . . . we do appreciate . . . so sorry . . ."

At twelve-eight Mrs. Cox hung up. Kitty dropped her head to her hands for an exhausted moment, abstractedly crossed off everything on the a.m. section of her date book except "Birth. Pres. Thel." which was yet to be attended to, and dialing the Bennett Arms, asked to be connected with the Villa Room.

"Myers?" Relief surged through her as she heard the familiar tones of the headwaiter. "This is Kitty Reeves at the Clarion, Myers. Oh, I'm fine, thank you. I was to meet a friend at 12 for lunch. Would you ask him to wait? I should be there by 12.30 . . ."

"Wha'z the genelman's name, Miz Reeves?"

"Watson—Charles Watson. Oh, and save us a good table, please."

"Yes, ma'am. Wha'z the genelman look like, Miz Reeves?"

What did he look like? Kitty floundered helplessly, unable to visualize Charles in a business suit, all that bronzeness captive in pin-stripes and starch, neat and proper, lunching in a hotel dining room.

"He's—well, tall—and—and—" she faltered, frowning with the effort of remembering, and then, with unaccountable conclusiveness: "He'll be very tanned, I expect. And smiling!"

PINK HATS make women's faces glow like firelight, she kept thinking, clinging to the thought as she shouldered through the thronging lobby. Pink hats make . . . was that he, there by the cigar stand? No. A meaty blue-jowled type returned her stare. Not Charles. Even 11 years couldn't make Charles into that! Pink hats . . . she was glad she'd bought it! It was worth \$15.98 for the confidence it gave her, the shadowy brim, the lush romantic color . . .

## Never neglect a neck pimple



Any pimple can become infected.  
Never take a chance.

Cleanse the pimple properly. Then put on **BAND-AID**, the adhesive bandage that stays put, even on hard-to-bandage places.

It comes to you individually wrapped; keeps out dirt, helps prevent infection.

**Caution:** Remember, not all adhesive bandages are **BAND-AID**. Only Johnson & Johnson makes **BAND-AID**.

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And then from behind her, she heard: "Katharine!" a great whoop of a word, and spinning round, found herself held at arms' length by a tall compact man with sun-bleached hair of the sort often combed by fingers—she'd forgotten that detail—and a face on which sound digestion, good books and the imagination to read them fondly, humor, stamina and sun had left their mark. "Katharine," he said again, but softly, as though the warm blue eyes were pleased at what they saw.

He's changed, Kitty thought, with a quick stab for the mutability of things—but grown as a tree should grow, upward, not expending its sap and stature in twisty branches. Her hands worked nervously at the clasp of her bag. "You got my message?" she asked for something to say. "I'm sorry I'm late—"

He waved the apology away as of niggling importance. "I was late myself," he responded easily. "And no wonder you were detained what with celebrated authors in town and the mayor getting shot!" brandishing a *Clarion Extra*. "I've only just read the headlines. Exciting life you lead!"

Kitty set her teeth together delicately. "Oh, wildly exciting, Charles."

He grinned. "Not to mention spring fever!"

"Spring . . .?"

"The first spring day!" he hunched his big shoulders appreciatively. "Don't tell me you hadn't noticed, Katharine—" But suspicion that she hadn't and incredulity were blended equally in his expression. "I had nothing to do this morning after talking to you," he went on, "so I drove out of town to explore spring in this part of the country and found me a river and followed it a ways. You can see for yourself—" and he indicated shoes crusted with mud. "But come on. Let's have lunch."

As they seated themselves at the dimly lighted table, he flicked her with his eyes. "Take off that pretty hat. Let me see you as you used to be!"

Kitty acknowledged the wish with a smile, feeling easier now. "I'd have worn your favorite bathing suit but the moths got it years ago," she laughed, and removed her hat as he watched her reflectively. "Your *hair's* just the same, like yards of pale satin," he said at last. "Oh, no!" as she lifted the hat again, the exquisite pale pink Veronique, "please leave it off!"

Kitty was afraid of the question flickering in her mind, but impulsively she demanded: "And am *I* just the same, Charles?"

✦ Continued on next page

**DR. BROCK CHISHOLM**  
in  
**JULY CHATELAINE**

## Do Women Make Wars?

A new precedent-shaking article by the brilliant Canadian psychiatrist doctor, major-general, secretary of the world Health Organization (United Nations) who has startled thousands of Canadians in the past with his advanced thinking.

Vitally important reading for every woman in the country.

"You're  
an old  
smoothie,  
pop!"



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He considered this gravely. "No, you're quite different, somehow. Not in looks—I'm not sure *how* yet. Just—more experienced, maybe."

"But 11 years!" she retorted defensively. "You can't expect—"

"—Of course not! And we mustn't begin by justifying ourselves, you know," he said kindly. "What about me?"

"You restore my faith, Charles!" The reply came with rapid candor. "You're just what you should be—the natural outgrowth of what you were, but—a man. I remember a boy, you see. I haven't got used to the man."

He patted her hand. "Let's order, shall we?" and she complied mechanically with: "Green salad with Roquefort dressing and black coffee for me."

"Wait a minute!" He drew out the words with amused indulgence. "You haven't even looked at the menu. You *have* changed, Katharine! Steak now... have a steak with me!" he wheedled. "With shrimp cocktail first and French fries and maybe a slice of pie. You used to love chocolate pie. Say yes!"

The whole aura of this man was new to her—invisible ease, infectious gusto, like a breath of sea salt. She accepted defeat, laughing. "The same old hungry Charles! Steak and trimmings, then—" and, after giving the order, he turned to her abruptly. "The Elkins told me you weren't married, Katharine," he said.

"No, I've never married."

"In love, engaged, any of that?"

She hesitated, remembering her years of Benjy, knowing now as she had always perhaps known that Benjy, charming and gay though he was, was for her substanceless. Her reply came simply, permitting no doubt in the mind of speaker or listener. "Neither in love nor engaged nor any of that. And you."

"I *was* married," he said quietly. "She died."

He lighted cigarettes then, the match cupped strongly, the flame spurring redly on his brown blunt features. "I'm sorry—" she faltered, and, for his face closed: "Tell me about yourself, Charles. Where you live, what you do, how you happen to be here?"

"You'll be surprised!" he warned banteringly.

"Nothing surprises me any more."

Charles grinned. "How dull for you! Well, then, I teach!" glancing at her startled face. "I know I don't look professorial, but I teach in a small college at Rosalea, on the coast—bet you never heard of it! English lit," he continued, "to a bunch of kids who'd much, much rather be practicing football. But occasionally there's one, one boy in a class, who's worth all the bored ones. In my spare time I garden, and I sail"—he held out hard brown work-roughened hands for her inspection—"and I have wonderful summers! Mexico, Cuba, Europe before the war—I go where the spirit moves me. And, yes—I was in the army. Three years overseas. I'm on my way to the university right now for some lectures. This is our spring vacation. Whew!" he concluded. "How's that for a dossier?"

She felt a little breathless. "But teaching, Charles!" she said, unable to grasp it. "The last thing I should have thought!" And yet... "a man could live with that, Katharine," he had said long ago, as she read aloud on the beach.



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"What did you expect?" His eyes were amused.

"Oh, adventure with a mammoth A. Mountain-climbing or deep-sea diving or exploring or Northwest Mounted. You might even have been a 'private eye,' you know—fearless and clever and terribly quick on the draw!"

"I have adventure—on a different level. But I believe you're laughing at me, Katharine!" he twinkled.

"No, no." Her face sobered instantly. "Not laughing. Envious."

After a pause he said, as though writing a finis: "I like my life. I'm happy." The words rang off-pitch, stilted to her ear till she realized she had never heard them before, only read them in novels, never heard them like this, tranquil and silvery. "You were the one who started me," he was saying. "All those things we read on the beach, remember?"

She hesitated. "You mean I—reading to you—made you want to *teach* what I read?" she asked, to make sure of his meaning; she was pleased, touched, a little awed.

"Yes. By bringing the big ones to me in that lovely voice of yours, you made me *feel* them, see *into* them as I never had in school. I can hear you still," Charles said, and clasping his hands before him on the table he regarded her, bluely. "Remember this?"

The day is gone, and all its sweets are gone!

Sweet voice, sweet lips, soft hand, and softer breast,

Warm breath, light whisper, tender semi-tone,

Bright eyes, accomplish'd shape, and lang'rous waist!

"Finish it for me," he said quietly.

"Oh, I couldn't!" Kitty was instantly defensive, fearful of words that would show up the waste of her years, fearful of one loss-haunted line. "It's been so long! I don't think—I—even—remember—"

"But you can't have forgotten Keats. Try!"

Her throat clogged painfully, not for want of this remembered stranger but for want of all time that was gone, lost, perished without a sign. "'Faded the flower—'" she began tentatively.

"—And all its—' Go on, Katharine."

She moistened her lips and looked away.

"Faded the flower and all its budded charms,

Faded the sight of beauty from my eyes,

Faded the shape of beauty from my arms,

Faded the voice, warmth, whiteness, paradise!

Vanish'd unseasonably at shut of eve . . ."

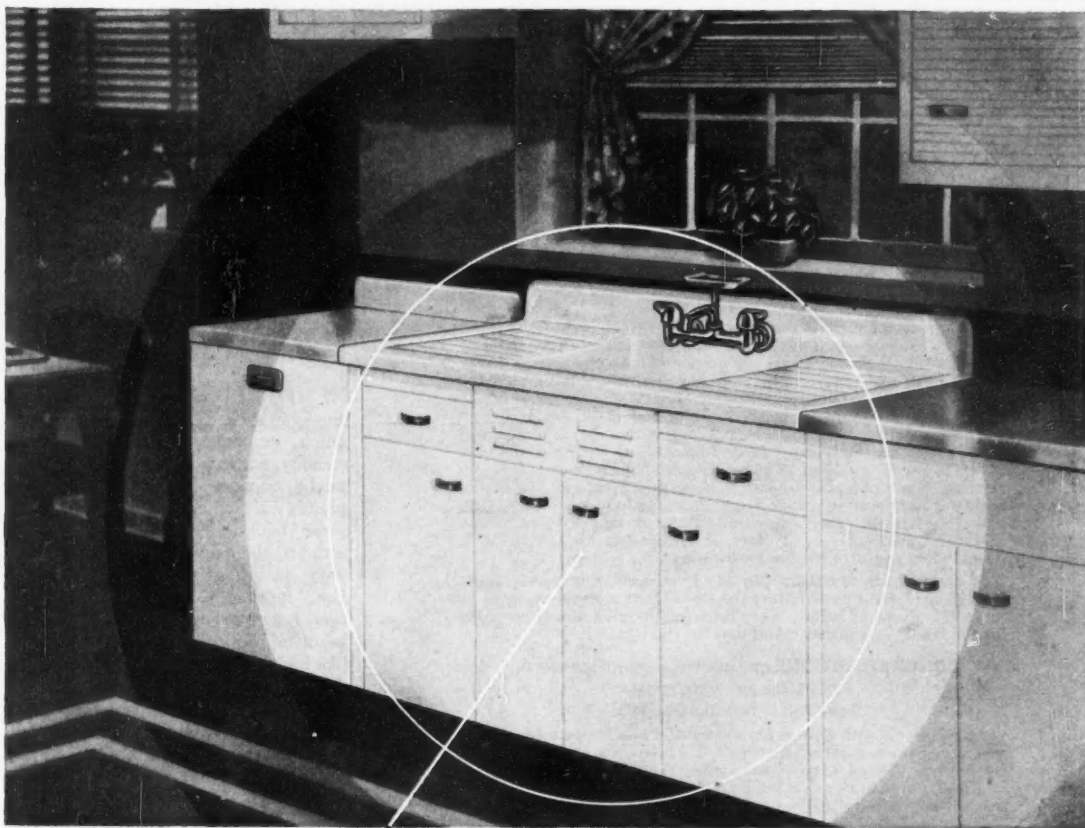
Her voice broke with the weight of it and she paused, unable to finish. "'Vanish'd unseasonably at shut of eve,'" she repeated softly. "Oh, how lovely it is! I'd forgotten—"

He leaned forward suddenly. "Katharine, what was it all about—our 'unseasonable' finish?"

And she answered swiftly with a lifting, puzzled motion of her hands. "I was so young, unstable, dazzled by working on a newspaper. You were so very far away—"

The waiter arrived then with their steaks.

Charles did things of a piece, she recalled now—dancing or talking, eating



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## BRENDA YORK'S COLUMN

*Your Recipe May Win \$100*

A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE!

**HELLO NEIGHBOURS:** Given one choice, I believe I'd have twelve months all June. The cottage shutters are off; windows gleam; the boat is varnished and launched—and the whole, lovely Summer begins.

I've often heard women complain: "The cottage is no holiday for ME!" So I'll come right out and say the thing to do is have a PLAN—then go on from there and enjoy yourself! One plan that works for me is to make sure, right at the start of the season, that the cottage kitchen shelves are well stocked with staples—as well as a wide variety of soups, vegetables, fruits and meat (all in tins so there's no spoilage problem)—then, bring on those hearty appetites! Meat loaves are really super made from canned meat; canned stew is lots less work and just as appetizing as the hours were spent in cleaning vegetables and preparing meat; macaroni and rice dishes, with the addition of canned tomatoes and cheese, are mighty satisfying fare for every age. And, of course, that King of Meats, a Maple Leaf Tendersweet Ham, is unbeatable for hot and cold dishes when you plan to stay for awhile at the cottage.

Speaking of ham, my thanks to all of you for the wonderful ideas I've gleaned from your letters for the March contest on ways to serve this delicious meat. They'll be put to good use in surprises for the family and guests. And now for the winner:

**CONGRATULATIONS and a very happy Summer to:**

**MISS MARY McINTOSH,  
Port Wallis, Halifax Co., N.S.**

winner of the March contest for a delightful new recipe using Maple Leaf Tendersweet Ham. We chose this recipe for several reasons: First, for its good taste. Second, its simplicity. And third, its versatility—it can be made from chunky portions trimmed from the bone after you have had several good meals from your Maple Leaf Tendersweet Ham—or you can just buy a slice or two of ready-to-serve Maple Leaf Tendersweet for Miss McIntosh's recipe. Here it is:

### Maple Leaf Tendersweet Ham Fruit Salad

2 cups cold Tendersweet Ham (cut in cubes)    ½ cup chopped walnuts  
½ cup crushed pineapple (or other tart fruits)    1 cup of French dressing  
2 oranges (cut in small pieces)    Lettuce or cabbage leaves  
Combine the meat and fruits. Add nuts and dressing. Toss lightly with a fork. Serve in crisp lettuce cups or on cabbage leaves. Garnish with radish roses or maraschino cherries.

**THIS MONTH WE OFFER ANOTHER \$100.00 FIRST PRIZE** for best recipe using **YORK SPICED BEEF**.

If you haven't used this deliciously flavoured canned meat, do get a tin soon, put your genius to work—and tell me in a letter how you created a new favourite dish for the family. Best recipe wins \$100.00.

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**WE STIPULATE** that all letters become our property and cannot be returned. Send as many entries as you wish to compete for the First Prize—but we promise only one voucher per person. No labels required. Should the recipe chosen for First Prize be duplicated by another entry, the \$100.00 will be awarded to the first one received.

**CLOSING DATE:** To qualify for the \$100.00 First Prize—as well as a Free Voucher—your letter must be postmarked on or before midnight, June 30th, 1948. Winner of the First Prize will be announced in my September magazine column. Look for it, won't you—YOUR name might be there!

**ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO: BRENDA YORK,  
"Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, c/o Canada Packers Limited,  
2204 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Canada.**

*Have you tried this . . .*

**FIXER-UPPER:** If the casserole meal you are cooking seems to have too much liquid, use cornflakes as a "thickener"—does the trick and adds extra flavour!

**4-STAR HIT:** Maple Leaf Tendersweet Ham slices topping a dish of escalloped potatoes is good for the family, fancy enough for guests—and mighty easy on the cook!

**DISCOVERY:** In testing the prize-winning Tendersweet Ham salad recipe, we found that it was also delicious made with KLIK (that good all-pork meat)—something to know when there's no ham in the 'fridge.

**DISAPPEARING ACT:** Steam from a fast boiling kettle will remove every trace of iodine stains!

So neighbours, before I go, let me tell you a "pome" discovered in an old cook book:

Oh, weary Mothers mixing dough  
Don't you wish that food would grow—  
Your lips would smile I know to see,  
A cookie-bush or a doughnut tree!

**To which I add:**

You'll smile still more and happier be  
With meats picked from the "York Brand" tree—  
York Meats are on your grocer's shelf,  
Just take your choice—help yourself!

Don't forget to write to me before June 30th will you? . . . I'll expect some good recipes from you for York Spiced Beef. Cheerio,  
Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter,

*Brenda York*

or talking, never two things together which jarred the rhythm of the thing, he believed, making it nothing. So now he consumed his lunch, not greedily but thoughtfully, smiling like a conspirator between bites, making brief comments on the world and the premature spring weather, learning, superficially, of her life. At last he laid down his napkin, smiled expansively and said: "Now let's really go into the subject of you."

And she answered: "Must we?" dreading the disclosure as one who holds up some bauble, saying: "This is the life for which I gave you up—" with no fine thing to show.

HE STIRRED his coffee into gleaming smoky whorls. "First, I know you're doing an important job," he said steadily, not to be deflected. "Molding public opinion—that's the newspaper phrase, isn't it? For you haven't written those books. All these years I've watched the magazines and reviews for your name: By Katharine Reeves. But," he shrugged, "not yet. And now that I see you again I see you're still beautiful, beautifully dressed with hats like pink clouds, and I think—" gazing deep into his coffee—"I think you must have taken some detour, Katharine. You're living a full life, different from what you planned, but right."

Something dropped with a heavy thud to the table and she saw it was her hand. "No—" she said in a throttled voice, powerless to lie. "No—" and the word scraped out harshly.

"It's not like that?" His face was solicitous.

"No."  
"What, then?"

She could not answer. In the blinding light of his question the color and temper of her days was embodied in the morning just past, splintered into maudlin minutes—Harry McKenna victorious, Tess irrecoverable, Benjy inadequate, and all the trivia—flashing past her eyes like signposts of defeat; dead, without light or value.

Charles seemed to read the deadness in her face and she felt his hand on hers. "I know what the difference in you is now," he said with great gentleness. "I remembered a sort of *ubee!* secrets! anything-can-happen! quality, Katharine, and it's gone. It's as though—" and he halted.

"As though—" she echoed insistently, thinking, *say it! diagnose it! put the illness in words for me! help me get well!*

"—As though you had crossed whatever threshold it is and found the contents of the room entirely worthless, and so—stopped growing." He spoke with energy and conviction now, weighing each word. "Listen, Katharine! When you've done all you can with a job, a person, a way of life, and you're through—as you seem to be—chances are that the job or person or way of life is equally through with you. Then it's time to start over," he said, and paused. "You've got to start over, Katharine! You could come to Rosalea, for instance, where it's always spring—" and he smiled in disparagement of the lyric phrase. "To be more explicit, we have an up-and-coming little newspaper and the editor's a friend of mine. I'm sure he could use you. You could work there for a while at least, and have time to write on the side—what you want to write—and live. It's an idea! I have

lots of friends in Rosalea—writing, painting, teaching, all doing a job because it's important to their individual development and peace. Maybe they'll get somewhere in the Big Money & Success sense, maybe they won't. But they're contented, adjusted." He leaned eagerly across the table. "You must have something saved, Katharine! Five bucks is enough for a new beginning if you want it enough! You'll get what you want if you have five bucks and the will for it!"

And just for an instant Kitty's face lighted; the words echoed words of her own, written this morning at the bottom of a letter—"you get what you want in this world if you want it enough"—glib reassuring words, but not—and the instant's vision withered in her eyes—oh, never true!

"I'll have to—think—about it," she replied evasively.

"Promise! I'm quite serious! This is not just talk!" he said eagerly. "I'll stop back on my way to the coast next week and check up on you!" and his undecieved gaze met hers then, rapidly sliding away. She knew what he'd read in her eyes for, in spite of herself, they were loud with established habit, with rebellion gone.

That was their real good-by, but after the others had been spoken, the "it's been so nice," the "see you next weeks," she hurried through the lobby to the teeming sun-freckled pavement, a tall trim young woman in black, white about the mouth, the sun striking gilt in her long coiled hair, looking this way, that way, frantically, for a cab, stretching back tears for the lost dream of achievement, briefly repossessed only to

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be lost again, and heard him call: "Katharine! Wait!" as he pelted up beside her.

"I have something for you," he said. "I almost forgot—" and reached deep in his rough tweed pocket, bringing out something tiny, curled in the horny depths of his palm. "Look! I found it this morning on the river bank. The first of the season. Hold out your hand—"

It was a violet, warmly purple, scented, as she lowered her face, of earth and new sun. "Thank you, Charles," she said, very low. "It's lovely. It will make me think of Rosalea."

"Then why not come to Rosalea?" he asked, smiling into her eyes, the words stinging her with the poignance of some old loved ballad. *Come back to Rosalea, my dear, my darling . . .* Kitty glanced quickly up, seeking—what?—the promise of love, perhaps—but his eyes were only kind. *Fool!* she thought. *You can't abandon romance, then run to it for shelter after 11 years' waste. But to find this: rest, gentleness, companionship—ah, what a blessing! To find love at all, or peace, you must first know these other three.*

In the cab she looked back once and saw him, like a brown diminishing arrow on the curb. "Good-by, good-by . . ." she whispered. Then, controlling her voice: "Clarion Building, driver," sitting very still, hardly thinking at all.

TWO MAILs had come since she left and six calls, each green phone slip marked "important."

Thelma said: "Old Mrs. Jellico called the city desk and refused to discuss the accident with anyone but you. Gus wanted me to have you paged at lunch,

but I told him I didn't know where you were." She giggled. "Such a liar! And—but, say, I thought you were covering that fashion show!"

Kitty didn't seem to have heard. "What? Oh . . . I forgot it, I guess."

"Forgot it?" Thelma glanced at her sharply. "Boss, what's the matter with you today?"

Kitty passed a hand over her pale wind-ruffled hair. "I'm all right, Thelma." She sat stiffly in her chair, the hat still in one hand, and in the other, held lightly, caressingly, the violet. She laid them both on the desk, the frail hat, the frail flower plucked by a river and proffered in friendship, beside the "important" phone messages, the Pep-O-Fluff Rinse, the letters, the innersting glamour shots of Michaela Lane, the stacked magazines, the date book, the every imaginable thing.

"Copy's all up," said Thelma presently in the resolute tone used to convalescents. "I've been spring cleaning"—she flicked a scabrous dust rag. "I got the first real spring day for my birthday!"

Kitty smiled tightly. "Funny, I hadn't even noticed. About spring, I mean. Till someone called my attention to it." And then, watching Thelma, her voice came electrically alive. "Look out!" she cried. "My flower! You've swept it off! You're stepping on it!"

"Flower?" Thelma bent down bewilderedly. "Oh, you mean *this*. But—was it important?"

Hopelessly, Kitty gazed at the stain of green, the tatter of purple, ground in the floor by Thelma's careless heel, smelling in memory the old earth and new sun at its heart and all the scents of spring across the world. "Yes, it was important," she whispered, and something pulled, stretched, snapped within her at this outrage.

"Boss! Are you sick?"  
"No, I'm not sick—" Rapidly she was thinking, *I'd have time to write in that town with the lovely name! Time to pick violets, even if I worked on the paper as Charles suggested, till I got on my feet. And time to live!* Kitty had her moment then, she was not afraid. Now was the time for decision—not an hour from now, not tomorrow when the impulse would have slackened—and for the first time she thought of the three thousand dollars as more than a static figure in a bankbook. Her face bloomed richly as she turned to Thelma. "Tell me," she said, "if you could have anything in the world for your birthday—anything at all—what would it be?"

Thelma's puzzled eyes began to shine. "No holds barred?"

"No holds barred!"

"Let's see . . . I think . . . that mink jacket in Wiggam's window!" she answered in a rush.

"No, no, not that sort of thing! I meant more—a way of life."

"Well, I—" began Thelma evasively. Kitty smiled encouragement. "Could it possibly be—my job?"

Thelma stared open-mouthed. "How did you know?"

Picking up a pencil, Kitty pulled toward her the date book on which she had scribbled "Birth. Pres. Thel." another life ago, drew a black unwavering line through the words and grinned at her assistant.

"Not a very important present," she smiled, "but I'll see what I can do. Happy birthday, Thelma!" she said. ♦

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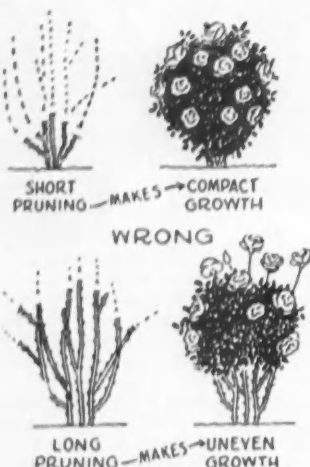
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## You can Build Success from Failure

Continued from page 24

may need help to get up, and he may want help to understand why he fell so he can avoid it the next time.

MOST MEN who have learned to turn failure into improvement have wives who stand behind them with a word of understanding encouragement. These wives have learned not to blame or criticize, but to help and strengthen the morale of their men. Without putting it into words they are able to say to their husbands, "I'm with you through thick and thin. My love and admiration for you will weather any storm. I don't expect you to succeed all the time, and you're just as dear to me in failure as in success." With that kind of backing, failure can be intense but it can never knock a man out. He just can't let her down. He must go on, and failure becomes a mere incident in life's thrilling adventure.

Sometimes wives are the unwitting cause of their husbands' failures. They demand of their husbands the kind of success that they are incapable of producing. They are never satisfied with what their husbands accomplish, and demand more and more until the husband either breaks under the strain or gives up and defends himself as best he can from the bitterness of his wife's disappointment. Fortunately this kind of wife is not very common. But in milder forms this temptation to be demanding is present in most wives. A caution then to all wives—beware of an insatiable ambition that will drive your husband to unnatural effort and doom him to inevitable failure.

## When You, Yourself Fail

And you have your own failures too, large and small. How do you meet them? Do you shrug them off as "just one of those things"? Do you take weeks or months to recover from an emotional depression resulting from the failure? Do you blame it on someone else? Or do you make your failure pay dividends? Failures come to all of us. Again remember it isn't the failure itself that produces unhappiness, but how the person takes it.

There are a number of things that we can do when we fail or when we find life too difficult. We can act like three-year-olds and have emotional explosions or temper tantrums. This kind of behavior was quite normal during the preschool period, but is usually left behind in the process of growing up. Or we can try to give up—surrender to our difficulties and stop trying. The trouble with this is that it leaves the individual feeling dissatisfied and inadequate.

Sometimes we escape from our problem and failures in day dreams. Everybody daydreams, and some kinds of day dreams are normal and even valuable. But when the individual uses his day dream as an escape from reality and from the necessity of dealing with life's problems, it can be a rather undesirable form of adjustment. Sometimes we try to justify our failures by projecting the blame on other people, or on situations over which we have no control. I suppose this is the most frequent adjustment to failure. But it is an undesirable adjustment because it does not lead

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to any improvement, or to the avoidance of failure in the future. Of course there are times when the cause of a person's failure does lie outside his own control. But often when the failure is the result of our own stupidity or laziness we look for excuses and try to justify ourselves. The difficulty with this is that we do nothing constructive about the situation. Sometimes our failure produces illness, or leads to the exaggeration of an illness that is there. This is another kind of escape, and a rather unhealthy one. These are a few examples of ways in which we may deal with failures and threatened failures. But they are methods which should be avoided because they breed further failure.

Some people fail because they expect easy success and are not willing to put enough effort and hard work into the job. Learning is sometimes slow and discouraging and without sufficient persistence, the individual is doomed to failure. It takes time to learn to play the piano, to bake a cake or to get along with other people. And sometimes failure comes because the individual is not willing to put enough intelligent persistence into the learning. Some people have the mistaken idea that they are too old to learn and that they just have to put up with their lack of skill or knowledge and admit defeat. But our modern knowledge of the learning process indicates clearly that adults can learn even more easily than children, and that it is never too late to learn. The trouble with many adults is that they are not willing to try hard enough. So many of them are heard to say—"I can never do that," whether it is baking a pie or leading a discussion or organizing a party. I think some of us need to be reminded frequently that failure is merely a stage on the road to success, and that if we would only keep at some things a little longer we would experience the thrill of success.

Then again some of us set our sights too high—we try the impossible or expect too much of ourselves. When a person feels inadequate it is often because he is not fair in his appraisal of himself. He may be comparing himself with the best in everything. And because he can't be the best in everything he feels inadequate and discouraged. What he needs to do is to compare himself, not with the best but with the average. When he does this he will find that there are some things he can do better than the average. We all have our strong points and our weak ones. Sometimes it is necessary to remind ourselves of the things we can do better than other people so that we can feel the thrills of success. Sometimes our feelings of discouragement and failure are definitely unfair to ourselves and what we need is to make a fair appraisal of ourselves and our accomplishments. On the other hand we all have our limitations. Some of these can be overcome and some cannot. It is the part of wisdom to discover which limitations can be changed and which cannot, and then make a drive to improve where improvement is possible; and to learn to live with those limitations which are not subject to improvement. But it is well to remember that most of our shortcomings can be overcome if we are willing to work hard enough and long enough at them. +

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According to the leading food authorities, pressure canning is the *only* safe method for processing non-acid foods, including meat, fish and poultry.

With a NATIONAL PRESSURE COOKER-CANNER, canning is simple. Foods can be processed almost as fast as quart jars can be prepared.

A NATIONAL PRESSURE COOKER-CANNER cuts food bills. Large quantities of meats, poultry, game and other foods can be processed in season for taste-treats and healthful nourishment throughout the year.

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# Loveliness

## in Little Gardens

**The Home Planning Department Discusses Successful Planting for Small Areas**

**S**IZE isn't important. Whether your planting is wide or narrow, gardens have a happy yen to grow *upward*. So you can pack enough color and richness into the smallest spaces to see you through from early spring to late autumn.

As in the photograph across the page. A pint-size tapestry, designed exactly to fit the small grounds surrounding the type of compact little house so many Canadians live in today.

Of course, you don't just "wish" a back yard into a garden. It requires painstaking planning and budgeting, study and labor. Is it worth it? On the one hand you make a happy back-ground for outdoor living at home—even in confined spaces. You fit the garden for that important place today's architect has given it in modern house design. On the other, you leave the grim old back yard with its quota of such service necessities as garbage cans, driveway, laundry facilities, etc. All in clear view, seamy side out. Especially if the house includes one of these popular and sun-seeking picture windows in its rear facade, it is all too obvious that you can no longer get away with a "lick and a promise."

Today's small residence plan calls for the same taste in development and quality in construction of the garden as the house itself—of which it forms a more closely allied part than ever before. And it is worthy of the same immaculate upkeep as the building.

Obviously, in this role, it should be budgeted for, just as the house and furnishings are. And at the same time. Taking just what "will do" after other estimates have been overspent can't produce anything worth while—though this is often the lot of the more extensive, as well as the average, small Canadian garden. The really large estates, by virtue of their size, have been forced to put a better balanced value on their outdoor development; so that good workmanship and materials have come to be, in many householders' minds, something which they alone deserve. Now, however—when so many families have so much less space to cover—is surely the psychological moment to strike out for something better on the smaller scale. Labor and expense can be concentrated with more encouraging results, in narrower layouts.

What do we mean by better workmanship and materials? Often the lowest possible estimate for garden work is accepted—with its consequent cheap and shoddy stone work in retaining walls; or the well-named "crazy paving" laid in amateurish hit-and-miss fashion.

Instead, there should be a properly built "dry" or masonry wall of good-quality stone, and an inviting terrace of well-cut flagstone paving laid by the man who knows how. Above all, it is essential that the taste and discrimination acknowledged as a "must" for the house and its furnishings be also applied to its setting, the garden. As smaller quarters mean economy of space, and therefore more careful planning for the utilization of every inch at our disposal indoors; so must gardens be designed, if they are to offer the greatest service for our needs in a space minimum. Sometimes the very limitations are a good thing. With more of anything at our disposal than we really need, we are apt to go fancy. The sort of leeway that can make for elaborate bedding schemes and gaudy colors of the type that characterized gardens of the Victorian era. Incidentally, when the gingerbread architecture and cluttered furnishings of that period seem either amusing or depressing now, it's amazing how die-hard the landscaping can be.

**TODAY IS** the day of straightforwardness, simplicity, clear-cut outlines and "reasons for being" in design of all kinds; and there is no place where those qualities are pleasanter than in the small garden. Let's be done with the short path which twists and turns, instead of following the most logical line between two points; the scattered flowerbeds cutting up the lawn and demanding so much care and attention; the long drive penetrating to the back of the property, to a poorly located garage, and usurping valuable garden space.

How does one accomplish simplicity and crispness? First by the things we don't do. By avoiding promiscuous dotting about of individual beds of shrubs or trees planted with no better reason than a desire to find a place for them; of forced wavy outlines to planting beds, when reason would say they should be straight. While informal bays and promontories in shrub plantings have their place naturally on rolling terrain of considerable extent, they're better left out in the small flat rectangular lot, with rigid boundaries so clearly defined. A clear-cut, conventional outline of planting will not be stiff, but, to the contrary, restful and unassuming; and much easier to look after. For example, use a flower border in a spot where planting seems to be required, instead of cutting needlessly into the open lawn to find a place for it. The garage should be near the street so that the drive is short and less expensive to build, main-

tain and shovel. Convenient doors from the house should give access to a simple terrace for summer outdoor living, and plants should be chosen carefully to accomplish a definite purpose, rather than picked up at random at the nearest nursery (in their flowering season) for transient display.

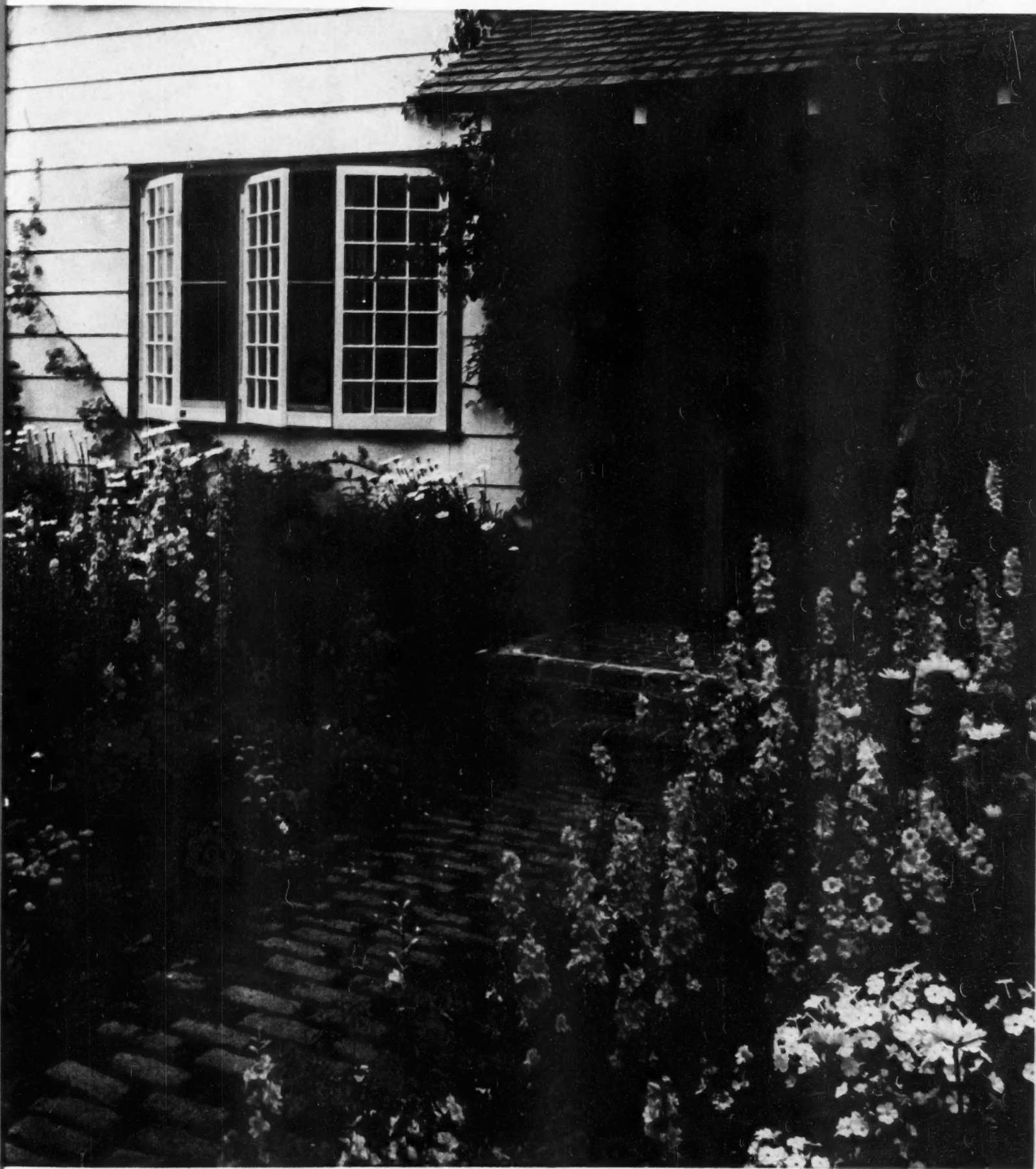
The small garden, especially, needs crispness and trimness in tree and shrub, as well as upkeep. Plan a logical design of shapely trees and shrubs rather than the fast-growing sprawling ones so often picked for their immediate effect. They'll crowd you out in no time. For a low clipped edging for flower borders, Korean Box is very satisfactory; or even a colorful border of neat-growing annuals (as *ageratum* or sweet alyssum, for instance) to define the outline of your pattern. If you hesitate to plant a hedge that must be clipped regularly, remember that the "mixed shrub planting" type which appears to get along for some time in its shaggy state, is apt to suffer almost beyond recovery if left. All growing things need continuous care and attention to adapt them to the requirements of city life, and the informal shrub planting needs perhaps even more intelligent annual attention than the formally clipped hedge. The smaller the garden, the more careful the plan needs to be.

Where money is not too much of a problem, a generous flagstone terrace opening off a room in the rear of the house can be built, supported at a slightly higher level than the lawn by a low stone retaining wall laid by a competent mason.

Likewise the enclosure—which is an important feature of the small garden where the boundary is always in view—may be a well-designed fence. The same principles, applied to little gardens (such as those surrounding the small wartime houses) would call for the elimination of miscellaneous fancy-shaped flowerbeds in favor of neat borders along the boundary fence or paths, leaving a pleasant lawn area for family use.

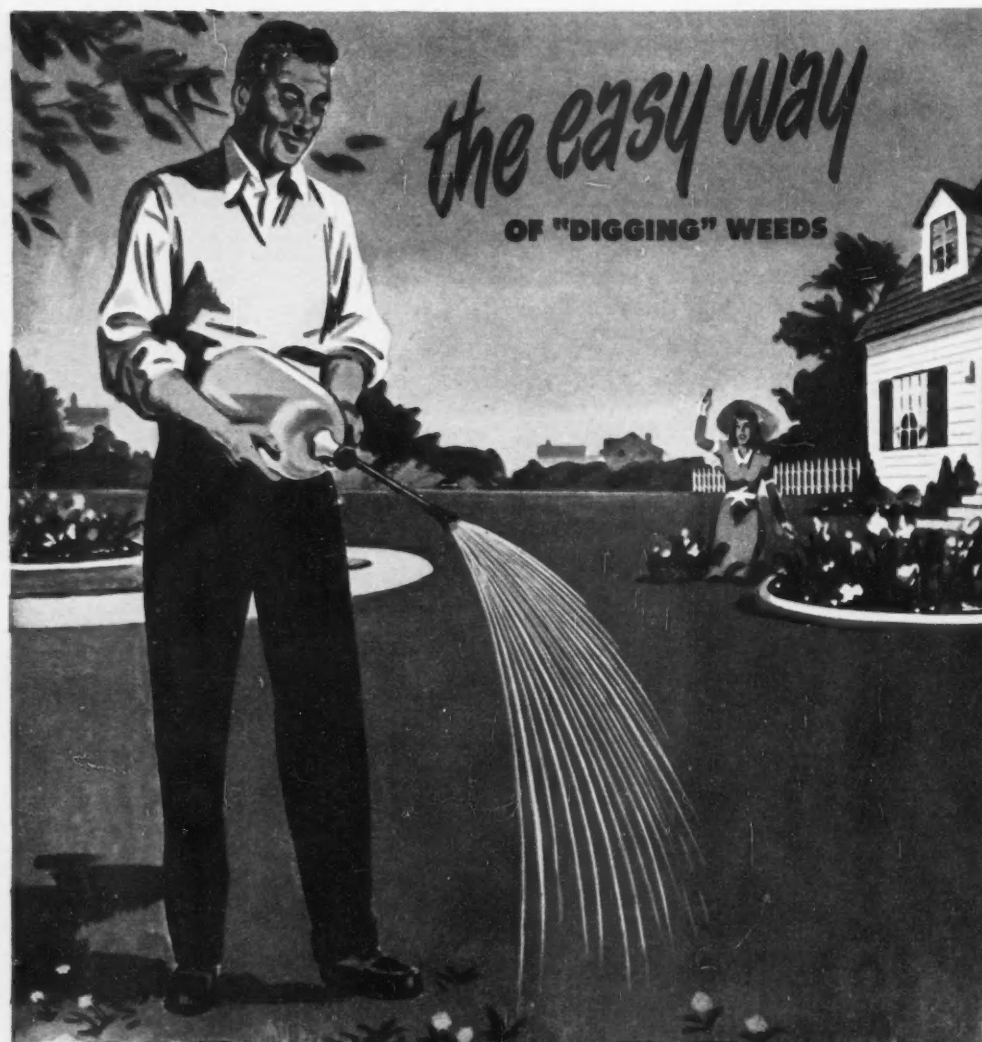
And, of course, window boxes filled with bright geraniums and graceful trailing green vines, or climbing roses over the porch add tremendously to the small house, without taking up precious sitting-out space. Low evergreens or a neatly clipped edging and a well-kept lawn are the best all-year-round planting for the street side of the house. If you plan an English type dooryard garden, such as the one photographed, it must be kept in immaculate top form.





**Today the garden** is an important part of the house plan, and should be as carefully thought out as furnishings and fabrics for indoors. Especially does this apply in the narrow area around the smaller house.

Simplicity in design and good construction work in walls, walks, steps, and so on, give a permanent charm to the smallest garden, which is enhanced by appropriate planting. \* \* \* Photo by Gottscho-Schleisner

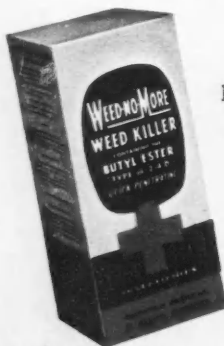


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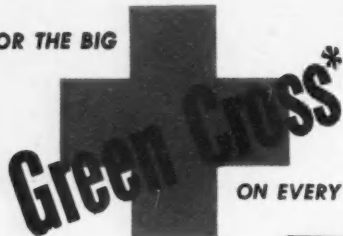
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## For Richer, Too

Continued from page 28

STARTLED, ABBY stood rigid. The voice came from behind them.

"But you can't buy it. Actually, it's only a matter of confidence."

She turned. Cyril turned.

"Why, yes," she said surprised.

"Not cocky confidence," said the young man in overalls and t-shirt. "But finding a job you like and working at it till you know you're good—"

"You've got a nerve," said Cyril. "Do you always hang around listening to other people's conversations?"

"Hardly ever," said the young man, answering Cyril and looking at Abby. She had not stopped looking at him since she turned. He was thin and clean and tall, and his straight fair hair was streaked by the sun. He had deep-set blue eyes and a box of strawberries in each hand.

Abby had never seen him before. It was a good thing it was not too late. She hoped they were both going to be sensible about it.

"What wonderful berries," she said, being sensible. In her shorts and half-blouse she moved away from Cyril, nearer to the strange young man. "Are you selling them?"

"I was. Now I'd like to give them to you. But if you won't take his jewels I suppose you won't take my straw - berries."

"Well—it wouldn't be fair, would it?"

"No. And we must be fair!"

"What is this?" demanded Cyril, coming up close to Abby. "Do you know this—this buckster?"

Smiling at the huckster, Abby said, "He's really quite nice," meaning Cyril. "And not as much of a stuffed shirt as you'd think."

"Abby! You go along, my good man, and sell your vegetables."

"Oh, no," said Abby, her eyes soft and shining. "Mother will buy them."

"I'll bet your mother is beautiful too," said the young man.

"Come on," said Abby, being sensible for both of them. "We'll go in and see about the berries."

Cyril could come along with them or remain standing on the dock. He came along.

"Are you from one of the farms up the valley?" asked Abby, almost in her normal voice as they crossed the shale beach and went up the steps to the porch of the cottage.

"No. I've taken over the Ranlet place at the foot of the lake. Good soil there—it has n't been used in years. Oh—" He put one basket on top of the other and held the door for her before Cyril could reach it. "My name is Don Matthews."

"Donald Matthews," said Abby, while

a bee flew in at the open door. "Mine's Abby Gosnell."

"I'm glad. I never knew anyone named Abby before."

"I was named for a great-aunt who was supposed to leave me all her money." She burst out laughing. "When she died there wasn't any. Not a dollar." Don Matthews threw back his head and roared. Cyril exclaimed, "Are you going to stand there all day?"

They went in.

"So you're a farmer," said Abby as though it was a wonderful thing to be.

"We've always been farmers," said Don Matthews. "My father says it takes at least three generations to make a farmer, so I figure I'm ahead of the game."

"Imagine," said Abby, her eyes dazzled. "Sit down. Both of you," she said kindly to Cyril.

Cyril stood and said his name with emphasis. Don Matthews said, "How are you, Hapgood?" And Abby took the baskets and went into the house.

Upstairs her mother awakened from a light sleep. "Hello, doll," she said and blinked at the strawberries. "Thank

goodness, they've left the stems on. Hardly any of them can learn to leave the stems on. If course I'll buy them." Mrs. Gosnell never asked the price of anything first. Which is the way things should be for her. But were not, of course.

For two such sweet people Abby's parents thought an awful lot about money. They had tried, ineffectually and desperately, to be rich. Two or three times in their married life they had almost made it. And they considered themselves embittered and frustrated by the fact that each time they had had to slide back to the mediocre income which Mr. Gosnell, as a real - estate

operator, produced. As a matter of fact they were more than average happy, and not in the least embittered or frustrated. Abby knew. Not once had her father ever accused her mother of extravagance or inefficiency. Not once had her mother said that her father was timid and short-sighted. Those things were true, but not very important, and did not interfere in any degree with the Gosnells' enjoyment of life.

Now Abby turned at the door of the bedroom, the boxes in her hand, and broke the big news. "Cyril is here," she said.

Her mother sat up in her slip and threw the light blanket back. She was pleased and nervous. A lemon and onion dressing for the white fish, she said—and asparagus with hollandaise—and they'd have the strawberries in a ring with powdered sugar.

THE TWO men were standing on the porch, being civil but by no means

## How Still the Dusk

By NORAH GODFREY

Mystical dusk.

Bewitched by scent and color—  
Rose for the sky,  
And purple lying deep  
Where summer winds  
Have paused in fields of clover  
That cool their flame  
And give them quiet sleep.

Dusk, hold the night

Till time enlightens vision  
To see through dark  
To one who offers day.  
Faith, hold the gate  
For love is in the garden  
Waiting with welcome  
Let him not delay.

How still the dusk

That moves with a reflection  
Warm on the grass  
As softening shadows grow . . .  
Oh evening star  
Be still and do not tremble  
I need no light  
With the whole world aglow.



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friendly as they gazed out over the lake, pink and gold now, and exchanged the necessary credentials of their age group. Both turned as Abby came out. She had left the berries in the kitchen and carried the housekeeping pocketbook in her hand.

Don Matthews grinned and said, "Well, all right," and named the correct price for such excellent berries with the stems on.

There were pennies in change, warm from his pocket, and Abby closed her fingers over them. They smiled faintly and steadily at one another, settling down as it were into delayed familiarity, impatient to stay all the things they had to say, but patient too, knowing the first business had to be got through. This is it, said Abby to herself, this is what every girl in the world spends years expecting.

Then, because the world does not favorably regard two people who just stand and look at one another, no matter how content they are, Don Matthews talked a little, telling her (not Cyril) about the wonderful peas which were almost ready, small the way peas should be, he was specializing in small, very choice fruits and vegetables, she saw that the berries were not big? and did her mother know about cooking two or three pods in with the peas for flavor? Later he would have something special in tomatoes, small deep-red ones.

Feeling abandoned, Abby heard him say, "Be seeing you," saw him go out the door and down the steps.

She was alone with Cyril who stood there making cardboard sounds with the box in his pocket. The bee buzzed angrily against the screen. Abby opened the door and shooed it out.

"Cyril—" "Spare me," said Cyril. "If I had any sense I'd duck out and let you make a fool of yourself with this hillbilly—"

"Oh, he isn't a hillbilly."

"No, that's the funny part of it. Abby, you're not the girl I thought you were."

"Darling, I never was."

"Never mind the darling stuff. But I find that I still have some obligation to you. I shall, if it isn't too much trouble, remain until Monday morning as I planned."

She had forgotten about Cyril's heavy sense of responsibility.

"Oh, mother will love having you," she said truthfully.

Cyril of course was not yet through with the ring. He would show it to Mrs. Gosnell, being careful to convey the fact that there were as yet no commitments. Cyril's honor, too, was heavy and inflexible. Mrs. Gosnell would look at the ring with a phony air of detachment, and slide glances at Abby. Her father who would have to have his little joke (he was getting fat and thought he had to be jovial) would say, Wow, that's a

dangerous thing to be carrying around—it would have a fatal influence on any but the most foolishly strong-minded girl. And nothing in the world would induce her parents to take the slightest interest in the Ranlet place or Don Matthews.

It turned out about like that. The rapt, not-quite-bright look on Abby's face was credited to the sapphire which she was being coy about, and it was natural for her to fail to make two obvious finesses as the four of them played bridge. Mrs. Gosnell purred.

IT WAS too hot the next morning for maple sugar pancakes. Mrs. Gosnell was sorry about that. They were one of her specialties. But the scrambled eggs with cheese were wonderful, and the little biscuits no bigger than a quarter. Abby's mother was a first-class cook, but otherwise not a good housekeeper. Guests always relaxed happily in this house.

Whipping through the dishes while her mother did the upstairs work, Abby, in black slacks and a white silk shirt, joined Cyril down in the boathouse. Her father had left for the city directly after breakfast.

Cyril stood there, his foot disdainfully on the rim of the lone small outboard that rocked in the slip.

"Want to take a run up the lake?" asked Abby.

Laughing shortly, Cyril pushed the little boat with his shoe. "In this? Don't they always get stuck when you're right in the middle?"

"Not this one. But if you don't want to come—"

"Ha," said Cyril. "If you think I'd let you go calling on that jerk alone."

"We won't stay long," promised Abby coily. "Maybe we'll just go past and say hello to him."

"You say hello to him." He would

have helped her, but she made him get in before she pushed the little boat out of the boathouse. When it was clear she pulled the cord smartly. The motor responded at once. Cyril clutched the gunwhale.

"If you weren't so dumb," said Cyril inaccurately, "you'd realize how corny you're being. Poor but honest (if he is honest) boy versus rich one who should turn out to be a heel."

"There you go," said Abby. They were well out in the lake now and she was busy steering. "Must you talk about your money? And whatever happened to that nice girl you met last winter who was simply mad about you?"

"If you mean Jocelyn"—he seemed to brighten—"now there's a girl who wouldn't know how to be poor."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," said Abby. "If you mean me, I wish you'd stop calling us poor just because we don't have a lot of sapphires hanging around." The lake was alive with week-end craft, sailboats, motorboats, canoes, every-

## Why in Our Time?

By GEORGE W. BISHOP

Why, in our time, do elves no longer play  
With gnome and goblin in the shaded grove,  
Nor fairies dance, encompassed round with light,  
Nor toads, bejeweled, hold court in dead of night?

Why, in our time, do knights no longer ride,  
In armor bright, to rescue damsels fair,  
Nor witches roam on broomsticks through the sky,  
Nor four and twenty blackbirds fill each pie?

I wish you would explain these things to me,  
To answer queries from a girl — of three.



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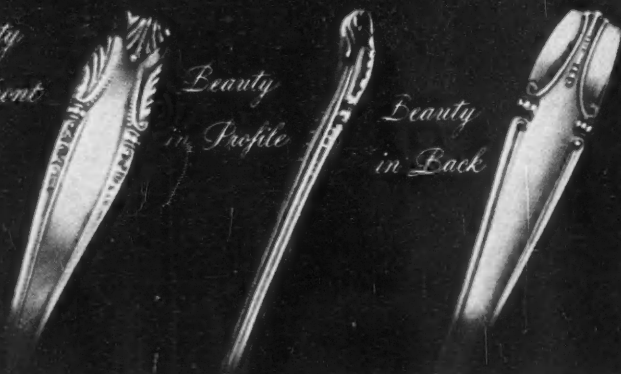
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*Beauty  
in Front*

*Beauty  
in Profile*

*Beauty  
in Back*





thing water-borne, and at the tiller Abby steered expertly. "We have a perfectly good little house in the city. A cottage, even if it is falling down, on the prettiest lake for miles around. We have an almost new car and plenty to eat. Anyone who wants more than that is a pig."

"Okay," said Cyril, and then more sepulchral, "O-kay." It was finished.

She waved to a passing speedboat, gave the right-of-way to a sailboat which bore down on them from nowhere and returned the taunts of the two teen-age sailors whose rubber-soled feet clung easily to their perilous, tilted deck.

"The McLean kids," she explained to Cyril. "They won cups last year and they're above themselves."

Cyril was not listening. His hand firmly on the gunwhale, he had turned to look with something like nostalgia at the opulent summer places on Monroe Point, the kind he was used to. Well, he'd be back in the midst of opulence on Monday—if he stayed that long.

Beyond Monroe Point the lakeshore was precipitous and rocky, and almost as wild as it had been when these waters were a favorite spot of the Indians. In a moment they were at the end of the lake. Abby swept in close to the shoreline where the old Ranlet place marched field by field back into the hills.

Throttling the motor, she drifted up to the old crumbling cement breakwater. Debris was collected neatly on what had once been the lawn, and raw boards showed on the front of the weather-beaten farmhouse where the porch had been. Great ancient trees drooped over the mossy roof. Only two or three of the fields had been plowed. There was no sound from the house.

"Let's tie up and go in," said Abby, as though it were a new idea. Cyril groaned.

Behind them the lake was busy with its water-borne traffic, but here even the birds flew silently.

Conscientious to the last, Cyril walked up the pier beside her, protecting her. "Keep close to me," he said. "This place gives me the creeps."

A DRIVEWAY ran around the house and ended at an old barnlike structure, a carriage house or something. As their feet touched the thinned-out gravel, Don Matthews appeared in the doorway of the barn. Abby sighed. The Ranlet place was not gloomy at all. It was sweet and romantic.

"Hello, Abby," he said. She might easily have imagined it all—his steady blue gaze, his special awareness of her, his acceptance of the fact that there was no need for them to hurry. It was all true. They had begun and they knew where they were going . . .

"Hello," he said to Cyril, not remembering the name. "If you two will wait a sec, I'm finishing up the last of the berries and we can all load them in the wagon."

"I knew I shouldn't have come," said Cyril.

"And then I'll show you around."

"Of course we'll help," said Abby, following him into the dim barn where a worktable had been set up. "It must be tough running a farm all by yourself." There were books at the public library on farming.

"Thousands of dollars," said Cyril, peering in, "have been lost by people trying to run a farm alone."

"Yeah," said Don Matthews. Deftly he packed strawberries into boxes.

"You can lose your shirt."

"You're almost bound to the first year," said Don. "Then, if you're lucky, you buy a new one the next year."

Only Abby laughed.

"Without seasonal help," stated Cyril, "you can't—"

"Oh, I have seasonal help lined up. Almost got in a jam for next week though." He wiped his hands on a piece of cloth and smiled at Abby. It had nothing to do with what he was saying. "The high school kids I had lined up for the peas are all up in the valley picking cherries—everything's popping at once with this early heat. A couple more days of hot sun could ruin my peas but"—he put the cloth down—"some friends of mine have volunteered to help out. They're coming this afternoon, I hope."

She didn't even know where he had been to school. Obviously he had been.

"If you're a third-generation farmer," said Cyril, "I should think you'd know a lot of farm hands—"

"Oh, I can't bring them down here—my father says never take workers out of their territory when they're busy. We're from up country, you know."

"No," said Cyril politely. "I didn't know."

"Slide it on the floor of the station wagon," said Don, thrusting the big tray of boxes at Cyril. "Don't bang it down."

"Oh," said Cyril. "Don't bang it down." He looked at his clean sport shirt, he looked at Abby and marched out to where the station wagon was parked in the driveway. The back seats had been removed and it made a fine little truck. Abby helped.

When the trays were all in, flat on the floor, Don said, "Now I'll give you a quick take of the place."

He loved his shabby old farm, and Abby loved it. Cyril did not, as he trailed them doggedly. She saw the great shining all-purpose tractor, she stood where sometime he was going to put in a retaining wall against the spring floods . . . here he planned to put in a flagstone terrace where the porch had been, and no, on second thought they could not go in the house today . . . not a cow in sight . . . maybe she would not have to learn to milk.

Abby was following eagerly toward the stand of sugar maples which had not been tapped when they should, with Don saying over his shoulder, "Look out for the—"

But it was too late. With a great splintering of wood half of Abby disappeared and she clung, astonished, to the frail rim of wood which threatened to drop the rest of her into what may have been a bottomless pit.

Don took only two strides to reach her. He threw himself on the ground and put his arms around what remained of her above ground and shouted at Cyril, "Get a rope—in the barn—step on it."

Cyril stepped on it.

Securely, oh so safely, Don held her. Their faces were close together. Slowly, almost involuntarily, their faces moved closer. They kissed.

"You're the loveliest thing God ever made," said Don reverently.

"I'm so glad. You know we almost missed each other."

"Oh, no. It had to be this way. You understand, don't you, that for days I'll be tied up here, except when I'm delivering—"

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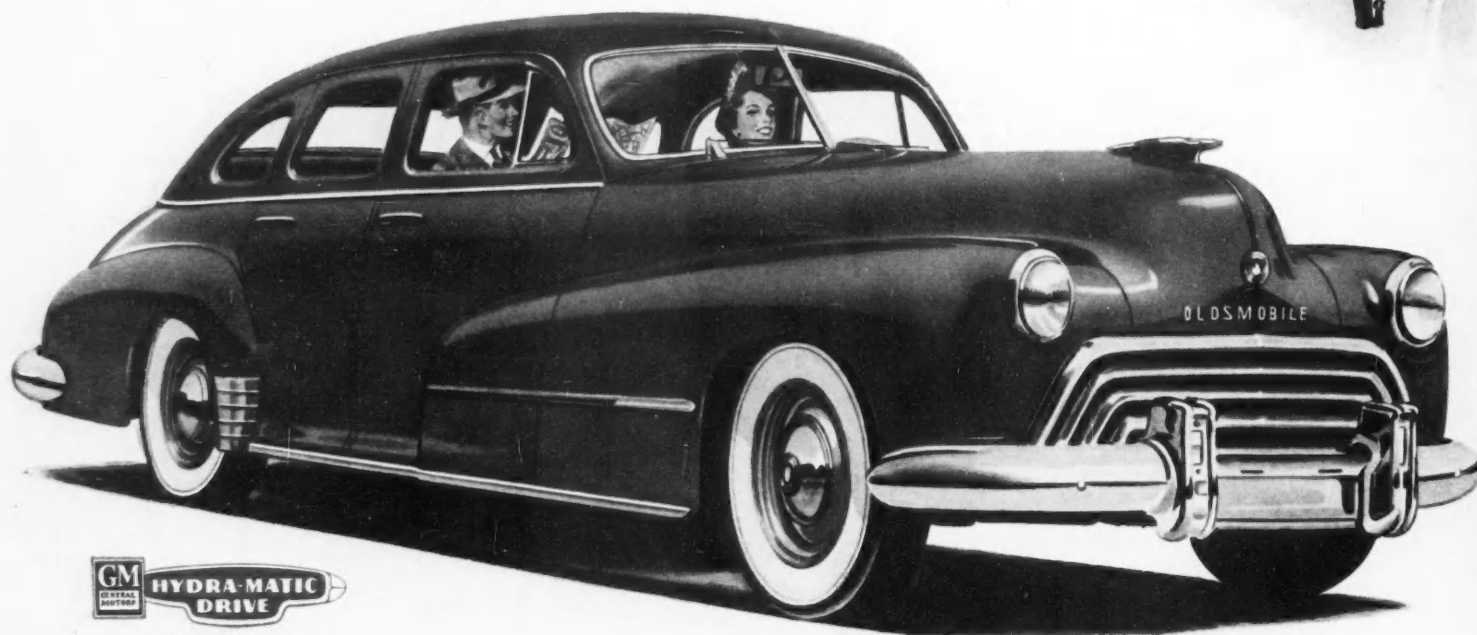
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"If," panted Cyril, "you have any more boobytraps around this joint, you'd better mark them."

"I did." Don looked reproachfully into Abby's eyes. "I had shingles piled. You should never step on loose shingles." "I'm sorry," she said, and whispered, "darling."

He forgave her as he would forgive her anything. And then, the rope looped under her arms, both of them lifting her, they had her up on the ground. Her slacks were torn, one leg was bleeding, and Abby looked as though the most wonderful thing in the world had happened to her.

Examining her superlative tanned leg the two men clucked like roosters over the deep scratch. Don said, "Run upstairs and get my first-aid—no, I'll get it."

"Yes," said Cyril. "You."

Don stood up. He kicked at the rotten splintered framework, and said, "My father says that one of the first things you have to look out for in old barnyards are the well holes."

"Your father," said Cyril bitterly, "must be quite a character."

"Well, no one ever called him a character before. But he's quite a guy—if that's what you mean."

"It isn't," said Cyril.

For a moment Don's face was dangerous. Then he laughed and ran toward the house for the first-aid kit.

WHEN ABBY limped into the house and said to her mother, "I fell into a well," her mother laughed in disbelief, until she saw her child's leg.

"I thought you were in the boat!" And, as Abby explained, Mrs. Gosnell began, at last, to take an interest in Don Matthews.

"This farmer," she said, asking a mother's natural first question, "is he married?"

"Oh, no," said Abby happily. "Not yet."

"Cyril," wailed Mrs. Gosnell unjustly, "I've always thought you were so dependable."

"Oh, I'm dependable enough. But this other jerk—You'll understand, Mrs. Gosnell"—Cyril looked with a certain amount of irritation around the small living room—"that unforeseen circumstances make it necessary for me to go home. Thank you very much for—"

"Oh, Cyril dear," said Mrs. Gosnell. "Come with me for a moment, will you? There's a little something I wish you would do for me." And, as transparent as Cellophane, she drew Cyril into the kitchen. Their voices were a murmur.

Abby walked out on the porch, stretched with abandon and dropped down on the glider where she buried her ecstatic face in a pillow.

Being Saturday her father came home early. He was apprehended in the rear of the cottage as he stepped out of his car. Still on the glider Abby lowered the magazine she had been trying to read, and listened without guilt.

"—sometimes happens when a girl is too brilliant."

"—wah wah—always a rock of sense."

"—wah wah wah—kind of go along with her—wah, wah . . ."

Throwing back her head Abby laughed soundlessly.

Every Sunday the Gosnells went to the little white church at the Point. Cyril, who seemed to have given up the idea of returning home before Monday, wore a stubborn brisk and quite un-

natural cheerfulness, as he accompanied them. They were all very tender with Abby, as though she had been ill. She observed them in a detached and amused way.

Dinner over, her father who hated dishes, tied an apron around his ample middle and dismissed them all, even his wife. He could not bear to have his wife upset about anything and his idea of consoling her was to see that she had nothing to do but worry.

Directly to the boathouse went Abby. Cyril was at her heels.

"Bodyguard?" she asked sweetly as she unfasted the boat.

"You know what I think?" said Cyril. "I think we ought to look in on young Matthews and see if his help arrived."

"You're cute," said Abby in a withering voice. "You don't have to come, you know."

"Oh, I can hardly wait."

His humor was heavy, but he meant well. She was stuck with him, until Monday. And he would be all right. Once he was away from here he could begin thinking of the Jocelyn person who certainly appreciated his worth.

Long before they were close enough to tie up at the old cement dock they saw the figures moving in the field behind the farmhouse. It was permissible to work on Sunday in order to save a crop.

"Get a load of the farm hands, will you?" said Cyril in a low voice.

She had already got a load of them.

There were three besides Don. A large pale man who moved ponderously in the heat. He wore grey pants too small for him and on his head a lady's straw hat. Nearer to them was a tall leathery individual who struck a self-conscious pose as soon as he saw them. But the gnarled, bowed little man working close to Don was the prize package.

"If that one," said Cyril, "doesn't have a knife stuck into his sock or belt he should have."

The thing that confused Abby was their ages. Don had said they were friends of his. Don could not be more than 23 or 24. You could tell. The old party who moved along his row with a kind of pontifical deliberation must be 50 if he was a day. The tall one wasn't that old, but he was no kid either. And the sinister-looking one would not look any different when he was a hundred.

But they were friends of Don. Abby smiled firmly at them.

She liked the way Don finished the row before dumping his sack and approaching them. He looked tired. But a farmer would often look tired.

"Don't you want me to get you some water or something?" she asked. He was wiping his sunburned face with what, not long ago, had been a clean handkerchief.

"No. I want you to get home before this storm breaks. You must be crazy," he said to Cyril, "to bring her out on the lake with those thunderheads piling up."

"That makes three of us crazy then," said Cyril. "I see your—er—friends arrived."

"Yeah. Look at them—three old faithfuls. They've been at it since five o'clock."

"Not exactly my idea of farmers."

"No. Not exactly."

"I saw a movie once," said Cyril, "with a gang of thugs in it. Your helpers are the spitting image of them."

"No kidding," said Don.

He bent to examine Abby's leg on which her mother had put a small fresh bandage, straightened up and said,



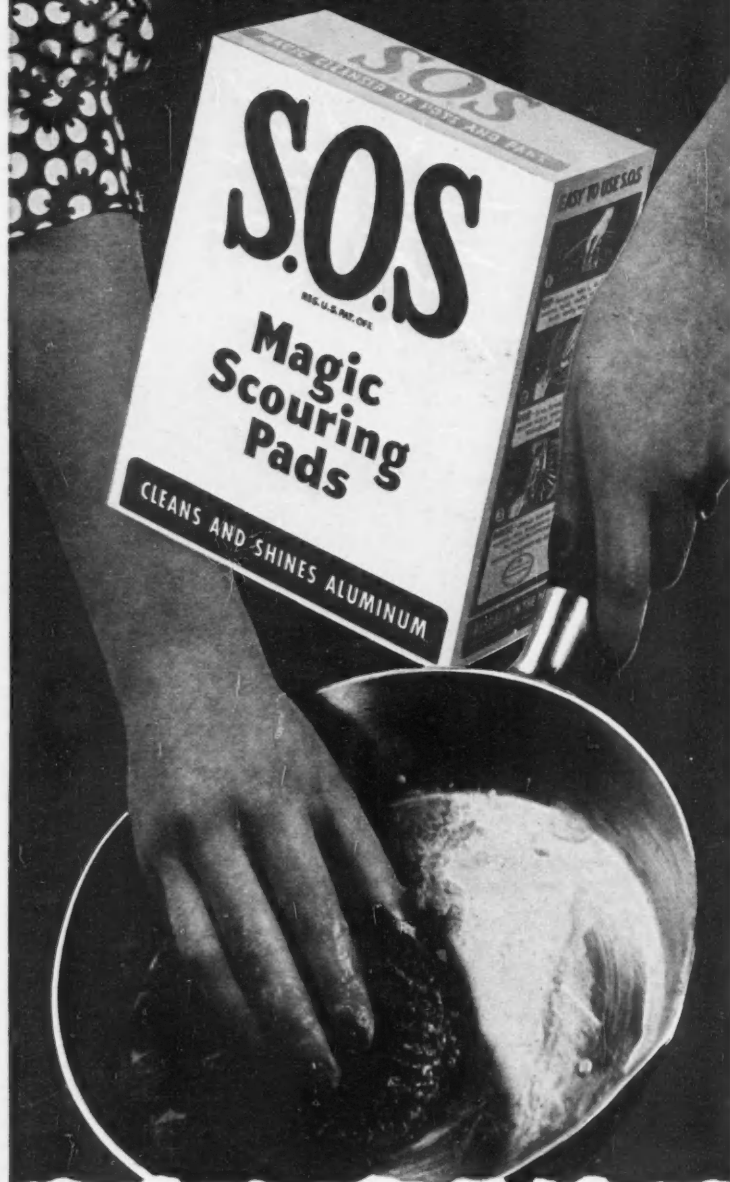
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"Good. No infection. I keep looking up the lake to where your cottage is."

"Yes," said Abby. Maybe they were thugs, these friends of his, but he was not. And if he had made undesirable acquaintances, that could be fixed . . .

"Most of these," said Don, indicating the bushels of peas, "go into the public market, but I'm going to deliver a few around the lake. I'll stop by with some for your mother tomorrow."

"What time?" asked Abby.

"As early as I can."

The sun disappeared behind crackling clouds as they sped up the lake. Cyril spoke once. "Very fishy," he said and the rest of the time was busy worrying about pneumonia and the rain. The rain had hit them like a blow.

WHEN ABBY awakened on Monday morning Cyril had left with her father for the city and, she hoped, to contact Jocelyn. She was glad she had been spared a farewell to Cyril. With his big handsome sapphire he had gone out of her life, and he was no doubt thanking his lucky stars this minute that he had been saved from a marriage worse than death.

In shorts and halter she went to the boathouse after breakfast to bail out the boat. Also to escape her mother's wisdom.

Mrs. Gosnell was taking the Right Attitude. Not a word of criticism, nor a mention of the farmer. What she said was that wealth was a great responsibility. That it was not easy to administer the duties of a large fortune, and that only a person of intelligence could do it. In a way intelligence was as important as beauty. Abby said for her mother not to buy too much from their regular vegetable man this morning, they were going to have some marvelous peas for dinner tonight.

"Peas?" said Mrs. Gosnell as though she had never heard of them.

That was when Abby went out quickly to the boathouse.

The lake was quiet with Monday four - o'clock - in - the - afternoon stillness when the station wagon ground to a stop and honked loudly outside. If her mother had been asleep she was a wonder because she was at the back door almost as promptly as Abby herself.

"Mr. Matthews," cried her mother. None of Abby's friends was ever called mister by her mother. "Abby has been telling us about you!"

In a becoming blue linen dress Abby hovered on airy feet. Her mother was at her gayest and most cordial. The peas were really something, such fat little pods, quite as superior as the berries. And then she invited Don to dinner.

He had to look at Abby before he answered and they became lost in one another's eyes until Mrs. Gosnell's bright laugh recalled them.

"Oh," said Don, with a bemused smile, "thank you very much. Wednesday would be fine."

With things this way they could easily wait until Wednesday. The station wagon roared away and Abby threw her arms around her mother.

"I don't think I ever appreciated you," she cried. "All the rest of my life I'll make it up to you. Isn't he sweet?"

"Oh, yes," said her mother. "Very sweet. And I feel so sorry for him. He's kind of undernourished looking—as though he didn't have the proper food while he was growing up."

Abby withdrew her arms. Don Mat-

thews was thin but not in the least undernourished looking. She went away.

There were two days to be lived through, and Abby slept. That is, she washed her hair and put it up in bobby pins and took a nap on the glider. She went swimming and took a nap on the dock. She painted her nails and fell asleep on her bed. Two nights in a row she retired as soon as it was dark and slept like the dead. As though all her life she had been rushing and searching, and now at last could relax. On Wednesday she was as alive as if she were brand-new.

It was five-thirty when her father's car rolled into the driveway. Knowing very well it was not the station wagon, she ran anyway. It was necessary to run.

In the front seat beside her father sat Cyril.

"Cyril, darling," she cried with honest pleasure, not caring why he was here. Everyone was welcome. She kissed her father and might have kissed Cyril with a kind of blanket goodwill, but he backed away in cold reproof.

"Fallen down any more wells?" he asked, and laughed nastily as he brushed past her. Why, thought Abby, you'd think he had me in his power. Mrs. Gosnell was not surprised to see Cyril. Mr. Gosnell tried, excitedly, to explain how he had almost passed up Cyril at the bus stop, received a look from his wife, blinked and subsided.

Abby looked quietly at the three of them, turned and walked down to the dock. The sun was setting in all the appropriate colors, and she stared sombrely at it, until she heard the station wagon. She ran to meet it, wishing she could climb in and they could be on their way. But not yet. It was not the thing for them.

IN WHAT was obviously his best beige sweater, a clean shirt and nicely pressed slacks Don stepped down. Both her hands were ready for his and he glanced behind him at the cottage as he took them. She shook her head and he said, "Okay. Later," which made her a little dizzy.

Together they walked around to the porch and up the steps. Don Matthews saw nothing peculiar in the overwhelming cordiality with which he was greeted. Abby did. She smoldered, and sat close beside him for all to see.

They talked. Innocently Don sipped his drink and said to Mr. Gosnell, "First rate, sir. I've never tasted better." With a sarcastic laugh, quite foreign to him, her father said dryly, "Thank you. People seem to like them."

"I don't care," said Abby to herself as they went in to dinner, "what his table manners are like. And if anyone," she assured herself fiercely, "so much as smiles—"

But Don Matthews' manners were not a matter for amusement. Somewhere along the way he had learned what he needed to know. And he answered their questions readily about the farm, about what he planned to do eventually on the Ranlet place.

"I get quite a kick," he said, carving his portion of broiled chicken easily, "out of making a profit on my strawberries. A small one, but not bad for the first year."

"So now you're all set," said Cyril. "It makes you practically solvent, doesn't it?"

Abby looked quickly at him, saw his cool hard stare on Don and turned to



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look at Don. Her heart sank. Cyril knew something, and Don was wondering how much he knew. Oh, but it could not be anything bad. It could not be.

Having said this much Cyril went on eating. He had fired the first shot and plainly was going to wait until dinner was over. Then he would tell all. You could depend on him to tell all.

The orange meringue had been pronounced perfect and eaten to the last spoonful. "Coffee on the porch," said Mrs. Gosnell grandly. She looked at Don in some resentment. He had picked up the heavy tray from the side table and was waiting for them to precede him. He had overextended himself and he was sorry, but he could not very well drop the tray. Abby smiled reassuringly at him and followed the others. Don came out and put the tray on a small coffee table.

Lighting a casual cigarette, blowing a thin stream of smoke, Cyril said, "You did that well, Matthews. Almost as though you had been taught by an expert."

"Well," said Don, "I suppose I was." "All you had to do," said Cyril, "was watch Riggs, wasn't it?"

"Riggs," said Don to Abby, "was the fat one with the straw hat."

"Riggs," said Cyril positively, "is the Matthews' butler."

"I do hope," said Mrs. Gosnell, sitting down behind the coffee table, "that this is strong enough. Butler? Whose butler?"

"And the other two," said Cyril to Abby, "in case you're interested, were the Matthews' chauffeur and gardener. Under-gardener I should say. The head gardener could hardly be expected to leave the Matthews specimen roses for garden peas."

"Do you take sugar?" asked Abby, handing Don one of the small cups.

"No sugar," said Don, and touched her hand before taking it.

"I don't either," said Abby.

"Quite an act he put on," said Cyril. "About a man finding a job he liked and then making a go of it—on his own."

"I'm on my own," said Don, sipping his coffee. "Completely."

"And it was a nice break for him," Cyril's voice was louder, "to have a whole household staff to call on in a pinch. Anyone can pick peas. What he would have done if his family hadn't been in South America looking for a house to live in, so he could use the staff—but they'll be going to South America too. Anthony T. Matthews, who is to be our next ambassador to one of those countries down there, is none other than our friend's father here—"

"Hardly the picture you gave me, dear," Mr. Gosnell said reproachfully to his wife. "Kind of an adventurer, you said, posing as a farmer—"

"In a way," said Mrs. Gosnell with pale gaiety, "he is. But"—she shook her finger at Don—"deceiving us like that."

"I didn't know I was deceiving anyone," said Don. "I've never had a chance to talk to Abby, and anyway I knew she wouldn't care."

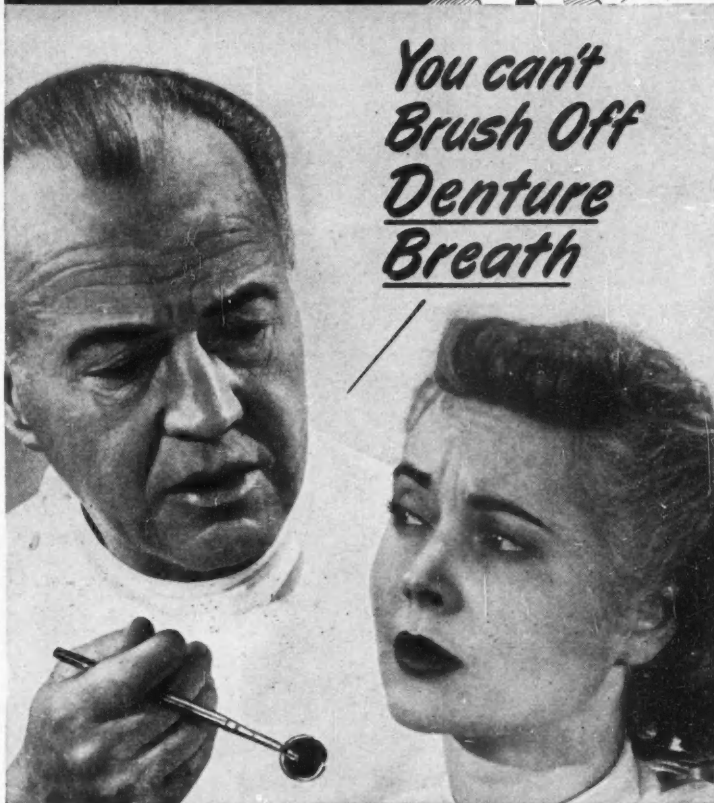
"Care!" cried Cyril. "The only reason she looked at you was because she was carried away by all that talk about security and confidence and ability! Sure you've always been farmers—you own about 15,000 acres of the best land in the country and pour money into it as a hobby, and probably lose millions—"

"That's not true," said Don hotly.

## False Teeth?

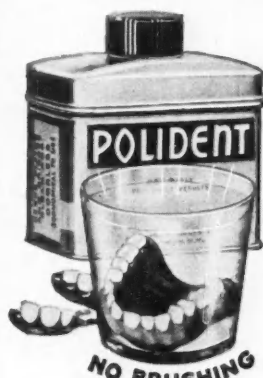


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"Of course," murmured Abby, beside him on the glider. "That's what makes good farmers, exper—"  
"Abby!"

She jumped, tore her eyes from Don and looked in amazement at Cyril.

"You're not listening. You haven't heard a word I said."

"Oh, yes I have, Cyril. You were talking about money. But you're always talking about money."

"Yes—and this guy's family could buy and sell mine—they've had it since the year one and you hate money."

"Oh, no," said Abby. "I don't hate it. I just don't think it makes any difference." She smiled at Don. "One way or the other."

Cyril clapped a hand to his harassed forehead. "She's been giving me the brush-off because—"

"Cyril dear," said Mrs. Gosnell. "You ought to know that Abby is too intelligent to marry for—"

"Don't say it," cried Cyril. He muttered, "That wrist-watch of his, the

haircut, the way he talked, but," he said sternly to Mrs. Gosnell, "it was your idea to have me check up on him."

Abby blushed scarlet. "Oh," she moaned to Don, "to think they'd do that."

"Darling," Don put his arm around her, "it's all right. We'll do the same thing when our kids are old enough to start falling in love."

"Never," said Abby.

"Yes, we will. And"—he pulled her closer—"if we ever get a minute alone together, there are so many things—"

"I'd better tell you now," said Abby.

"I graduated *cum laude*—"

"Never mind," said Don soothingly.

"You can't help that either."

"This breeze from the lake," said Mrs. Gosnell rising. "I think I'll take my coffee inside."

"Perhaps," said Cyril, "someone would be good enough to drive me to the bus stop."

"You bet," said Mr. Gosnell promptly. He stood up and put his cup on the table.

They went in. Behind them the glider creaked sharply once. The rest was silence. +

## The Silver Wand

Continued from page 35

name. David had started it early in their acquaintance out of brash irreverence for the wife of his employer because he was gay and young and had liked her, and she had heard it soften into syllables of awe, and warm into tenderness. David . . . where was he now, while she sat in this inane tearoom? And why did a woman nearing 40 yearn for youth and gaiety and charming brashness . . . and tenderness? Thinking of David, she glanced up and caught the transcendent happiness of her mother-in-law's face, and the sadistic part of her mind began to work again as it had so short a time ago, and she couldn't stop it. Supposing she were to say, "I'm going to divorce your son, mother, so this will be the last time you'll ever visit your Silver Grille. I'm going to divorce your son, not only because he has been unfaithful to me, but because he has grown into a stranger to me. I'm going to marry a man that I shall have to support, but it will be a good investment because he will give me love again."

She laid her hand over the old one lying on the polished surface of the table, wishing for a cigarette, something to give her attention to—anything, just so she wouldn't have to look into the trusting face of Horace's mother. The happiness was still on it, mercifully. She said, picking up the menu with her free hand, "None of these little postage stamp sandwiches for us today. Since we're shoppers, what about having the Shopper's Lunch? How does that strike you?"

"Sounds good to me. I like cold roast beef better than hot. Always did, since I was a girl. Pony does too—or used to. Does he still?"

"Horace? I don't know, mother. Now if I can just catch the eye of one of these efficient little bees that buzz about—"

"Let's not hurry, Marcey. The longer I can sit here and look around at folks, the better it'll suit me. You're so nice to be with too, Marcey. I feel like I could say most anything to you, and if I ever

needed help, I believe I'd go to you first of anybody, what do you think of that? Even before Horace. Maybe I shouldn't say that, but I guess—I think more of you, about, than anybody."

"Why, mother. Why, darling. Of course I'm glad—" Marcia floundered, staring a little in spite of herself. "But you know that Horace would do anything in the world for you. If he has a soft spot anywhere, it belongs to you."

"Horace," Mrs. Rand stated firmly, "is a man. And he is taken up with men's things. You can't expect a man to feel like a woman does. And while Clara's my own and I love her, she isn't so much my daughter as she is those children's mother. She doesn't have much time for me, like you do. Maybe you just take the time, I don't know." She smiled mistily. "It's nice to have somebody to—hold on to, Marcey . . ."

Some day, Marcia thought bleakly, she wouldn't be there for the old lady to cling to. Then what? What indeed? There would still be Clara, with her increasing brood of children and her good-natured husband who drank too much because he couldn't raise them properly—and Horace . . . Horace, alone, growing into his business, eating it and sleeping it like a man obsessed, with less and less time for his mother. Or would he marry Catherine Stalter and give Mrs. Rand another daughter-in-law? And such being the case—though it was hard to imagine—would Catherine Stalter take Mother Rand to the Silver Grille, sit with her like this, and listen to the loneliness that only the heart of an old woman knows?

At that particular moment, she, Marcia, would be married to David Lindstrom, still mistress of her house, because it was hers and not Horace's, and she would still be the same woman, except for a brief exchange of husbands. But the simple expedient of the exchange would mean, Marcia knew, that she would cut herself off from Mother Rand with a devastating permanence. Even though Mrs. Rand's devotion might ride out the storm, David would be annoyed at any continuance of the relationship. He had small patience with old people. Last night when he



had come for dinner, she had had a moment alone with him in the library. He had touched her cheek, looked at her with whimsical tenderness. "Poor Marcey, with an ancient mother-in-law underfoot! Darling, aren't you glad that I'm an orphan even though I haven't got a nickel in the bank? I'll make a much better husband for you, because while you're sweet to have so much money, I'm sweet not to have a mother to come visiting—"

For once his charm had failed to touch her. She have moved away from him, thinking of the little shaking head with the silver hair parted in the middle, the little eager face . . . She had said, "Mrs. Rand is no hardship, David; let me set you straight on that. For 15 years I've looked forward to her visits. We're extremely fond of each other—"

"Well, bless my soul, darling! I thought you were just being sweet to her. After all, you're sweet to everybody—even to the old boy, darn him. Marcey, if only you wouldn't be sweet to him—in front of me—"

The old boy. Horace. Horace was 42 and as fit as David's 31. Whoever would have supposed that some day a younger man would be calling Pony Rand . . . the old boy?

There were times when she resented David's charming but rather heavy-footed intrusion into the still private reserves of her marriage—or her memories—and last night had been one of them. Horace had suddenly seemed as defenseless and lonely as his mother did now, in spite of Catherine Stalter . . .

The neat little waitress was standing beside their table, with her pad and pencil poised. Marcia brought herself up with a start, smiled apologetically, and ordered two Shopper's Lunches, coffee with the meal. Mrs. Rand settled back in her chair to wait in deep content. "There's a real pretty woman at the table behind us," she whispered loudly. It was odd, Marcia thought, how age became so completely sexless. Mother Rand had a much more appreciative eye for a pretty woman than she had for a handsome man. She moved in a world of her own kind now; men had filled a need in her life when she was young and vital, but when the need was over and the life was nearly done, they were shadows on a screen to her, and it was women she yearned toward, depended upon. Except for Horace—Horace was never a man to Mrs. Rand. She had produced him and he was still her little boy for all his importance, a child to be cosseted, fussed over, and scolded occasionally. It was rather fun to see them together, Horace, tall and flat-bodied, with his cleanly carved head, his cold face, and that ever-present white edging on his waistcoat, backing up in simulated terror when his mother chided him about working too hard and too long. Horace, laughing again, looking warmly human, as he swooped the little woman off her feet, and saying, "Mother, mother, there was never anybody like you in all the world! I love you." And then always and always, turning to her when he sensed her watching, with his face cold against her, the face he presented to his wife and the rest of the world except his mother, and perhaps Catherine Stalter.

"She's lovely, but not the way you are," Mrs. Rand stated firmly.

"Who, mother?"

"Why, the woman behind us. Don't look now. She looks like an actress, but you—you look like a queen, Marcey."

Marcia expelled her breath. The name of Catherine Stalter still caused a physical illness in her when she thought of it. Perhaps David could cure her in time, could make her stop remembering the first magic years before the inexorable business claimed her young husband and the light went out for both of them, could make her forget the name of a woman who had succeeded where she had failed.

In a suddenly painful moment, she wished that she might see Horace with Catherine Stalter, just once; she wanted just one fleeting glimpse of his face looking across at Catherine Stalter through candlelight, so that she could see Horace again as he used to be, and remember him so. There was a time when he had been gay, too, with a young, turned-up mouth, and eyes that were soft in candlelight . . .

She wrinkled her nose. "You're a little on the prejudiced side today, darling. I'm sure nobody but you could possibly think I looked like a—queen."

"Why they do too! Horace does. He always swelled up like a pouter pigeon when he was going to take you any place, those first years after you got married. 'Mother,' he'd say to me, 'tonight I'll be with the world's loveliest woman. I don't know how I ever got her, but I did. What did she ever see in me?' He was a funny one. That reminds me, Marcey. I always wanted to ask you. What did you see in that boy of mine?"

And what could she say to his mother? That he had been indisputably hers from the moment he had pulled himself up out of the water like a brown seal to the raft where she'd been sitting, and he had said almost shyly, "Well, hello! I'm Pony Rand, and I'm a guest here, are you?" She'd wanted to answer him even then, "Yes, darling, I'm a guest here, and I'm so glad you are because I love you and I shall love you all my life." You couldn't explain things like that to a man's mother. Nor could you say, "He was my lover and my child always, always—I remember the way his hair fell down over one eye and I had to sit on my hands so I wouldn't be forever smoothing it back—"

What did I see in Horace, mother? Don't ask me questions that I can't answer when I've made up my mind to leave him.

She flashed a smile. "There was only one Pony in those days. Who should know that better than you? And after a while he stopped being Pony and grew up into Horace but still—but still . . . Mother, he'd never tell me how he got that ridiculous nickname."

"My stars, now why wouldn't he?" The old woman's eyes widened and then her face wreathed with the softness of remembering. "He was such a cute little boy. Had such round tan little legs. He couldn't talk very plain until he was five or six, you know, and he had a habit of riding an old broom, just lived to ride that old broom around and around the back yard. And he'd yell, 'Get out of my way, everybody, here comes Horsie'—because his name was Horace, you see—and he'd go galar-rapping around and around with Clara after him. They always were together in those days. And one time Dad said to him, said, 'You don't look like a horsie to me, son. You're too little. You look more like a pony.' And for some reason that pleased him. He squealed and said, 'All right then, I'm a pony. Pony

# INGERSOLL

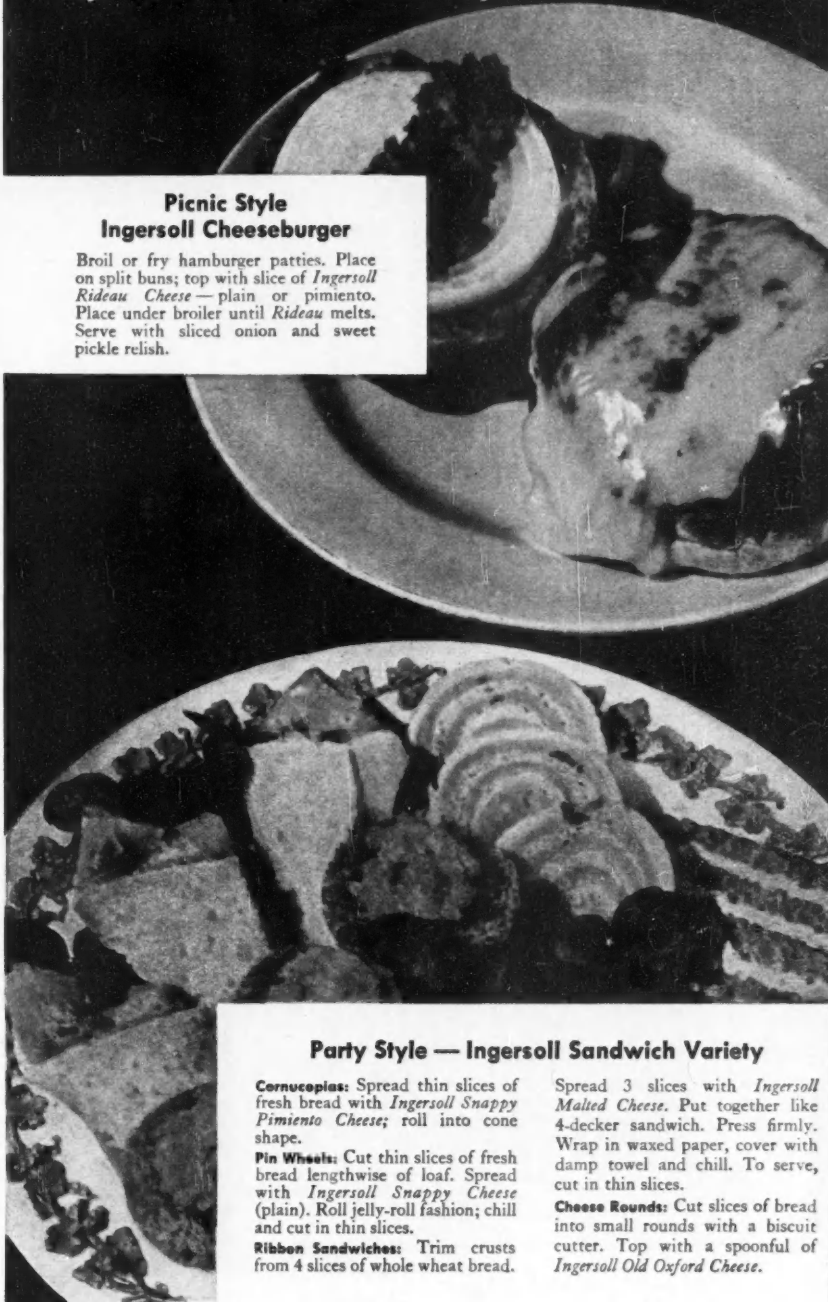
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Rand, that's me. Look out everybody, here comes Pony Rand.' We laughed and started calling him Pony and after that everybody in town did. It's too bad that nobody calls him that any more. But I guess for a successful man in business, Pony wouldn't be so good, after all."

"No," Marcia said. "No, of course it wouldn't. Pony is way back there somewhere along the line and Horace is president of Midwest Electric. And they're two different people, mother."

"Two different—why Marcey, don't you think it! Horace is Pony. He's older and a little more serious, maybe, but he still needs a scolding once in a while. And yet he's a good boy, too."

Horace's wife wasn't listening. She was trying to picture a little fellow with rounded sturdy legs riding a broomstick. Horace, with his cold, chiseled face, and the white piping around his waistcoat—riding a broomstick! The brown boy on the raft could have done it, not so long before, the boy who had cried in her arms when his father had died and had not been ashamed. The boy who had said, "I need you, Marcia, so please marry me. You're lousy with money, and I haven't got a cent now, but I will have. You wait and see. I'll work and I'll match you penny for penny, dollar for dollar—only, Marcia, do me a favor and marry me, will you please? Because I can't get along if you don't."

And there had been just one answer to give him.

She hadn't known that he would climb so hard and so fast, and when she searched her mind she knew that she hadn't wanted him to climb at all. She had more than enough money for both of them. Pony had turned pale when she had asked him to share it with her, and the subsequent contempt on his face had stung her to anger. "But it's so ridiculous for you to go to that piddling little job every morning! Think of the places we could go, the things we could do! But we're stuck here because of you and your stupid job! What do they pay you, 50 a week? My lord, if it's money you want—"

"Don't say it," he had warned her. "Don't say it, or I'll walk out of your house." For a moment they had stared at each other with fright in their eyes, and then Pony had sat down and put his face in his hands. "I can't expect you to understand, I guess. You never faced reality in your life. But this little piddling job as you call it, is just the difference between self-respect and the lack of it. It's the most important thing in the world to me, but don't ever think it has to tie you down. You can go where you like."

In the third year of their marriage, she had bought the house on the island, a long weathered-shingled cottage with roses clambering over it, and a low roof. But Horace was unimpressed when she described it. "As long as you were set on a summer place, couldn't you have got one a little closer, so I could have seen you once in a while?" he had asked her.

"But darling, I can't move the island! I've spent my summers there since I was a child, and it's in my blood."

That first year he had come up for his two-week vacation and she herself had seen the tiredness drop away from him as he swam and fished and lay in the sun. When he left, his eyes were wistful, as though he didn't want to leave her and go back to the job that was the most important thing in the world to him. But

by then, Horace was making \$150 a week, and his career had begun in earnest. So she let him go with the wistfulness looking out of his eyes, but he would never know how close she came to going back with him. She had wished many times in the years that followed that she had listened to the lonesome cry of her heart as she stood on the dock and watched the ferry pull out, taking Pony Rand back to the world he knew. But there had been guests coming . . . and so her marriage had failed that first year. Pony's eyes had never asked her to choose again.

When the waitress filled their glasses with rather thick-looking water, Marcia took a sip gratefully, glad to have something to do with her idle hands. She turned the stem of the glass around and around in her fingers and stared down at it. "Mother, I wish you'd tell me. What did I do that made Horace turn to his work, to get away from me?"

"Why! Now you're just being silly." Mrs. Rand laughed softly, half embarrassed. "It wasn't anything you did. You just had the bad fortune to be born a rich man's daughter, that's all, and my boy was proud. He couldn't stand it for you to own the house and pay the bills and so on; and he had to buy you such silly little things, and know he could never give you anything you hadn't had before."

"But he did! I'd never had a little porcelain shoe or a Chinese lute—there was so much that he gave me that I'd never had before, only I couldn't make him see it! And that waistcoat of his—"

Mrs. Rand looked at her oddly. "The richest man in our town always wore white piping. To Pony, that was sort of a badge of success, you might say. Now that he's president, he can wear it, Marcey. And now he can give you the things you've always had, but there's no point in it, is there? You say, 'Thank you, Horace. It's very lovely. That's a fine piece of jade'—something like that. Because you know all about jade. You've had it before."

She wanted to say, "But I never had love before! Pony gave me the greatest gift a woman ever had, but there wasn't any way to tell him. What was jade, and a diamond bracelet or a Chinese lute—what did they amount to, mother?"

"Dad gave me a little heart once with a diamond chip in the middle of it," Mrs. Rand was saying softly, "and he shouldn't have done it because the store didn't do so well that year, but land, he was so proud to give me that solid gold heart on a little chain. I'd never had any jewelry before, and it set him up so, made him look so big to himself. That's the important thing. A man has got to look big to himself."

Mercifully, that wasn't necessary to David, Marcia thought. He was frankly glad that she had money, since he hadn't and he wasn't consumed by a ghastly male pride in accomplishment.

"My, that looks good." The waitress returned the smile as she put her plate before Mother Rand, and Marcia thought, looking up at her, that Horace should have married a girl like this one, who had to work for her living, and who would have been properly impressed with the bits of largesse he could bestow. Did life then narrow down to the possession of things? And what did it matter who bought them—if they had to be bought at all?

The food was curiously tasteless to her. Strange, how the Shopper's Lunch





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Continued from page 78

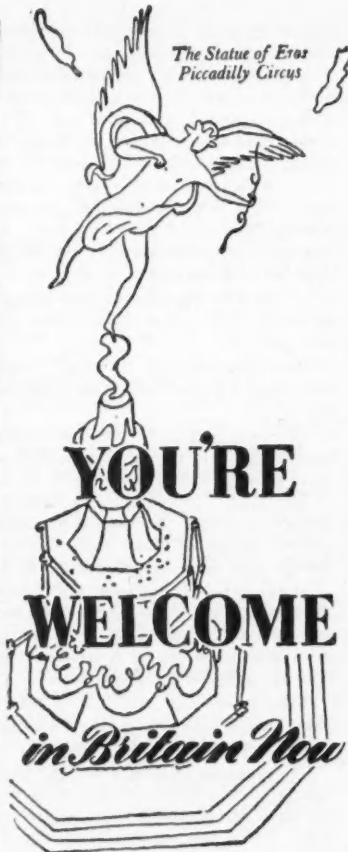
was gradually assuming significance in her mind. Her life had been like that for the past five years, tasteless and utterly without purpose, until she had found the stimulation of another man's devotion. When a woman neared 40 and her husband no longer loved her, she had to believe in herself too, had to feel that she was still desirable in order to cling to the last precious remnants of youth. A woman without love, she thought, was like a man without pride. Well, Horace had kept his pride, and she would keep love in a similar fashion. This time she would work for it. She would stay the most desirable woman in the world to David, because her money would not fail her. But it would never be the same. It would be different, more secure, perhaps more comfortable, but heaven knew it would never be the same as it had been with Pony Rand . . .

Guiltily, she looked at her husband's mother, who had kept the happy faculty of enjoying food and life without the need of stimulation. Now was the time to tell her, with thoughts of David fresh in her mind. It would be like shooting a beloved dog while it beamed at you and licked your hand. In a sudden burst of defeat, she wondered if it wouldn't be simpler to let things stay the way they were, so that she wouldn't ever have to tell Horace's mother.

"Do you remember when I lost the baby, mother, and then had the operation? Horace didn't care. He didn't care at all because I could never have children. I couldn't understand that, mother. It's a great agony for a woman to know that it's final, to know that there is no physical possibility of her ever bearing a child. But to have a husband who can't—or won't—understand, that's the final agony. Mother, what was the matter with Horace?"

"What was the matter with you?" Mrs. Rand broke a hard roll between her fingers, scattering the hard brown crumbs over the table. "Why couldn't you see what was behind all his light ways? Horace cared, of course he did, but he couldn't show it to you, how much he cared, because it would have made you feel worse. Pony always loved children and wanted some of his own. He went out and walked half the night, soon as he found out you were all right, and when he came back he sat down and put his head in my lap. 'You'll have to help me keep Marcia from knowing,' he said to me. 'After all, she's the important one.' And then he sort of choked, 'I wanted a kid to work for. This way I've got nothing, and it all ends with me. Marcia doesn't need me. There's just no point in anything, mother.' Maybe I shouldn't have told you that, but I'm glad I did, Clara always said—"

"I'm glad you did, too." What were the words Pony Rand had used to sear her soul with the flame of his impatience? He'd said, "Oh, for heaven's sake, Marcia, get hold of yourself! You're not the first woman this has happened to. So what if we don't have children? If you feel this way in a year or so, we can adopt one. Personally, I like my life the way it is. Anyway, for the good Lord's sake, don't turn into one of these mawkish, neurotic women who mourn over not producing offspring. What's the difference, whether you do or don't?"



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She had looked at him and been aghast at his lack of sensitivity . . . when it had been for his sake more than hers that she had grieved and felt herself less a woman. For the first time she noticed that the brown boy was gone and in his place stood a mature man with a coldly chiseled face. So she had dried her tears on the pillowcase and answered him.

"All right, Horace. You needn't worry. I won't turn into a—neurotic woman. I think I can promise you that." She had turned to the wall so that she wouldn't have to see him leave, and she had mourned the passing of the brown boy more than she had ever grieved over the children she would never have. And now with a word from his mother, she sensed what had lain behind Horace's therapeutic treatment of her. Men were fools, she thought—blind idiots. The whole thing would have been so simple if he had buried his head in her lap instead of in his mother's. They could have borne it together and gone on loving, and needing each other more, if he hadn't been too proud to show his weakness to her . . .

David didn't care for children, she remembered irrelevantly. David was glad that she had had the operation before he knew her, so that the issue of children was permanently sealed—back in her heartbreak with Horace. David liked things that made him comfortable and left his mind free from worry; she rather admired that about him.

"I think I'll have the peach pie and some more coffee, Marcey. My, I must have been hungrier than I thought. I tell you, I wish Clara could have been with us today. It would be nice for her to eat some time without dishes to wash afterward—"

Marcia saw the shadow speed swiftly over the old face, and she hastily glanced away. For the thousandth time she wondered at the severity of the quarrel that had estranged the brother and sister, and would cause an old woman to look as pained as this. Clara, whom she had seen just once before her marriage, had been a bold-eyed, peppy girl who had turned into a plump, dissatisfied woman, according to the snapshot Mother Rand carried in her purse. Evidently bearing children hadn't been the answer for Clara. She'd had them because she hadn't been able to stop them, and she had little to raise them on. Horace's early cheques had been returned with brief notes, and after that, he hadn't sent any more. The notes had said, in effect, "Thanks, Pony, but we aren't objects of your wife's charity—yet. When we are, I'll let you know." That had been hitting below the belt, and she hadn't blamed Horace for his white-lipped anger. It had been his own money he had sent.

The waitress took off their plates, brought Mrs. Rand's peach pie and coffee. Marcia lit her first cigarette, leaned forward on her elbows and asked, "Mother, what was the matter with Horace and Clara?"

"You." "I? Darling, how could I—now look, mother. I've seen Clara only once in my life. Granted that she didn't like me—"

"She thought you were a spoiled rich girl, and Pony had no business marrying you. She thought you'd ruin him. When she saw how serious it was, she said as much to Pony—Clara was always a great hand for speaking her own mind—and of course that made him mad. He

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said things about Frank, and his shiftless ways and his drinking, and then she flew up and said more, and one thing led to another until it was all pretty bad. But yes, I might say that you caused the whole business, through no fault of yours. Clara and Pony had always been so close, and I tell you, it's been hard for me, having only two children and not having them speak to each other. A woman wants her children to get along. And Clara doesn't have much—"

"Neither has Horace. It seems to me all he has left in the world is his job and you."

"And you, Marcey. I guess you're forgetting the most important thing of all."

The walls bent in, turned close about her head. For a moment she felt a wave of nausea, and she tried to think of David . . . David with his strange insouciant charm. It steadied her, and after a length of time, with Mother Rand's eyes upon her, she said softly, "I'm so sorry. I didn't know that I was the bone of contention between Horace and his sister. I'm terribly upset about it. I wish—you almost make me wish that I'd never entered the picture."

"Don't ever say that. You made Pony happy. I'll always be grateful to you for that—among other things."

The sickness squirmed within her, twisting like a hydra-headed monster, but Mrs. Rand couldn't see it, mercifully. She was looking with some criticism at her plate. "That peach pie wasn't as good as mine. I make a shorter crust . . . Well, dear, life is funny. Take for example that young man who came to dinner last night. I liked him. Nothing much beneath the surface, but what there was was pleasant enough. And then I got to comparing him with Pony at that age. Pony was different. He never would have had a crush on an older, married woman and followed her around with his eyes and eaten her husband's food. No, he'd have done just what he did, marry a girl he loved in spite of causing a rift in his family, and work for something, no matter if it isn't anything, really. He worked. That young man is just marking time. But I guess I can't blame him too much for having a crush on you; lots of unattached younger men get crushes. It's a combination of a lot of things—and then, of course, you're rich as well as being pretty. I feel sorry for any young man who'd come under your spell. I guess Horace does too, or he wouldn't put up with it."

All right. It was out in the open at last and perhaps it was a good thing. Marcia said through dry lips, "Horace? What does he know about this—this crush, as you call it?"

"Oh, he knows. And he's more than a little afraid. Horace's great fear has always been that some day he'd lose you, you know."

"Lose—me?" With a numbed part of her mind she was thinking. How can he lose me when I've already lost him to Catherine Stalter, a woman who will give him a child in her own good time? I'm the loser, not Horace.

"You stopped mothering him, Marcey, somewhere along the line," Mrs. Rand continued mercilessly. "That was a mistake. He needed that from you. And now he sees you being a little tender with this younger man and it hurts him. Don't hurt him, Marcey. And don't ever leave him."

"But I'm going to, wronged and pathetic as you've made him seem to me." The words were there, in her mind, in her throat, and yet they wouldn't come. Twice she tried to speak them, but they lodged in her throat, hurting dreadfully, because they were the wrong shape. And then in amazement she saw that the old eyes, the soft old eyes, were wet, were pleading into hers. She reached out, hating the new words that were pushing past the frozen ones. "But, mother, there's another woman. I'm not the one who can hurt him now."

Mrs. Rand snatched back the hand that Marcia was holding and sat up straight in her chair. "That's a lie. Whoever told you that is lying. I know. I can tell you how I know."

Wearily, Marcia shook her head. She was remembering David, running along the beach with her at the island, laughing and being very young and very gay, finally drawing her away from the others and making her sit down on the sand with him, suddenly turning serious. "Marcey, there's something you ought to know, I think." He'd picked up a flat shell and had thrown it; she remembered how gracefully it had curved out over the water. "It's just this. There are peculiar goings-on back home. The cat being away, the mouse is sure playing. It's Catherine Stalter, his secretary. And now she's wearing things she couldn't possibly pay for on the salary he pays her. Marcey, it's a shock, I know, but for Pete's sake, don't look like that . . . You know how I adore you, and this only makes it easier for us, don't you see?"

Even in her moment of shock, she remembered that she had been grateful to David for telling her, so that she wouldn't go on looking such a fool and believing in Horace's fidelity . . . but no one else had told her. No one but David.

The old voice was beating against her eardrums, trembling with a dreadful kind of intensity. "You shouldn't have gone away for summers and left him by himself. It isn't natural and right to leave a man alone. A man gets lonesome. But you lie, Marcey, when you say there's another woman—in the way you mean. Last week Horace talked to me about the way other men do. He stood in my room, running his fingers through his hair in that old way he used to have when he was worried, and if you'd seen him then, you'd have known that Pony Rand wasn't ever far away. He said to me, 'Mother,' he said, 'I can't figure these fellows out. They take 'em on, one after the other, while their wives are away, and then brag about it. Sure, I've taken Miss Stalter to dinner several times when we worked late. She's a nice girl, I like her, and I didn't want to eat alone because I missed Marcia. But that's as far as it went and that's as far as it would ever go as long as I'm married to Marcia. She just owns me, mother, whether she knows it or not . . . Well, Marcey, in all his life, Pony never told me an untruth, and I see no reason why he should begin now. So that's how I know. I know my boy. Do you?'"

"I don't know. You make me wonder." Carefully, Marcia opened her purse and groped in it, keeping her eyes down. There was something she had to do, this thing that was paramount in her mind, but she knew that she must



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talk to save herself. "I've been thinking over some of the things you've said, and you're perfectly right, of course. So I want to give the summer place to Clara. Maybe she'll take it for the children's sake—it would be a grand place for the kids to spend their holidays. You make her take it—just tell her I don't want it any more . . . Mother, I've got to telephone . . ." Her fingers closed on two nickels in her change purse, clutched them tightly. One would be for David—David with the light charm and the treacherous heart, who had never loved her but had only wanted her. And the other, clean, new-minted, would bring Pony Rand back to her if she could think of the proper words to give him. And deep in her heart she said a little prayer.

Mrs. Rand sat alone at the table, sipping her coffee and looking about her at the pretty tearoom. The Silver Grille. When a person grew older, a person liked to play a little, and where was the harm in it? Now she could relax and pretend to her heart's content, now that the jellied fear was gone . . .

MARCIA CAME back at last, a tall, beautiful woman with a regal bearing and eyes that were burning brightly. She bent down and drew Mrs. Rand's coat about her shoulders. "Are you ready, mother? Horace is picking us up in front of the store in 15 minutes."

Proudly Mrs. Rand took her daughter-in-law's arm and they went out between the rows of little silver tables, past the splashing silver fountain. Marcia was every inch a queen, she thought, and she herself was the Queen Mother. In a few minutes, the King would come and bear them off . . . the King . . . that was Pony, a little fellow with rounded legs riding on a broomstick.

They stood before the cashier's cage, waiting. Everything was right and good, just as it should be. Mrs. Rand took one last look at the Silver Grille and sighed happily. "I've had such a lovely talk with you, Marcey. One of the big troubles with the world, as I see it, is that there's not enough of the right kind of talk in it. There aren't many things that won't iron out if a couple of people get their heads together and aren't ashamed to talk . . . and I want to come back again some time, Marcey—that is, if you like it. At first you acted so restless I thought maybe it had been a mistake to come."

Marcia's hand closed over the old one on her sleeve and pressed it gently. "I'll never be sorry I came, mother. Do you know what Horace said when I talked to him? He said he'd been waiting for 15 years for me to call him at the office and ask him to take me home. But he sounded—glad, mother. He sounded so like—Pony—"

Mrs. Rand had an answer ready, but when she looked up and caught the glint of tears in Marcia's eyes, she thought better of it.

"Have you got everything, mother? Your bag? Your gloves?"

"Got them all. Got everything. Thank you, Marcey. I had a wonderful time."

As they left the Silver Grille behind them, she clutched tightly to Marcia's arm as though she could never let her go, and her old eyes misted as she smiled up at the beautiful woman her son had married. Her heart was young and warm again, now that the fear was gone.

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## The Practical Thing to do

Continued from page 21

he remembered the face she was wearing but not the color of her thoughts.

Now, just when she had almost forgotten the incident herself, she must plunge right back into her discomfort, meeting his quizzical glance over an azalea plant. It didn't help a lot to tell herself that though Kent Savant could diagnose a stomach ulcer or a livid liver, he couldn't read minds. Thank goodness.

To Dr. Kent Savant "a patient is a patient is a patient." For him such an attitude was practical since it kept him from ever getting involved with the wives, mothers or widows of patients who, at various times, had wanted to relieve him of his cherished bachelor's estate.

Usually Kay felt the same way. But 215 was a most unusual patient. For one thing, when he wasn't being a number in a hospital corridor he was being Jason Carter Laughton, Third.

As a number there was little to distinguish him from every other patient in Raritan Hospital, except that he was a lot sicker than most of them. He wore the same button-down-the-back hospital shirt, submitted to the same routines, and subsisted on a liquid diet. In his case, very liquid, administered drop by drop intravenously.

Looking at Jason Carter Laughton, Third, one saw a very different picture. As president of the Raritan Shoe Factories, he wore clothes tailored by Bond Street; his daily routine included his beloved shoe factory and eating and sleeping. A maximum of the former, a minimum of the latter.

She could feel Savant's eyes following her as she shifted the azalea from the window to the dresser, but she ignored him to smile at 215.

"Azaleas don't like full sun any better than good leather likes water," she explained, then chuckled. "Or an appendix likes castor oil."

The fleeting expression on young Laughton's face was reminiscent of a grin, but Dr. Savant's mouth tightened until his mustache bristled like a new toothbrush. With a ducking motion of his head he indicated that he wanted to talk to Kay in the hall, so she followed him out of the room.

"Miss Prentice, I thought I explained that Mr. Laughton is *not* to be worried about his business, even reminded of it! That he is *not* to be aware of the utter seriousness of his illness. Or perhaps you'd forgotten why his appendix ruptured, and that he is president of the Raritan Shoe Factories?"

A long time ago Kay had discovered a way to keep Kent Savant's sarcasm from cowing her. Without any abracadabra the system consisted of learning to spell "conjunctivitis" backward. It enabled her to keep a very intent look on her face, without hearing very much of what he said. Occasionally, when a silence seemed to demand an answer, she'd offer a very docile, "Of course," or "oh, yes!"

This time, on a chance, she ventured the "Oh, yes!" of her formula.

"Then why, in the name of all that is sensible, did you have to drag in both topics the first lucid moment the man has? And those darned flowers—let 'em alone—let the maids take care of 'em!"

"I'm sorry, Dr. Savant," she purred, and wasn't sorry at all. This argument about her patient's flowers was an old one between them. "The maids just don't take care of them, and I—well, my patients never lose a flower and I never lose a patient!"

Their eyes met briefly, and she paled, remembering.

She did lose a patient occasionally . . . The Norrie baby . . . Barbara Yacking . . .

She'd seen Kent Savant cry when they'd finally realized that in spite of all they could do, Barbara Yacking must leave her five small children. He had been furious that she had penetrated his vauntedly impregnable hauteur, but neither his bluster nor his coldness had ever fooled her again.

He was like a poppy seed roll—all his hardness and crust on the outside, hiding a vulnerable, soft heart.

He shrugged his shoulders wearily, as if his head weighed a ton. So he had been thinking of Barbara, too.

If Kay had not understood so well, her own uncertain temper would have been kindled at his next ironic words.

"Mercy, so modest! And subtle, too. Still—the next time omit the references to leather and castor oil, if you please, Miss Prentice, when your patient is a shoe man who has ruptured his appendix with a cathartic!"

Having delivered his ultimatum, he stalked off down the corridor.

"He's quite a pill, isn't he?"

Kay was surprised to hear her patient observe when she had re-entered 215. It was the first time he'd roused enough to say anything except beg for his shoes.

"Not really." But Kay smiled approvingly. "He just prescribes them."

His lips moved, and this time he managed a very credible smile before he dozed off into a restful nap.

KAY WAS working on her chart when she heard the light tap at the door. Startled by the unexpectedness of the assault she splashed ink across the temperature curve and had just muttered the "darn" she was thinking when the knock was followed by a very pretty pert face poked through the widening crack of the door. It was the sort of pretty pert face that would ignore the bold black letters of the "No Visitors" sign hung on the door beneath her nose.

Kay rose lithely and before the prettiness was lost in a sulky pout, the two girls were in the hall.

"He's my fiancé." The pout was definitely sulky now. "I should think—"

"Yes. You should—think." Kay interrupted her shortly, pointedly. The girl flushed, not missing Kay's implication.

"He is my fiancé," she began, but Kay had heard the same stall from too many merely hopeful girls to be fooled, and again she interrupted the smooth flow of the other girl's fibbing.

"Then you ought to know that if you want to keep on using the present tense about him you'd better just leave your petunias at the desk downstairs and come back next week."

She saw that there was one yellowing leaf in the armful of red roses carried by the would-be visitor, but for once she had not the slightest inclination to minister to the flowers.

She recognized Elspeth Neilsinger. Anybody would have. What money the Neilsingers had left was being spent



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keeping Elspeth's picture very consistently on the society page of the Raritan Journal. But that wasn't the cause for Kay's instant antagonism. Neither was it the other girl's certainty that she'd be an effectual nurse, for Kay had seen lots of would-be fiancées who had thought that all they would have to do to earn orange blossoms and white satin would be to soothe a fevered brow.

Maybe it was the way Elspeth stared at her, suspiciously, as if she were trying to discover false eyelashes, or a birthmark.

Kay laughed softly but deliberately, and she said the one thing she knew Elspeth Neilsinger wouldn't forgive.

"Stop being so frightened, you've got a very adequate face yourself!"

For a minute, feeling the other girl's wavering determination to force herself into 215, she knew a brief panic. Not until she heard the subdued click of Elspeth's high heels against the rubber-tiled floor did she dare draw a deep breath. Kent Savant would never have forgiven a brawl outside a patient's door, no matter what the provocation.

She started working on her chart again, cleaning up as best she could with ink eradicators the big blot she had made. The result wasn't too satisfactory, and she sighed. Every case she ever went on, she resolved that this time she would keep a perfect, neat chart. And every chart wound up just such a smear. It wouldn't be fair to blame Elspeth for messing the thing up, this time, really.

She sighed again and went right on blaming Elspeth, though it wasn't like her to be unfair.

"Oh, dear," she felt Laughton's eyes on her and heard his plaintive voice. "I hope that sigh doesn't mean that the azalea isn't doing so well, not even since it has been moved to the shade?"

"That sigh," Kay said, "means that just as you get your temperature ready for a nice long run down the ladder I've gone and ruined the design. About azaleas I'm a whiz, but about charts I'm terrible. Of course I wouldn't dare be so frank if nurses weren't just about as scarce as hen's teeth, so you couldn't fire me."

She tried not to make her voice sound exultant. But for days he'd raved incoherently about leather soles and rubber heels, so that it was wonderful to have him remembering the azaleas.

He submitted to the indignity of having his temperature taken, and lay quietly while her cool fingers found the pulse in his wrist. But once the thermometer had been taken from his mouth he wanted to talk, and unfortunately, he had exhausted the azalea topic.

"I guess you couldn't get me this morning's quotations on hides?"

"I guess I couldn't."

"Rubber?"

"No rubber, either."

"The headlines . . . labor?"

"No headlines. No labor." She was firm. "But if you are very good I'll let you have half a glass of orange juice."

"Orange juice sounds wonderful."

She noticed that he omitted making any promises about not talking about shoes, leather or labor.

THE NEXT MORNING, washing his face and agreeing that they had better send for a barber, she asked, "Were you the kind of little boy who scrubbed behind his own ears?"

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For a minute he looked puzzled, then grinned. "I don't know. The only kind of little boy I remember being is one who loved shoes. My mother always said I cut my teeth on a hunk of leather, and I know that when the other kids were flying kites and riding bicycles I was pattering over an old lasting machine dad let me set up in the basement."

She looked dubious.

"But you liked fishing didn't you?"

He considered the question, then chuckled. "I remember going fishing only twice—with the fitting room foreman. We forgot the bait once, and the hooks once. But we had a wonderful time. He explained his system for keeping the girls on the vamping machines at peace with the buttonholers."

"Vamping machines?" Kay forgot her instructions from Kent Savant and protested incredulously.

With no further invitation Jason was off, and Kay could almost hear the whirr of the machines as the girls stitched vamps in the Raritan Factory. Noticing his flushed excited face, she was frightened. But a check with the thermometer showed that his temperature was down four tenths of a degree.

Once, while she was watering his plants he said, "You love flowers, don't you?" and she laughed. "I guess that all girls like flowers. You've probably spent many an hour picking the right bouquet. Birthdays, parties, proms . . ."

He looked surprised.

"As a matter of fact, the only prom I remember going to was just before the war. We'd started making ladies' dancing slippers, and I wanted to see what the girls liked to wear. I took Elspeth Neilsinger, I remember, because she'd lived next door for so long that I knew she wouldn't expect me to dance every dance. She wore gold pumps with rhinestones set in the heels, and they didn't fit her quite right across the instep, gaped a little. I can't think what sort of flowers I sent her."

She caught herself humming under her breath twice that day. So Elspeth's only qualifications as Mrs. Jason Carter Laughton, Third, were the fact that as the girl next door she'd been underfoot and she did wear shoes.

Going off duty that evening, Kay stopped at the desk in Receiving to get her mail. Kent Savant was arguing with the clerk about a room for a patient, and Kay grinned at him and crossed her fingers. The hospital was so crowded the walls were practically bulging, but somehow he'd wangle one more private room.

"Oh—Miss Prentice—wait—there's something here for you."

Kay turned, surprised. Then when she saw the immense box with its florist label she shook her head.

"Sorry, I'm going off duty. You'll

have to send those up to Mr. Laughton by an orderly."

"They aren't for Mr. Laughton. They're for you."

KAY FELT Kent's surprised stare, and because she was embarrassed she was awkward. So awkward that she dropped the box, spilling its load of color and fragrance about the floor.

Very carefully avoiding Kent Savant's eyes, Kay gathered the blossoms together and escaped, her cheeks a color bright enough to rival the flowers in her arms. Ladies' slippers! Only one man in the world would have chosen just those flowers.

All the nurses in the dormitory came in to admire the unusual bouquet, and a few stayed to chatter and tease. Kay was so happy and excited that she rather hated to turn the light off when it was finally time to crawl into bed. And, as a matter of fact, she might as well have stayed up, after all, since she dreamed all night anyway.

In a way she wouldn't have minded, if her dreaming had followed the pattern of her waking thoughts, which had included the big old Laughton mansion on Riverview Drive and a ring for the third finger of her left hand.

As it was, she was up before the alarm had a chance to go off, thoroughly tired of spending the night with Dr. Kent Savant. He'd stared at her, glared at her, frowned at her and been heavily sarcastic. Once he'd smiled at her, and that had been the time she waked with goose bumps on her arms!

"Kay, my precious little goat, this is what comes from leaving the lamb-fold and consorting with a guilty conscience!" she told herself furiously.

Though she knew she was right in surmising that with shoes in his blood Jason Laughton would fare better on a diet of leather, she hadn't been able to face having Kent Savant discover her flagrant disregard for his specific instructions. It was one thing to rationalize her actions to herself, and quite a grey horse of another complexion to imagine the consequences of her reasoning, once Savant had found out.

"I think you might have company, about tomorrow, if you continue to improve." She finished watering the azalea, surveyed the long-stemmed roses and without regret up and dumped them in the waste basket.

"Good." His eyes began to shine. "Call Letcher Callaway—he's the packing room foreman—I've been thinking, those boxes we'd planned to use for South America—they won't do. I—"

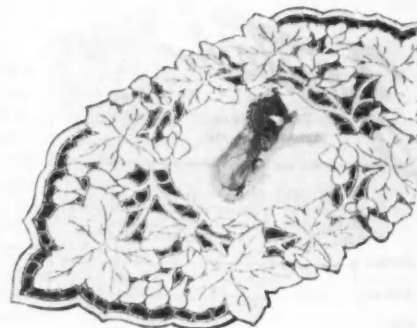
Kay chuckled.

"Wait a minute. Lawsy! You and your shoes. I'm afraid you've already got us both in dutch—Dr. Savant saw

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*Blue jay*



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Toronto, Ontario

the flowers you sent me." She flushed. "They were lovely."

He nodded complacently. "I knew you weren't the type to like roses."

So he had noticed her disdain for Elspeth's bouquet.

"But I'm not either, so don't worry. My favorite," he continued musingly, "is a little cactus I found one time. The most delicate shade of lemon yellow, and as feathery as the swansdown puff on our satin boudoir slippers."

Kay laughed. "If you were going to describe me, how would you do it?" she demanded, and he grinned, not pretending to misunderstand.

"I'd say you were a size six and a half quad, spectator pump," he said so promptly he must already have had the comparison figured out. "Lovely to look at, and suitable to wear any place."

"Goodness, you do say the thrillingest things!" she teased, then thoughtfully, "I didn't know you made boudoir slippers here in the Raritan Factory."

"You're a very good nurse. I'm sure the azalea would have died if you hadn't moved it, and not quite so sure but that I'd have done the same thing if you hadn't taken me in hand. But you really don't know anything at all about the plant. Look"—his eyes were shining enthusiastically, and he was flushed—"why don't you let me take you through the plant. Just as soon as—"

"Just as soon as you calm down a bit I'd like to talk to your nurse."

KAY DREW a deep breath. She'd seen Kent Savant angry before. She'd heard him swear in the operating room when a nurse brought him a stale solution; she'd watched him flay with cutting brevity a probationer who couldn't find a pulse. But never before had she seen him so thoroughly furious that he was polite.

Walking out of the room she bade a silent farewell to the azalea plant. It had been fun taking care of it and Jay.

For a minute she considered not stopping in the hall. She'd just keep on walking until some place she found a phone to call the nurse's home. One of the girls would pack her things for her. There weren't many. Uniforms, an electric alarm clock; a sensible green suit and a silly sailor hat.

As if he guessed her purpose Savant's long stride overtook her. She felt like a second grader being marched to the principal's office for chewing bubble gum. She felt like a sophomore being taken to the dean's office for cheating on a test; or a convict, facing life sentence.

She hated him. What if she hadn't obeyed his instructions to the letter? The patient was getting along beautifully, and that was all that mattered.

Some tiny little spark of honesty reminded her that Jay had looked flushed and his eyes had been bright. Dr. Savant couldn't have been blamed for mistaking the symptoms of enthusiasm for fever.

"Except that he might at least have given me a chance to explain." She countered her own argument, though deep in her heart was the knowledge that as a first-week probationer she'd learned and accepted the fact that in any hospital, the doctor is the boss.

"Miss Prentice," he began, in words clipped as short as the mustache over his upper lip, "the only excuse I can find for your insubordination is that you're tired. Certainly you've done nothing right since you've been on this

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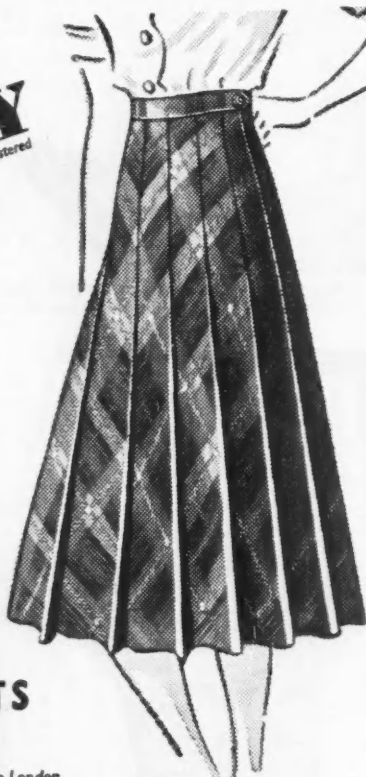
If you like meeting people and need extra cash, then write to us today. We have just the plan for you . . . a pleasant, dignified business that will turn spare time into profit. Absolutely no cost or obligation to you, everything is supplied without charge. Clip out this advertisement NOW, and mail it to —

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case. Not content with disobeying my instructions you've gone out of your way to antagonize the friends of your patient."

He avoided her eyes by probing at an old scar on his thumb.

"In fact, it has been brought to my attention that you've been guilty of the unethical practice of attempting to win the affections of your patient, though you'd been told that they were otherwise engaged."

Kay felt the blood receding from her face. It wasn't true. Hearing the words coming from his lips, stilted, as if he had swallowed a dictionary and suffered verbal indigestion, she knew it wasn't true.

She had liked Jay Laughton; she had honestly been interested in his leather and his shoes. And it *would* have been very practical — those things Kent Savant was saying. But standing there, white faced, she realized that she couldn't have married Jay. Not ever. She couldn't marry anybody without loving him.

IN THE two months since Kay had been gone from Raritan Hospital she estimated that she must have pinched off several hundred geranium leaves, each time with the same heavy sinking of her heart when she realized anew that there would be no pair of impatient eyes to be watching her above a wry grin.

She had received a note from Jay Laughton, asking her if she wouldn't come to his wedding. He was marrying Patricia Fenwick, his night nurse, though he supposed Kay wouldn't be surprised.

Kay wasn't surprised. Not because she had thought of Jay and mousy little Pat Fenwick falling in love, but because the place where she'd have felt any emotion was a locked-up corner of her heart, very carefully shut away from surprise or happiness, or love.

Henrietta Anson wrote, "Guess whose ex-fiancee has been added to the very lovely scalps dangling from which young surgeon's honey-belt?"

Kay tore the letter into bits, and thought, "Henny, you'd make a better tabloid columnist than lab technician," though she knew, honestly, that Henrietta was a very good laboratory gal.

"Who is he? I mean—where is he? I mean—"

Kay looked up, startled, and caught her patient's amused eyes watching her. Mrs. Green, at 80, could afford to be frank, and she hadn't much time, anyway, to finesse for the answers she wanted to know.

"I mean, you've practically stripped that begonia of leaves!"

"Oh," Kay whispered inadequately. "Oh, dear. I'm sorry."

"Well, I'm not so sure I am. Sorry." Mrs. Green chuckled, "You get things patched up with your young man and the next thing I know my doctor will be looking for another nurse for me."

"Your doctor is going to be sending you home in a few days, and you won't be needing a nurse," Kay countered, not without some pride. Mrs. Green's case hadn't been all picking leaves off a begonia plant.

"Well, whether I need you or not, I intend having you go home with me. It'll be good for both of us. I like looking at you, and the work will be easy, sort of a semi-vacation."

♦ Continued on page 94



**You can  
say "yes"  
to Romance**



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**Veto says "no"  
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**Veto says "no"—to perspiration worry and odor!** Soft as a caress . . . exciting, new, Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly, checks perspiration effectively.

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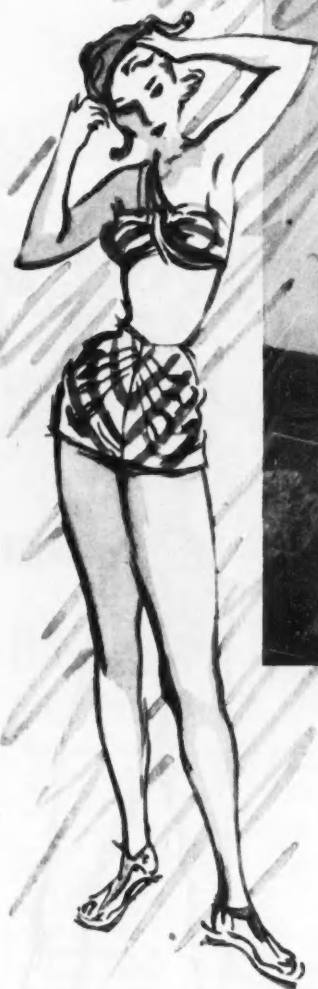
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**IF YOU VALUE YOUR CHARM!**



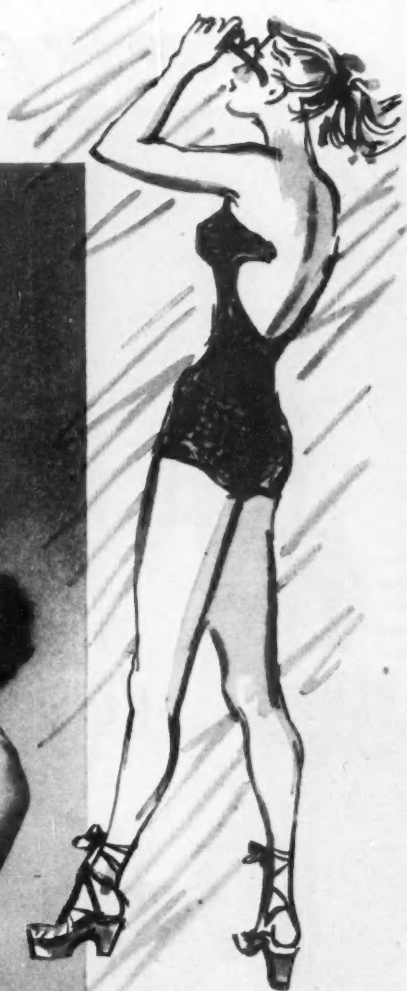
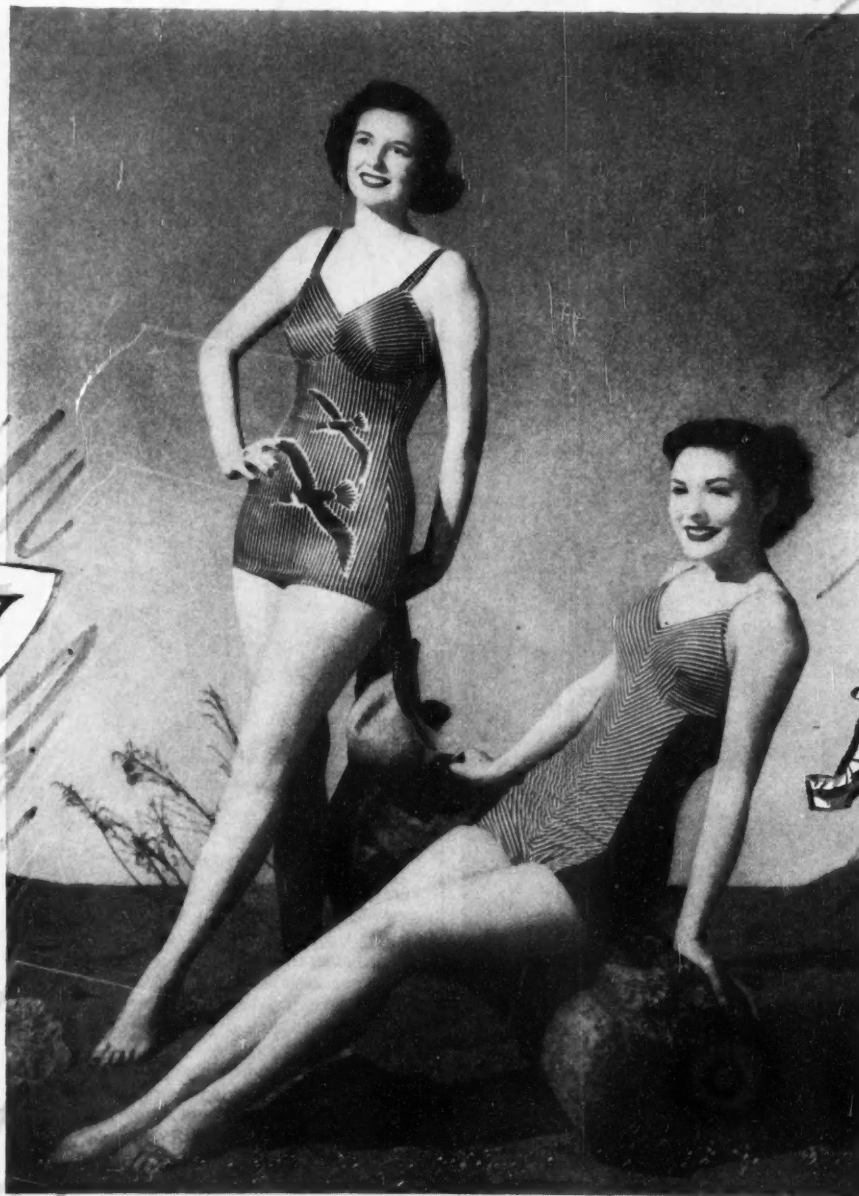
# The Nude Look

BY EVELYN KELLY, Fashion Editor

Stripes are flattering in one-piece suits. At right, a brown and white satin, dull-toned, is all-over elasticized. Its flamingo motif is hand-blocked, will never fade out. A Catalina design. Inches are smoothed away in diagonal chevron matching of red and white striped cotton, and there's firm contour control in the sides and back of elasticized black lustreless satin. By Gordon Mackay. Both suits-water-and-sun resistant, won't stretch or sag.



Glitter goes to the beach in a swim suit of pale pink and blue striped metallic. Straps of draped bra may be worn three ways: two straps over the shoulder Grecian style as shown, crisscrossed, or strapless. It has a built-in wired bra. By Rose Marie Reid.



Newest of the strapless, an all-over shirred black velvet, completely water resistant. A wire form which buttons into place inside a shaped bra is very pliable, may be bent and molded into comfortable fit. Guaranteed not to rust, break or bend out of shape. A Cole of California.

**T**HIS SUMMER beaches will be brighter and the figures on them barer.

The good old new look has been carried out very cleverly in swim suits and beach wear. The new look has become the nude look.

It must have been a problem for the designers . . . puzzling out angles (and curves) to put the stamp of 1948 on this season's sun - and - water creations. Fashion's silhouette had undergone a drastic change: laced-in waistlines, padded hips, new lows in necklines. And skirts dropping almost to the ankles. All adding up to more coverage than seen in many a year. Obviously the change would affect swim suits. The result is one of the most attractive designs seen in many a season.

An inch or so has been added to the length of skirts, but what is added to the hemline is subtracted from the tops. Bras and bodices are cut much lower, plunging in front, carved right out in the back. Sides (under-arm of bodice or bra) however, are high, fit snugly and

well, shaping up neatly to shoulder straps. In the case of strapless suits you can depend on firm boning or wiring to give reliable support.

Slick streamlined styles for those who really swim are done in a variety of new fabrics and colors resistant to sun and water.

There's a galaxy of pretty-pretties for the sit-in-the-sun sprites . . . bras shirred or frilled, basque bodices . . . skirts ruffled or draped . . . all flattering as a ballet costume, styled purely for beach beautifying.

In the better suits pants are of same fabric, bras are shaped to give good uplift. Usually both are jersey lined.

You'll discover familiar fabrics in new weaves as well as newcomers in beachwear materials . . . jersey, chambray, waffle piqué, poplin, gingham, velvet, satin, taffeta, sharkskin, matelasses. In good quality suits labels will tell you that the fabric has been tested, proven resistant to sun-fading, water-streaking. Most of them have been processed to

## How much freedom can a career girl enjoy?



"Believe me — you try it and you'll be able to pose for hours!"

"Honestly? I'm a wreck right now — just can't hold this pose another second."

"Forget your troubles, darling — I've used this new Free-Stride Modess myself and it simply doesn't chafe!"

A new improved napkin that doesn't chafe is certainly good news — and it's travelling like wildfire from one go-getter girl to another. Think of the added freedom for busy models and active careerists!

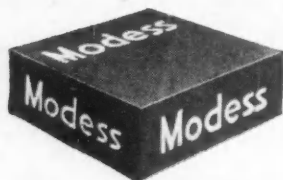
The secret of the chafe-free comfort you'll find in new Free-Stride Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the napkin edges.

New Free-Stride Modess has extra cotton on its edges — extra softness right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture inside the napkin, keeps the edges dry and smooth longer. And dry smooth edges just don't chafe!

So safe, too! Every Free-Stride Modess has a triple safety shield to guard against accidents. And never a telltale outline — Free-Stride Modess is silhouette-proof!

Free-Stride Modess — so luxury-comfortable, so luxury-safe — is on sale everywhere now. Get a package today.



Walk with comfort! Try the new Free-Stride Modess!



Nice trickery in a diamond cut-out at the midriff gives this one-piece suit the effect of a separate bra and shorts. Note the new wider bra, tied with flattering self bow, the higher underarm cut. This is black bengaline, tested for water and sun. Sheds water like a duck. By Beatrice Pines.

A smooth, svelte number that fits like your own skin, this swim suit has the very low rounded back, wide cross-over adjustable straps. It's of very fine-ribbed elasticized wool, in a strong grey called glacial grey, white striped. A Jantzen.

prevent uncomfortable water-logging. Metallics, this season, are unusual, lovely. The best are nonscratchy, non-tarnishable, enchanting with a deep tan.

Many of the suits are entirely elasticized by means of an elastic thread woven in with the jersey, satin or whatever fabric it may be.

There's been drastic change in color. Greatest flatterers are in the new pastels which come either in solid colors or luscious combinations.

From the wonderful assortment in styles and fabrics you'll choose carefully.

You'll wear a strapless style if your neck and shoulders won't suffer from the exposure. Which doesn't mean sunburn.

You'll wear the gayest, most bizarre, if yours is the figure for it. Two-piece brevities are for you . . . if you have no midriff roll. Otherwise beware.

You'll wear a more concealing one-piece style if it's slimness you crave . . .

And when you look for just the right suit, you'll remember that the better known specialty swim-suit designers give you certain standard features. Remind yourself to look for them.

Is the fabric transparent . . . likely to cling uncomfortably when wet?

Has it a nice built-up bra to keep you looking the way you did before that deep dive?

All points to worry about long before you appear on the beach . . . so you'll handle the nude look carefully, in good taste. The nude look must always be the nice look. +



Sketches by Jean Miller



# Lennard's Encore<sup>★</sup>

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PANTIES



■ Attention is focused on the new Lennard's Encore panty... the panty that not only fits your body but yields to your every bend and stretch. Its uniquely fashioned crotch has a four-way bias cut to eliminate binding and bunching.

Next time ask for Lennard's Encore panty and you'll have the ultimate in beauty, comfort, wearability and washability!

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**ONLY 29... BUT**  
who would ever think so?

That dry, lined, muddy skin makes her look middle-aged! A pity—when it's so easy to outwit those signs of needless aging.

Learn the secret of looking young—with unique, triple-action Noxzema Cold Cream. See how it *deep-cleanses*—floats away dulling film and dirt. Watch it *smooth and soften* rough, dry skin... *stimulate* a tired complexion to glowing freshness.

Use this cream faithfully for just 10 days. Then see how much younger, more radiant *your* skin looks! Noxzema Cold Cream is at all drug and cosmetic counters. 19¢, 33¢, 59¢.

**NOXZEMA**  
cold cream



## They Earn as They Learn

Continued on page 31

the local radio station. The artistic ones may apprentice themselves to those in charge of interior decorating or window-display departments in large metropolitan stores.

THE CLEAREST close-up view of the college crowd is available from student advisors who operate, officially or not, on every campus. One of the best-known representatives is H. J. Hamilton, Manager of The Employment Service of Queen's University, which is billed as a free service to graduate, student and employer.

Hamilton and his assistant see every man or girl who stops in. In good times, the Placement Bureau acts as a clearing house for any of Queen's 3,200 students who want jobs. "In poor times," Hamilton says wryly, "we have to get out and dig." Information is pooled from the National Employment Service, other services and firms. Careful track is kept annually of the alumni.

From a science-packed college like Queen's, students race for jobs directly suitable. Geology students go out on government survey parties to northern Quebec and Ontario and up into the Arctic looking for radium. The money they get is all found—you can't spend much in the Arctic. Civil engineers work for the Department of Highways; mechanicals go into machine shops. A third-year student in engineering can get \$175 to \$200 a month (but if he stays in Kingston he gets much less). Such proceeds are above average from the Dominion point of view because Queen's men, due to their extremely short college year, can work from May 1st to the end of September. An equally long stretch is enjoyed by prairies' undergrads so the young stalwarts there can go back to the land and help the grain-growers.

Queen's Placement Bureau pioneered, but last year McGill opened an official employment centre; Toronto has appointed a full-time director of placement service, J. Kenneth Bradford, who will be in command of things by next fall. Other campuses have some sort of guidance, and it's interesting to see that even the most aggressive students fall in with this over-all plan.

I talked to a group of hard workers at Queen's not long ago, who live in one of four co-operative houses on the small, level campus of Kingston, where fraternities don't exist. Two of the houses are for men students, one is for women, and a fourth is a combine where all house-keeping undergrads take their meals. Among the 18 men at Berry Hall is third year arts student Leigh Ronalds of Montreal. In his first year Leigh paid out four dollars a week in a regular rooming house—with meals and laundry it soared to \$60 a month. In the co-op it costs him \$35 to \$40 a month all told.

All summer, and often part-time, these students work. Leigh snaffled a summer job in the advertising department of a large publishing house where he hopes to find full-time employment after he gets his degree. A position like his is acquired through individual initiative or personal connections but Leigh believes strongly that a campus needs a placement bureau.

"It's a pretty good guarantee of a job for people with no ideas of their own

Today's fashions  
decree: you need  
the nylons  
that cling to  
your ankles!



Among the well-dressed  
...it's

**MERCURY**

Your appeal in longer skirts depends on how your ankles look! Nylons should give you *perfect* ankle fit! Mercury nylons do! The French heel "pockets" your heel, hugs your arch, clings to your ankle! You'll like Mercury's 5 cool summer shades from light "Frolic" to dark "Fantasy." For nylons that flatter you, choose Mercury. Ask for Mercury lingerie, too.

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# Sun Catchers



2425  
*Simplicity*



2474  
*Simplicity*



2425  
*Simplicity*



2441  
*Simplicity*



2462  
*Simplicity*

WE'RE RIGHT into the season for sunning . . . on beaches . . . in deck chairs . . . wherever the sun exposure is best. Any day now you'll be needing cool but colorful summertime togs. . . and when you make them yourself you'll find that fairly inexpensive materials can be used for collecting a wonderful assortment of play clothes.

Heavy plaid seersucker makes a perfect shirt for wear over bra and shorts. In **Number 2462**, try the shirt in bold plaid, bra and shorts in faded denim or corduroy. The faced bra has tie ends to be worn either as halter or tied in centre bow. Shirt has convertible collar, bishop sleeves.

Try making a bathing suit, choosing it in a shade to match the predominating shade in your beach coat. The suit in **Number 2441** is on princess lines, slide fastens in the back, has bra sections gathered to side bands at underarms. Ties into knot at centre front. The jacket has a wing collar, long-cuffed sleeves.

Slated for popularity this season are the tennis dresses worn over shorts. In **Number 2474** the dress is styled for action, has soft pleats at shoulder and waistline of bodice. Its skirt is flared. Darts on either side of centre back give the slim shorts good fit.

A versatile set, **Number 2425** (three garments) gives you a one-piece play suit, a bolero, and an ankle-length skirt for a quick transformation. The play suit bodice is faced, gathered at underarms, and shorts are dart-fitted with front gathers. Generous flare is achieved in the bias cut of the skirt. The bolero has three-quarter-length sleeves cut in one with its bodice.

For pattern descriptions and details for ordering see next page



## Are you in the know?



What's this paper doll trying to do?

- ☐ Get into print
- ☐ Scoop the news
- ☐ A slight-of-hand trick

Are outsize paws your problem? They'll seem smaller if you make them less conspicuous. With one hand, practice crumbling a sheet of newspaper into a ball. That's a trick to limber hands, lend them grace... (a confidence builder!). You'll feel more confident, too, on "certain days" when you use Quest on your sanitary napkin. It's the Kotex powder deodorant made specially to destroy napkin odour. No fear of chafing, either, when you use Quest, for Quest absorbs moisture... leaves your skin soft and smooth.



When he admires your dress, do you say

- ☐ "Really! This old tack?"
- ☐ "Are you kidding?"
- ☐ "Thank you"

Some gals imagine they must shrug off a compliment. Such tactics embarrass a fellow! When he tosses a bouquet your way—catch it. Sweetly say, "Thank you." Giving out with the right answers is a mark of poise. And the right answer for difficult days is a Kotex Wonderform sanitary belt. It's the pinless, self-balance, elastic type—lets you bend every-which-way without restraint. Your confidence will increase, too, knowing that special patented clasps hold Kotex absolutely secure.



about how to find one," he explained. "What you get might be a stagnant job which is why the eager beavers are likely to shun the bureau for themselves. But it is a stopgap that's good for morale."

University men, on their own, work in bars and pubs as waiters all summer and sometimes part-time. They slug on dude ranches and golf courses. They run launches at summer resorts or bell-hop on the big lake boats. They cut grass in city cemeteries for 50 to 60 cents an hour. Both men and women try for the big railway-operated hotels like Banff and Jasper whose colossal turnover of guests makes fat tips possible but the process of getting a berth here is highly competitive. Jasper Park receives about 1,000 applications a year and is independent. The chances are better of finding employment in smaller hotels with bigger salaries... the smaller the hotel the bigger the paycheck. But that doesn't mean you take a bigger savings home. Ontario hotels and fishing camps hire a few busboys and waitresses. Men can get posts as husky guides; girls as front-office cashiers or baby-attenders. In a good year, the average girl clears \$250.

Current guidance at Toronto is through the Students' Administrative Council which co-operates with the National Employment Service and has not been previously provided for by the university proper. Executives from the National Employment Service interview men and women at the S.A.C. offices. Satisfied customers is their code. Biggest gripe around there is finding places for unspecialized undergrads. The feeling is that girls especially, unless they have some extra skills, will find it hard to get a job—harder than the male counterpart. Girls who are studying special courses are likely to find jobs through professors but the others will probably be taking their fling as mothers' helpers in family cottages, at primary clerical jobs in the cities, as saleswomen in department stores. Many—if good-looking and personable—are eligible for meeting-the-public jobs such as guides at places like Toronto's Casa Loma.

LIAISON PEOPLE report that college students today evoke warm, satisfied reactions from summer employers, a reaction which goes for part-time work too. Students earn a dollar to a dollar and a half a night ushering at concert halls and movie theatres; they sell radio licenses; they draw four or five dollars a day doing Saturday work in department stores. Men are paid \$15 a month for tending furnaces. A lot of

◆ Continued on next page

### Pattern Descriptions

2462—Misses' play suit—shirt, bra and shorts. Sizes 12-20. Size 16: 5 of 35", 4½ of 39" or 41" plaid material. Price 25c.  
2441—Misses' and women's one-piece bathing suit and beach coat. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44. Size 16, coat: 3½ of 35", 3½ of 39" or 2½ of 54" lengthwise striped material. Bathing suit: 2½ of 35"; 2½ of 39"; 1¼ of 50". Trunks and lining for bra: ¾ of 34". Price 25c.  
2474—Misses' tennis dress and shorts. Sizes 12-20. Size 16: 3¼ of 35"; 3¼ of 39"; 3 of 41". Price 25c.  
2425—Misses' one-piece play suit with bolero and skirt. Sizes 12-20. Size 16, play suit and skirt: 4½ of 35", 4½ of 39" or 4 of 41" plaid material. Bolero: 2½ of 35"; 2 of 39" or 41"; 1½ of 50". Play suit: 2½ of 35"; 1½ of 39"; 1¼ of 41". Skirt: 2½ of 35"; 2½ of 39"; 2½ of 41". Price 25c.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer or by mail through the Pattern Dept. of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2.

## Are you in the know?



What will help improve your voice?

- ☐ More volume
- ☐ Two volumes
- ☐ Whistling

Let your sound effects be listen-worthy. Want to get rid of a rasp? A twang? A high-pitched "little girl" voice? This daily breathing routine helps: Lie flat on the floor; park two "volumes" on your diaphragm. Take 20 deep breaths. The rising

of the books shows you're breathing correctly, for a richer quality of voice. You can always "breathe easy" on difficult days... confident that Kotex will keep your secret. Yes, you'll bless those flat pressed ends that prevent revealing outlines!



Which lend your noggin news-appeal?

- ☐ Phony tresses
- ☐ Ubangi earbobs
- ☐ A crew cut

Sometimes, a different coiffure can help snag a new stag. It's fun to experiment with false tresses. Maybe you'd add a cluster of curls. Maybe a chignon with come-on. (If you're unsure about bangs, it's safer to buy 'em than cut 'em!) On problem days there's a way to be sure of the right napkin for your needs. Simply try all 3 sizes of Kotex: Regular, Junior and Super—you'll discover the one for you. And how grateful you'll be for the extra protection of that exclusive safety center!

A smooth gal's fancy lightly turns to—

- ☐ Thoughts of going steady
- ☐ Dreams of prom bids
- ☐ Shoes of gold

A smooth gal's tootsies sparkle plenty! This season, there's a gold rush—for sandals with that Midas touch. Untarnishable. Smart for prom-prancing or any girl-meets-guy occasion. Whatever the crowd plans, breeze along (even on "those" days)—in comfort. Because new Kotex gives softness you've never known before. Dreamy softness that holds its shape. And Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Besides, your new Kotex Sanitary Belt is adjustable, all-elastic, doesn't bind!



More women choose  
**KOTEX\*** than all other  
sanitary napkins

KOTEX COMES IN 3 SIZES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

VALERIE HOBSON



Acknowledged as one of England's leading actresses, graceful Valerie Hobson is currently starred in the J. Arthur Rank Technicolor Production "Blanche Fury". Miss Hobson always keeps a box of Kleenex tissues handy because "Kleenex is a necessity and—

## Only Kleenex\* Tissues are So Soft, White, Convenient"

Only Kleenex has the Serv-a-Tissue box. Assures cleanliness and convenience. No waste! No mess! Simply pull one Kleenex tissue and up pops the next, ready for use.

Three sizes—Chubby, Hanky and Man's



**"SOFTER"**  
Says Patricia Roc\*

Kleenex is made from Cellucotton absorbent wadding—downy soft—5 times more absorbent than cotton... kind to tender noses and the most delicate skins.



**"WHITER"**  
Says Joan Greenwood\*

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\*T.M. Reg.

**KLEENEX—CHOICE OF 9 OUT OF 10 CANADIANS**

students polish floors for 75 cents an hour. Others type manuscripts or do research for professors. They work in garages selling gas and doing minor repairs. They can sometimes get jobs in post offices. One student works in a hospital five days a week from 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. Many tutor backward students or help high schoolers cram for Matric exams. None of these jobs are regional—they turn up again and again across the land.

It's no surprise to find that a lot of the swiftest and surest collegians, those with much verve, learned the tricks of the trade as teen-town members. They were self-confident and youthfully irresponsible and sometimes giggled like loons in their high school heyday, but the discipline they take as high school wage-earners pays off later. Many teenage advisors emphatically declare high school students should take on summer jobs—and any kind of summer job—since all work experience is transferable. The catch is, there aren't enough jobs to go around. Eighteen-year-olds and under can't do really finicky jobs, and the only offers they're likely to get are for simple, repetitive work. The teenager has to take a task that requires the minimum of adjusting, something he can get into the swing of in a day or so. If he works hard, he can clear \$100 in eight weeks—not any more.

This year high school boys are handling paper routes and caddyng at golf clubs. Girls are baby-sitting, serving as nurses' aides, filling in over holiday periods in doctors' and dentists' offices and in stores. Both sexes are frantically applying at summer hotels, but their chances of being plucked off by the big farm and fruit picking schemes are much greater. For one thing, tourists find 15-year-old waitresses too inexperienced and pert. For another, parents kibitz—either they fret about proper supervision for their young angels, or else they view the matter too lightly and will yank a girl out in the middle of a job and carry her off for two weeks at the family cottage. The hard fact that a lot of these young-

sters have blithely pocketed their pay and left their employers stranded in mid-season hasn't helped the case. They've grown up in an age when their elder brothers and sisters could walk off with any job they wanted, and they can't realize times have changed. Chances of factory jobs in an industrial area are still promising, but in the Prairies and Maritimes pickings are lean. Bewailing the carelessness of some, one advisor talked turkey: "The day you take money for services rendered, you must behave as an adult."

**SOUNDEST FROM** the points of view of both mother and the youngsters is Ontario's Farm Service scheme, outgrowth of a war project by which boys and girls moved out to the farms and fruit areas and helped the farmers on hourly or piece rates. Young people from all sorts of homes in Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba chiefly, concentrate on the land for varying stretches of time from May to November. Boys can go to two camps where they pay seven dollars a week board and get 50 cents an hour. Farmerettes pay six dollars board and work at a minimum rate of 30 to 35 cents an hour. In piece rate work, a 16-year-old girl who had never been on a farm in her life made \$35.25 the first week she picked strawberries. Some make five or six dollars a day picking cherries. It's fun, and parents are jubilant, since these girls' camps are completely staffed by the National Council of the YWCA.

High school kids are smart, crisper-talking youngsters, and dozens of them pad their pockets by devising their own mysterious, dollar-making schemes—like the group of teen-agers who formed a skunk scrambling squad. They spent a glorious summer up north routing out all the skunks that had burrowed down under cottage floors in the springtime. Skunk scrambling satisfied these young Canadians' lustiest energies. Maybe it wasn't a career—but it was lucrative and had a piquant challenge which a host of present-day adults wouldn't face. +

## The Practical Thing to do

Continued from page 88

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Green." Kay was sorry, she'd liked this forthright honest little person. "But an easy case is the last thing in the world I'm looking for."

Her fingers tested the soil of a plant for moisture.

"Still taking good care of your azaleas?"

Kent Savant poured water from the carafe into a glass and thrust it at her. "It isn't an azalea," she said ridiculously, automatically. "It's a geranium." As if it mattered, or he cared. She wondered how long he'd been standing there. Long enough, she was sure, to prove his point, that she was a rotten, inefficient nurse.

She could feel Mrs. Green's bright eyes watching from the bed, and it didn't help a bit to realize that she was putting two and two together to get some silly answer like five or six, which she'd blurt out any minute now.

Kay walked briskly toward the door, trying, not too subtly, to evict Kent Savant.

"Were you looking for Dr. Lilly? I

think he's in the hospital, though he hasn't got to this wing yet. I'll be glad to have the floor nurses find him for you."

She was babbling and knew it, but once having opened her mouth the sound of her voice was like novocain blocking the nerves to her heart.

His shoulders drooped and he looked tired. His mustache was as pert as ever, but his eyes wore an expression that puzzled her. A small raveling on his shoulder teased her fingers, and, as usual, he was wearing a dab of lunch on his tie. He obviously needed a woman to watch him, make him rest occasionally, send his clothes to the cleaners, and—

Resolutely she drew her thoughts back from the locked corner of her heart. But it was true. She was utterly selfish. She would rather see him just as he was, tired, needing a fresh tie and his clothes brushed, if the alternative meant Elspeth Neilsinger in his life!

Finally convinced that he had no intention of leaving the room, and unable to leave herself, unless she crawled over or under him, she took the glass of water he still held thrust at her, and dumped it quickly on the first plant



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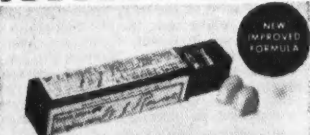
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**RENDELL'S**

she noticed. The begonia, which was already so saturated with moisture that this glassful ran out the bottom at once, overflowing the saucer and flooding the dresser and scarf.

Kay grabbed a towel and started mopping the freshet, accepting Kent's handkerchief when the towel became soaked.

She heard her breath coming in wheezing gasps and it sounded worse than a cardiac's fight for survival.

"Er—was that one an azalea?"

The top of the dresser had finally been restored to some degree of order.

"That one was a begonia."

Mrs. Green had been quiet longer than could have been expected, now she tartly interspersed her comment between Savant's query and Kay's reply.

"Were you looking for an azalea—or Miss Prentice?"

Kent Savant grinned. When he grinned you forgot that he looked tired, or that he despised you. You remembered the silliest things—pussy willows in March, a puppy chewing boots—all the youngest, happiest things you'd ever seen or heard about were there in Kent Savant's grin. Kay smiled, herself.

"Both." He answered Mrs. Green, but it was Kay he was watching.

"You see, I've a very sick patient at Raritan Hospital, and I'm prescribing an azalea, to be taken with Miss Prentice."

"I—I'm sorry." Kay's hand smoothed Mrs. Green's covers. "But I'm busy. I'm on a case. I—I'm going home with my patient. I—"

She avoided Mrs. Green's stare. But she couldn't, she just couldn't go back to Raritan Hospital again. Not back to seeing Kent every day, hearing his whistle in the halls while her heart turned to water, waiting for him to say "Good morning." Not back to the gossip in the nurses' dining room, concerned as it always was with conjectures about Dr. Savant's latest romance.

She couldn't, and she wouldn't. Not if it meant scrubbing floors! She drew a deep breath.

"You'll wear that coverlet out." Mrs. Green advised her tartly, then to Savant impatiently, "Young man, if your words were as honest as your eyes she'd know that the reason you want her back at Raritan Hospital has nothing to do with either patients or azaleas."

As youngsters they had played a game called "Statue," but never in all her life had Kay stood so still as she stood now, even her heart hanging quietly in her throat.

"Would you?" he demanded, with the same impatience he showed when a nurse was slow in understanding his orders.

"I think—I might—"

The words were whispered breathlessly against the tweed of his coat. He smelled faintly of ether, and over his shoulder she could glimpse Mrs. Green's fatuous smile.

As a lover he'd always expect her to understand the things he'd never say. As a doctor he'd never escape entirely from his profession, and as a man there would always be a portion of him that must be shared with his patients. The practical thing to have done was to have fallen in love with a lawyer, or a machinist, or her shoe man.

She raised her lips.

Having fallen in love with Kent Savant, the practical thing to do was to marry the man. ♦

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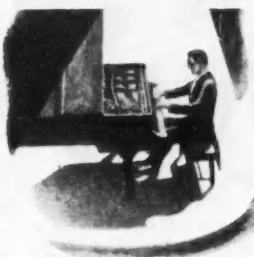


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### FICTION

The Practical Thing to Do.....	Frances Emerson	21
The Very Important Job.....	Laura Owen Miller	23
For Richer Too.....	Elsie Taye	28
The Silver Wand.....	Frances Ensign Greene	34

### GENERAL FEATURES

Fight For Margarine.....	Byrne Hope Sanders	1
Making Money at Home.....	Mary Jukes	3
Fan Fare.....		8
Chatelaine Roundabout.....		16
You Can Build Success from Failure.....	Karl S. Bernhardt, Ph.D.	24
I Renounced Communism.....	Jodi Hyland	26
They Earn As They Learn.....	Liz Gairdner	30

### FASHION

Our Cover Girl.....	Evelyn Kelly	2
Fashion Shorts.....		18
The Nude Look.....	Evelyn Kelly	89
Sun Catchers (patterns).....		92

### BEAUTY

Eight Most-Asked Questions.....	Adele White	6
False Faces.....	Adele White	36

### HOUSEKEEPING

Cook's Holiday.....	Jacqueline Roy	10
Ice Cream and Cake.....	Marie Holmes	32
Helen Campbell's Page.....		49
Meals of the Month.....		50
The Institute Reports.....		52
Jams and Jellies: What You Need.....	Jane Monteith	54
How to Make Them.....	Marie Holmes	55

### HOME PLANNING

Cabin in the Country.....	John Caulfield Smith	15
Loveliness in Little Gardens.....		64

### CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

Home Care of Injuries.....	Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.	12
----------------------------	---------------------------------	----

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